

AN EXELEN T NEW

# BALLAD

A S C R I B ' D

To the LADIES of MUNSTER.

B Y

The H - - - - J. S.

**Y**E Ladies of Munster, come listen a while,  
I'm sure that my Lays will your Judgement beguile  
At the Subject or Song you'll certainly smile,  
*Which no Body can deny.*

Near *Dublin* it happen'd between a young Pair,  
That cannot be counted either Witty or Fair,  
The Lady is full of opinionate Air,  
*Which no Body can deny*

Her Mein is Majeftick and fit for a Queen,  
At *Palmerstown Fair* the like ne'er was seen,  
Nor at *Engliff's May Dance*, nor eke *Stephen's Green*,  
*Which no Body can deny.*

Her Lips they are such as the *Blackmoors* prize,  
With her taper shape and brisk rouling Eyes,  
But then there's her Mouth of a Wondrous size,  
*Which no Body can deny.*

A Husband ere long, she must certainly get,  
Else many will pine, and to will her Pett.  
And *Noddy* is likely to be Caught in the Net.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

*Mama* at *Brother* begins for to rail,  
And fears that *Justice* against her will prevail,  
But all for the sake of poor *Lucy's* tail.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

The *Lady* is prickt with Conscience indeed,  
By the Powers above, 'tis surely decreed,  
She must have a Joynter to serve here in Need.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

Instead of a Husband a Joynter will do,  
Whether it will or no, pray what's that to you,  
Or at least it will hire a Stallion or two.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

Then fare you well Sister, dissembling the crys,  
To save me from rattling *Nanno* and her Lies.  
Such a Speech from an Aunt the World would surprize.  
*Which no Body can deny,*

Now *Noddy* comes on the cream of the jest,  
'T wou'd make your heart glad I vow and protest,  
To see his thin Jaws and erected Crest,  
*Which no Body can deny.*

He salutes his Dame still with Cringing and Woeing,  
Their like to a pair of Pidgeons a Cooing,  
When He rubs up his Chaps and fain wou'd be doing,  
*Which no Body can deny.*

Ladies your Pardon I humbly Implore,  
Grant it this once I'll ne'r e' trouble you more.  
And pray to their Sentes, *God may them restore.*  
*Which no Body can deny.*

F I N I S.

