

# Jeany Diver.pdf/3



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The next was a parson all in black,  
He threw his arms about my neck,  
But soon I robb'd him of his store,  
Because he knew how to preach for more. &c.

A lawyer as he pass'd by,  
On me he fix'd a wanton eye,  
As he did me then embrace,  
I pick'd his pocket before his face. O, &c.

I push'd my fortune England round,  
Until I came to London town,  
To pick their pockets I thought no crime,  
Of twenty guineas at a time. O rare, &c.

You inferior huffies in this town,  
Will kiss for a tester or a crown,  
I touch with none but quality,  
Their gold I make them bring to me. &c.

As I went forth to take the air,  
I met the Bishop and Lord Mayor,

Although they were both married men,  
They kindly took me by the hand. O, &c.

Next to their will I did comply,  
All night in bed with them to ly,  
But long before the break of day,  
I brought his gold and watch away. O, &c.

I thought his money to conceal,  
Besides his watch' and golden seal;  
But it was found out at the laft,

When I in Newgate then was caft. O. &c.



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