

The Penurious Quaker: Or, the High priz'd Harlot.



Quaker. My Friend thy Beau - ty seem - eth good, We Right - eous have_ our fail - ings; I'm



Flesh and Blood, me - thinks I cou'd, Wert thou but free from Ail - ings.



Harlot. Be - lieve me Sir I'm new - ly broach'd, And ne - ver have_ been_ in yet; I vow and swear I



ne'er_ was_ touch'd, By Man 'till this_ day_ sen - night.

Quaker. Then prithee Friend, now prithee do,
Nay, let us not defer it;
And I'll be kind to thee when thou
Hast laid the Evil Spirit.

Harlot. I vow I won't, indeed I shan't,
Unless I've Money first, Sir;
For if I ever trust a Saint,
I wish I may be curst, Sir.

Quaker. I cannot like the Wicked say,
I Love thee and Adore thee,
And therefore thou wilt make me pay,
So here is Six pence for thee.

Harlot. Confound you for a stingy **Whig**,
Do ye think I live by Stealing;
Farewel you Puritannick Prig,
I scorn to take your Shilling.