

The AIRY old Woman.

You guess by my wither'd Face,
 And Eyes no longer Shining;
 That I can't Dance with a Grace,
 Nor keep my Pipes from whining:
 Yet I am still Gay and Bold,
 To be otherwise were a Folly;
 Methinks my Blood is grown Cold,
 I'll warm it then thus and be jolly,
 Jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, &c.
 Methinks my Blood is grown cold,
 Grown cold, grown cold, grown cold, &c.
 I'll warm it then thus and be jolly.

I find by the slighting Beau's,
 That Nature is declining;
 Yet will I not knit my Brows,
 Nor end my Days in pining:
 Let other Dames Fret and Scold,
 As they pass to the Stygian Ferry;
 You see, though I am grown Old,
 My Temper is youthful and merry,
 Merry, merry, merry, merry, &c.
 You see though I am grown old,
 Grown old, grown old, grown old, &c.
 My Temper is youthful and merry.