

A SONG.

When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chlo - ris,* Cannon Oaths I brought down, To
 When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chlo - ris:*

bat - ter the Town, And boom'd her with a - mo - rous Sto - ries.

Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her,
 Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her;
 And sometimes a Song,
 Went whistling along,
 Yet still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
 At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
 That if I lik'd the Life,
 She would be my Wife,
 But she would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* would ne'er Marry,
 I told her that *Mars* would ne'er Marry;
 I swore by my Scars,
 Got in Combates and Wars,
 That I'd rather dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour,
 At length she granted the Favour;
 With the dull Curse,
 For better for worse,
 And saved the Parson the Labour.