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York You're wanted

Author Unknown

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YORK

You're

WANTED!

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials

FROM York I com'd up to get a place and
to this town, sir, (nown sir
In Holborn I an office found of credit and re-
Says I, pray Sir, get me a place says he you're
pray'r is granted, (you you're wanted.
And when I meets with one that suits I'll tell
A gentleman soon hired me I found he was a
gambler, (rambler
Says he I want a steady lad says I, sir I'm no
But if you want a knowing one, by few I am
supplanted, (you're wanted.
Oh that is just the thing says he, so Mr. York
Now I knew some w'at of a joke, and mean
just the same, (blame sir
And we did'nt do the fools ecod we'd been to
At races then we both lookde out for cash each
bosom panted,
And when we thought the flats would bite, the
word was York you're wanted.
A maiden lady you must know, just sixty three
years old, sir, (her sweet gold sir,
There fell in love with my sweet face & I with
Sheaid the litle god of love her tender bosom
haunted, (you're wanted.
Dear sir, I almost blush to own, but Mr. York
In wedlock joys you need not doubt most hap-
pily I roll'd sir, (ver now be told sir.
And how we lov'd or how we fought shall ne-
For Mr. Death step't in one day and swift his
dart he planted, (York he wanted.
I wip'd my eyes & thank'd my stars, 'was Mrs,
So ladies pray now guard your hearts, a secret
while I tell O, (rich fellow,
A widower with half a plumb must needs be a
With fifty thousand pence I think I ought not
to be daunted, (York you're wanted.
To the lovely gi hope e'er long will sa