

MEASURE for MEASURE,

TUNE—*Madame Figg's Gala.*

A TAYLOR there liv'd in the North,
In business, as sharp as a *Needle* ;
He liv'd upon *Cabbage* and *broth*,
Grew fat, and was dubb'd parish *Beadle* ;
Mistress *Stichlouse* had ta'en such a *Measure*,
That an heir to his trade was soon born, *sir* ;
Who in mending old *Cloaths* found no pleasure,
And treated the *shop-board* with scorn, *sir*.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

II.

His Son was a rickety brat,
And scarcely as long as *his Yard*, *sir* ;
His Head was remarkably *Fat*,
His *Scull* was thick, heavy, and hard, *sir*,
Far away he was sent to be mended ;
But every attempt prov'd in vain, *sir*,
A *Dung* he went out 'tis contended ;
And a *Fool* he has come home again, *sir*.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

III.

That *Paull* cannot *Taylor*, 'tis true,
But *Breaches* he makes in the peace, *Sir*,
The *Measures* he takes are not *New*,
But he *cabbages* votes from the *Geese*, *sir* ;
Let us cut short the *thread* of his story,
And *HOOD* be the *Man* of our choice, *sirs*,
With his *Sword* he defends *England's Glory*,
Which *SHERIDAN* does with his voice, *sir*.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

IV.

Let *Paull* then Return to his trade,
An object of hatred and *Pity* ;
The *Ninth* of a *Man* was not made,
To represent *Westminster City* ;
Here we neither want *Burdett's* nor *Bony's*,
And *Paull* is the sworn friend of either ;
To the *Scaffold* he'll stick by his cronies,
'Tis fitting they should hang *Together*.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Lowndes, Printer, Marquis Court.

