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Walspole for Dr. Cole
THE CANDIDATE:

BY

Mr. G R A Y.

Part in Dr. Cole

WHEN fly ^xJemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his face
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three Sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold.

Lord! Sifter, says Phyfic to Law, I declare
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air,
Not I, for the Indies! you know I'm no prude;
But his nose is a shame, and his eyes are so lewd!
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly, I fear—
No; at our time of life, 'twould be filly, my dear.

I don't know, says Law, now methinks, for his look,
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book.
But his character, Phyzzy, his morals, his life;
When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife.

Part in Dr. Cole

They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and whoring,
 And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring,
 His lying, and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks :—
 Not I,—for a coronet, chariot and fix.

Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,
 Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing ;
 From dinner she rose with her bumper in hand,
 She stroked up her belly, and stroked down her band.

What a pother is here about wenching and roaring !
 Why David loved catches, and Solomon whoring.
 Did not Israel filch from th' Ægyptians of old
 Their jewels of silver, and jewels of gold ?
 The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie :
 He drinks ; so did Noah : he swears ; so do I.
 To refuse him for such peccadillos, were odd ;
 Besides, he repents, and he talks about G--.

Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf !
 Come, buss me, I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself.