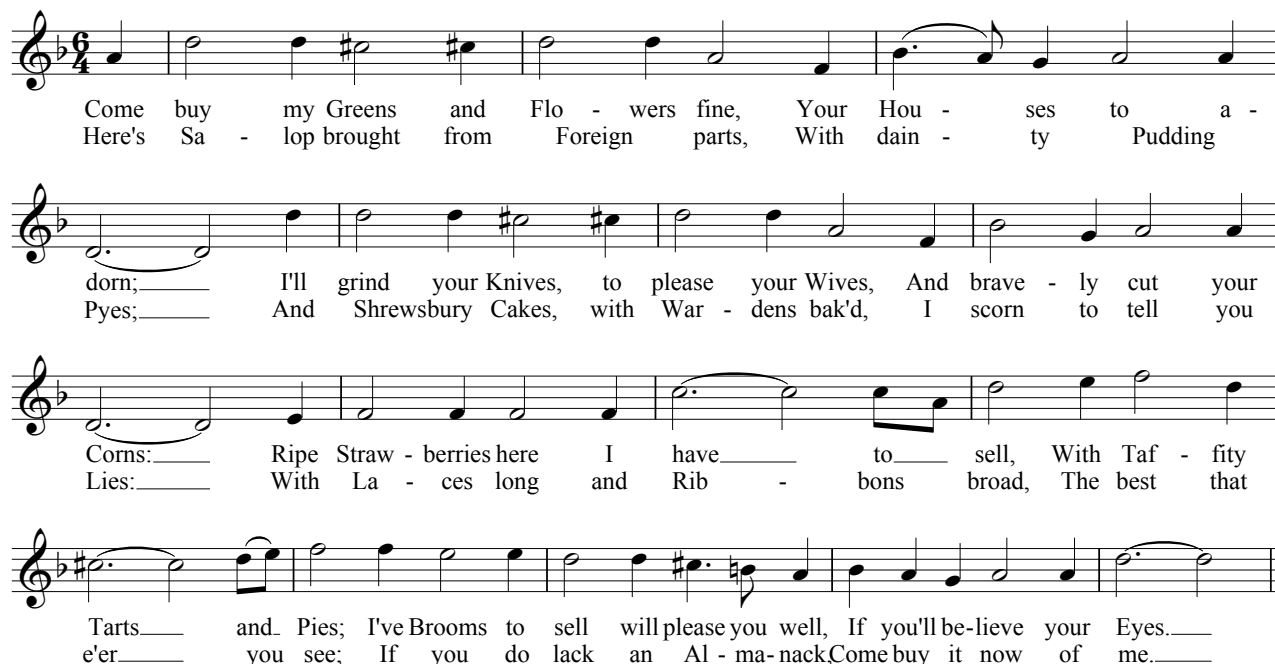


*The Second Part of the Trader's Medley:
Or, The Cries of LONDON.*



Come buy my Greens and Flo - wers fine, Your Hou - ses to a -
Here's Sa - lop brought from Foreign parts, With dain - ty Pudding

dorn; I'll grind your Knives, to please your Wives, And brave - ly cut your
Pyes; And Shrewsbury Cakes, with War - dens bak'd, I scorn to tell you

Corns: Ripe Straw - berries here I have to sell, With Taf - fity
Lies: With La - ces long and Rib - bons broad, The best that

Tarts and Pies; I've Brooms to sell will please you well, If you'll be-lieve your Eyes.
e'er you see; If you do lack an Al - ma-nack, Come buy it now of me.

The Tinker's come to stop your holes,
And Sauder all your Cracks;
What e'er you think here's dainty Ink,
And choice of Sealing-Wax:
Come Maids bring out your Kitchin-stuff,
Old Rags, or Women's Hair;
I'll sell you Pins for Coney-skins,
Come buy my Earthen-ware.

Here's Limmons of the biggest size,
With Eggs and Butter too;
Brave News they say is come to Day,
If *Jones's* News be true:
Here's Spiggot and fine Wooden-wares,
With Fossets to put in;
I'll bottom all your broken Chairs,
Then pray let me begin.

A Rabbit fat and plump I have,
Young Maidens love the same;
Come buy a Bird, I'm at a word,
Or Pullet of the Game:
I sell the best spice Ginger-Bread,
You ever did eat before;
While Madam *King* her Dumplings,
She crys from Door to Door.

Come buy a Comb, or Buckle fine,
For Girdle of your Lass;
My Oysters too are very new,
With Trumpet sounding glass:
Your Lanthorn-horns I'll make them shine,
And mend them very well;
There's no Jack-line so good as mine,
As I have here to sell.

Come buy my Honey and my Book,
For Cuckolds to peruse;
Your Turnip-man is come again,
To tell his Dames some News:
I've Plumbs and Damsons very fine,
With very good mellow Pears;
Come buy a charming Dish of Fish,
And give it to your Heirs.

Come buy my Figs, before they're gone,
Here's Custards of the best;
And Mustard too, that's very new,
Tho' you may think I Jest:
My Holland-socks are very strong,
Here's Eels to skip and play;
My hot grey-pease buy if you please,
For I come no more to Day.

Old Suits or Cloaks, or Campaign Wigs,
With Rusty Guns or Swords:
When Whores or Pimps do buy my Shrimps,
I never take their words:
Your Chimney clean my Boy shall sweep,
While I do him command;
Card Matches cheap by lump or heap,
The best in all the Land.

Come taste and buy my Brandy-Wine,
'Tis newly come from *France*:
This Powder now is good I vow,
Which I have got by chance;
New Mackerel the best I have,
Of any in the Town;
Here's Cloath to sell will please you well,
As soft as any Down.

Work for the Cooper, Maids give Ear,
I'll hoop your Tubs and Pails:
And if your sight it is not right,
Here's that that never fails:
Milk that is new come from the Cow,
With Flounders fresh and fair;
Here's Elder-buds to purge your Bloods,
And Onions keen and rare.

Small-coal young Maids I've brought you here,
The best that e'er you us'd;
Here's Cherries round and very sound,
If they are not abus'd;
Here's Pippings lately come from Kent,
Pray taste and then you'll buy;
But mind my Song, and then e'er long,
You'll sing it as well as I.