

*The Triumphs of PEACE,
or the WIDDOWS and MAIDS Rejoycing.*

Dear Mo - ther I am Tran - spor - ted, To think of the boon Com -

rades;— They say we shall all be Cour - ted, Kind Wi - dows as well as

maids,— Oh! this will be joy - ful News: *We'll dress up our Hou - ses with*

Holly, We'll broach a Tub of hum - ming Bub, To treat those that come with a

rub a dub dub, For dear Mo - ther they'll make us Jol - ly.

Dear Mother to see them mounted,
 'Twou'd tickle your Heart with Joy;
 By me they all shall be counted,
 Heroical Sons of *Troy*:
 The Bells in the Steeples shall ring,
We'll stick all our Houses with Holly,
We'll broach a Tub of humming Bub,
To treat those that comes with a rub a dub dub,
For dear Mother they'll make us Jolly .

I'll dress me as fine as a Lady,
 Against they come into the Town;
 My Ribbons are all bought ready,
 My Furbelow-Scarf and Gown;
 To pleasure the Warlike Boys,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

They are delicate brisk and Brawny,
 Troth neither too lean nor fat;
 No matter for being Tawny,
 They're never the worse for that;
 We'll give them a welcome Home,
And dress up our Houses, &c.

They come from the Field of Battle,
 To quarter in Ladies Arms;
 'Tis pretty to hear them Prattle,
 And tell of their loud Alarms:
 We'll Crown them with Garlands gay,
And dress up our Houses, &c.

Those boys are the Pride of *Britain*,
 They love us and so they may;
 Dear Mother it is but fitting,
 We shou'd be as kind as they:
 The Conduits shall run with Wine,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

Those battling Sons of Thunder,
 Now at their returning back;
 I know they will be for Plunder,
 Virginities go to wrack:
 But let them do what they please,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.