

STRAWBERRY.



Of all the hand - some La - dies, Of whom the Town do
talk; Who do fre - quent the O - pera's, And
in the Park do walk: The ma - ny love - ly Beau - ties, There
are who do ex - cel; Yet my Straw - be - ry, my
Straw - be - ry, Does bear a - way the Bell.

Some cry up Madam *Mar*----
For this thing and for that;
And some her Grace of *Sh*----
Tho' she grows something fat:
And tho' I love her Ma----
And all her Ladies well,
Yet my *Strawbery*, &c.

The Kit Cat and the Toasters,
Did never care a Fig;
For any other Beauty,
Besides the little **Whig**:
But for all that Sir *Harry*,
That witty Knight can tell,
'Tis my *Strawbery*, &c.

The red Coats think the *Ch*----ls,
The Fairest in the Land;
Because the D. their Father,
The Ar----y does Command:
But the noble D. of *B*----
Who does all Dukes excel,
Says my *Strawbery*, &c.