

TOM *Tinker*.

Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his Dear,
And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
For of all the young Men he has the best luck,
All the Day he will Fuddle, at Night he will--
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

With Hammer on Kettle he tabbers all Day,
At Night he will tumble on Strumil or Hay;
He calls me his Jewel, his delicate Duck,
And then he will take up my Smicket to--
This way, &c.

Tom Tinker I say was a Jolly stout Lad,
He tickled young *Nancy* and made her stark mad;
To have a new Rubbers with him on the Grass,
By reason she knew that he had a good--
This way, &c.

There was an old Woman on Crutches she came,
To lusty *Tom Tinker*, *Tom Tinker* by Name;
And tho' she was Aged near threescore and five,
She kickt up her Heels and resolved to--
This way, &c.

A beautiful Damsel came out of the West,
And she was as Jolly and brisk as the best;
She'd Dance and she'd caper as wild as a Buck,
And told *Tom* the *Tinker*, she would have some--
This way, &c.

A Lady she call'd him her Kettle to mend,
And she resolved her self to attend;
Now as he stood stooping and mending the Brass,
His Breeches was torn and down hung his--
This way, &c.

Something she saw that pleased her well,
She call'd in the *Tinker* and gave him a spell;
With Pig, Goose and Capon, and good store of suck,
That he might be willing to give her some--
This way, &c.

He had such a Trade that he turn'd me away,
Yet as I was going he caus'd me to stay;
So as towards him I was going to pass,
He gave me a slap in the Face with his--
This way, &c.

I thought in my Heart he had struck off my Nose,
I gave him as good as he brought I suppose;
My Words they were ready and wonderful blunt,
Quoth I, I had rather been stobb'd in my--
This way, &c.

I met with a Butcher a killing a Calf,
I then stepp'd to him and cryed out half;
At his first denial I fell very sick,
And he said it was all for a touch of his--
This way, &c.

I told him at Fencing he was but a Fool;
He I met with a Fencer a going to School,
had but three Rapiers and they were all blunt,
And told him he should no more play at my--
This way, &c.

I met with a Barber with Razor and Balls,
He fligger'd and told me for all my brave alls;
He would have a stroke, and his words they were blunt,
I could not deny him the use of my --
This way, &c.

I met with a Fidler a Fidling aloud,
He told me he had lost the Case of his Croud;
I being good natur'd as I was wont,
Told him he should make a Case of my --
This way, and that way, and which way you can,
For the Fairest of Women will lye with a Man.