

*The BATH Teazers:*  
*Or a Comical Description of the Diversions at BATH.*



I'll tell thee *Dick* where I have late - ly been, *There's rare do - ings at Bath, A -*



mongst Beau-ties di-vine, the likewas ne'er seen, *There's rare do-ings at Bath, And some dis-mal Wits that were*



eat up with Spleen, *There's rare do - ings at Bath. There's rare do - ings at Bath.*



*Raf-ling and Fid-ling, and Pi - ping and Sing - ing, There's rare do - ings at Bath.*

Where all drink the Waters to recover Health,  
 And some sort of Fools there throw off their Wealth,  
 And now and then Kissing, and that's done by stealth,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

And now for the Crew that pass in the Throng,  
 That live by the Gut, or the Pipe, or the Song,  
 And teaze all the Gentry as they pass along,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

First *Corbet* began my Lord pray your Crown,  
 You'll hear a new Boy I've Just brought to Town,  
 I'm sure he will please you, or else knock me down,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

Besides I can boast of my self and two more,  
 And *Leveridge* the Bass, that sweetly will roar,  
 'Till all the whole Audience joins in an ancore,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

Next *H---b L---r* and *B---r* too,  
 With Hautboy, one Fidle, and Tenor so bleu,  
 And fusty old Musick, not one Note of New,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

Next *Morphew* the Harper with his Pigg's Face,  
 Lye tickling a Treble and vamping a Bass,  
 And all he can do 'tis but Musick's disgrace,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

Then comes the Eunuch to teaze them the more,  
 Subscribe your two Guineas to make up fourscore,  
 I never Perform'd at so low rate before,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

Then come the Strolers among the rest,  
 And little *Punch Powel* so full of his Jest,  
 With pray Sir, good Madam, it's my Show is best,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

Thus being Tormented, and teaz'd to their Souls,  
 They thought the best way to get rid of these Fools,  
 The Case they referr'd to the Master of the R---Is,  
*There's rare doings, &c.*

Says his Honour, and then he put on a Frown,  
 And since you have left it to my Thoughts alone,  
 I'll soon have them all whipp'd out of the Town,  
*O rare doings at Bath, Raffling, and Fiddling, &c.*