

## A SONG.

When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chlo - ris*, \_\_\_\_\_ Cannon Oaths I brought down, \_\_\_\_\_ To  
 When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chlo - ris*: \_\_\_\_\_

bat - ter the Town, \_\_\_\_\_ And boom'd her with a - mo-rous Sto - ries, \_\_\_\_\_

Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her,  
 Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her;  
 And sometimes a Song,  
 Went whistling along,  
 Yet still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,  
 At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,  
 That if I lik'd the Life,  
 She would be my Wife,  
 But she would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* would ne'er Marry,  
 I told her that *Mars* would ne'er Marry;  
 I swore by my Scars,  
 Got in Combates and Wars,  
 That I'd rather dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour,  
 At length she granted the Favour;  
 With the dull Curse,  
 For better for worse,  
 And saved the Parson the Labour.