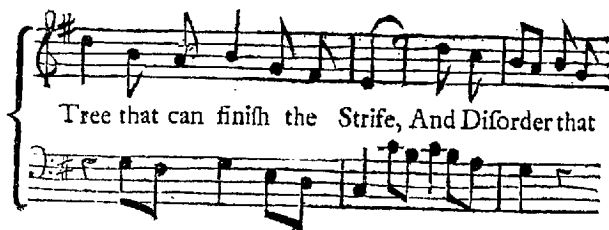
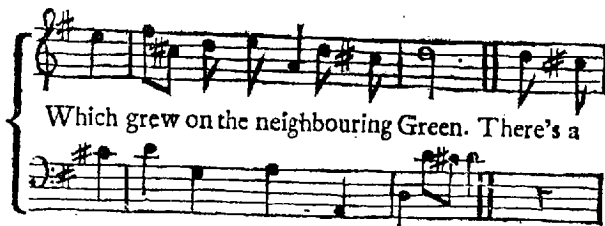
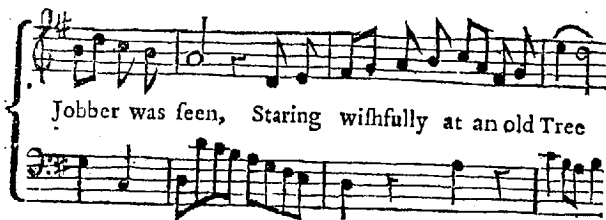
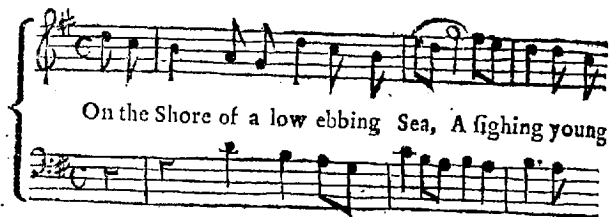
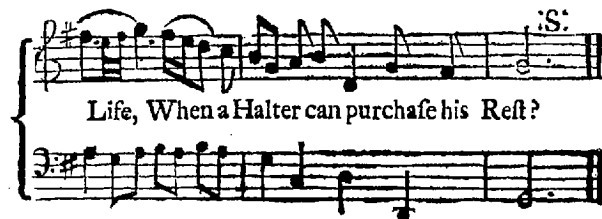
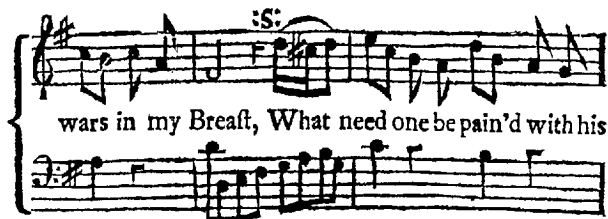


*The SATYR'S ADVICE to a STOCK-JOBBER.*The Musick by Mr. *HANDEL.*

wars



Sometimes he would stamp, and look wild,  
Then roar out a terrible Curse  
On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,  
And left ne'er a Doit in his Purse.  
A Satyr that wander'd along,  
With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd:  
The Savage maliciously fung,  
And jok'd while the Stock-Jobber cry'd.

To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,  
His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;  
The Satyr drew near like a Friend,  
And bid him abandon his Fears.  
Said he, Have you been at the Sea,  
And met with a contrary Wind,  
That you rail at fair Fortune so free?

Don't blame the poor Goddess, she's blind.

Come

Come hold up thy Head, foolish Wight,  
 I'll teach thee thy Loss to retrieve;  
 Observe me this Project aright,  
 And think not of Hanging, but live.  
*Hecatiffa*, conceited and old,  
 Affects in her Airs to seem young,  
 Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,  
 And plenty of Nonsense her Tongue:

Lay Siege to her for a short Space,  
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or gray;  
 Extol her for Beauty and Grace,  
 And doubt not of gaining the Day.  
 In Wedlock ye fairly may join,  
 And when of her Wealth you are sure,  
 Make free of the old Woman's Coin,  
 And purchase a sprightly young Whore.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,  
 Be warn'd and instructed by me;  
 Tho' small Experience I've had,  
 I'll give you good Counsel, and free.  
 All Women are changeable things,  
 And seldom a Moment the same:  
 As time a Variety brings,  
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But

But who in his Love wou'd succeed,  
 And his Mistress's Favour obtain;  
 Must mind it, as sure as his Creed,  
 To make Hay while the Sun is serene.  
 There's a Season to conquer the Fair,  
 And that's when they're merry and gay:  
 To catch the Occasion take care:  
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.

*For the FLUTE.*

