

## STRAWBERRY.



Of all the hand - some La - dies, Of whom the Town do  
talk; Who do fre - quent the O - pera's, And  
in the Park do walk: The ma - ny love - ly Beau - ties, There  
are who do ex - cel; Yet my *Straw - be - ry*, my  
*Straw - be - ry*, Does bear a - way the Bell.

Some cry up Madam *Mar*---  
For this thing and for that;  
And some her Grace of *Sh*---  
Tho' she grows something fat:  
And tho' I love her Ma---  
And all her Ladies well,  
Yet my *Strawbery*, &c.

The Kit Cat and the Toasters,  
Did never care a Fig;  
For any other Beauty,  
Besides the little **Whig**:  
But for all that Sir *Harry*,  
That witty Knight can tell,  
'Tis my *Strawbery*, &c.

The red Coats think the *Ch*---*ls*,  
The Fairest in the Land;  
Because the D. their Father,  
The Ar---y does Command:  
But the noble D. of *B*---  
Who does all Dukes excel,  
Says my *Strawbery*, &c.