

PERKIN *in a Cole-Sack:*  
*Or, the Collier's Buxome Wife of St. James's.*

Come all that are dis-posed a while, And lis-ten to my Sto-ry; I  
 shall not you of ought be-guile, But plain-ly lay be-  
 fore ye: How Bux-ome *Ruth* had of-ten strove, With no small Pains and  
 La-bour; Her own Suf-fi-ci-en-cy to prove, By  
 ma-ny a Brawn-y Neigh-bour.

She oft was heard for to Complain,  
 But still with little Profit;  
 That Nature made her Charms in vain,  
 Unless some good come of it:  
 Her Booby seldom was at home,  
 And therefore could not please her;  
 Which made more welcome Guest to come,  
 In Charity to ease her.

Her wishes all were for an Heir,  
 Tho' *Venus* still refus'd her;  
 Which made the pensive Sinner Swear  
 The Goddess had abus'd her:  
 And since her Suit she did deny,  
 To shew her good Intention;  
 She was resolv'd her self to try  
 An Old, but rare Invention.

Abroad by known Example taught,  
 To one with Child she hasts her;  
 Whereby five Guineas which she brought,  
 The Bargain is made fast, Sir:  
 The Infant soon as brought to light,  
 (For so they had agreed it)  
 Must fall to Buxome *Ruth* by right,  
 To save her sinking Credit.

Her petticoats with Cushions rear'd,  
 Her Belly struts before her;  
 Her *Ben's* Abilitys are prais'd,  
 And he poor Fool adores her.  
 Her Stomach sick, and squeamish grown,  
 She pewkes like Breeding Woman,  
 While he is proud to make it known,  
 That he has prov'd a true Man.

Nine Months compleat, the trusty Dame,  
 Her Pain she finds increases;  
 While *Ruth* affected with the same,  
 Makes ugly and wry Faces:  
 And now a Coach must needs be had,  
 The Brat to shake about, Sir;  
 But e'er return'd *Ben* was a Dad,  
 For *Perkin* had crept out, Sir.

The good Ale Firkin strait is tapp'd,  
 And Women all are Jolly;  
 While no one in her round is 'scap'd,  
 For fear of Melancholy:  
 And *Ruth* in Bed could in her turn,  
 Tho' modest of Behaviour;  
 With all her Heart a Bob have born,  
 Had she not fear'd a Fever.

Thus Jovially the time they spend,  
 In Merriment and Quaffing;  
 Whilst each one does the Brat commend,  
 As *Ben* did still keep Laughing:  
 And now to tell is my Intent,  
 How Fortune to Distaste her;  
*Ruth's* future Boasting did prevent,  
 By one most sad Disaster.

A Search was made at t'other Home,  
 By Overseers quick sighted;  
 The Mother to Confession comes,  
 By Threats being much Affrighted;  
 Thus all their Mirth at once was Cool,  
 Fate all their hopes did hamper;  
 So *Ben* lives on the self same Fool,  
 Tho' *Ruth* was forc'd to scamper.

*And if the Truth of this you doubt,  
 The Overseers can make it out.*