

The Rambling RAKE.



Ha-ving spent all my Coin, Up-on Wo - men and Wine, I went to the C - h out of
While he o - pen'd his Text, I was plag - ui - ly vext, To see such a sly Can-ting



spite; _____ But what the Pri - est said, _____ Is quite out of my Head, I re -
Crew, _____ Of Sa - tan's Dis - ci - ples, _____ With P - r Books and B - s, E -



solv'd not to E - di - fy by't.
nough to have made a Man Spew.

All the Women I view'd,
Both Religious and Lewd,
From the Sable Top-knots to the Scarlets;
But a Wager I'll lay,
That at a full Play,
The House does not swarm so with Harlots.

Lady F---- there sits,
Almost out of her Wits,
'Twi'xt Lust and Devotion debating;
She's as Vicious as Fair,
And has more Business there,
Than to hear Mr. *Tickle-text's* prating.

Madam L----/ saw,
With her Daughters-in-law,
Whom she offers to Sale ev'ry Sunday;
In the midst of her Prayers,
She'll negotiate Affairs,
And make Assignations for Monday.

Next a Lady much Fam'd,
Therefore must not be nam'd,
'Cause she'll give you no trouble in Teaching;
She has a very fine Book,
But does ne'er in it look,
Nor regard neither Praying nor Preaching.

There's a *Baronet's* Daughter,
Her own Mother taught her,
By Precept and Practical Notion;
That to wear Gaudy Cloaths,
And to Ogle the Beaus,
Was at Church two sure Signs of Devotion.

From the Corner o' th' Square,
Comes a hopeful young Pair,
Religious as they see occasion;
But if Patches and Paint,
Be true signs of a Saint,
We've no Reason to doubt their Damnation.

When the Sermon was done,
He blest ev'ry one,
And they like good Christians retir'd;
Tho' they view'd ev'ry Face,
Each Head and each Dress,
Yet each one her self most admir'd.

I had view'd all the rest,
But the Parson had blest,
With his Benediction the People;
So I ran to the Crown,
Least the Church should fall down,
And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.