



The Doctor Outwitted.

Solely

The venturo's by another's the often times said Thomas More's bid for thee God hold up thy head

He laid out my Work with a hour's of thy care and making a mark bid me stick a Pin there

Stick a Pin there stick a Pin there and making a mark bid me stick a Pin there

The humour, so pleas'd me how ever absurd
 That in spite of my Teeth it became a cunt Word
 And once when the Parson had ended his Prayer
 I could not help calling out stick a Pin there Stick a Pin be

He came to my Mother & loudly complain'd
 His Pardon I ask'd but my Sorron was feign'd
 And before he could clap his fat Bum in a Chair
 I slyly stoop'd down & did stick a Pin there. Stick a Pin be

I met my dear Jack in a Field of new Hay
 He kiss'd me & teiz'd me with am'rous Play
 A green Gown he gave me & swore it was fair
 He'd forrahe said I woud you stick a Pin there. Stick a Pin be

We often attempted to ruffle my Charms
 As often I push'd the dear Youth from my Arms
 But sooner or later he'll baffle my Care
 For Jack is y' Lad that shall stick a Pin there stick a Pin be