

A SONG.



Abroad as I was walking, I spy'd two Maids a wrestling,
 The one threw the other unto the Ground;
 One Maid she let a Fart, struck the other to the Heart,
 Was not this a grievous Wound?

This Fart it was heard into Mr. *Bowman's* Yard,
 With a great and a mighty Power;
 For ought that I can tell, it blew down *Bridwell*,
 And so overcame the *Tower*.

It blew down *Paul's* Steeple, and knock'd down many People,
 Alack was the more the pity;
 It blew down *Leaden-hall*, and the Meal-sacks and all,
 And the Meal flew about the City.

It blew down the *Exchange*, was not this very strange,
 And the Merchants of the City did wound;
 This Maid she like a Beast, turn'd her fugo to the East,
 And it roar'd in the Air like Thunder.