

A song on the Babbit-Breeder [sic] by xxxx xxxxxx.

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The Rabbit-Man Midwife.

I

The Doctor search'd both high and low,
And found no Rabbit there,
But, peeping nearer, cry'd So ho!
I'm sure I have found a hare.

II

They all affirm'd, with one accord,
When they had search'd her thorough,
That Bunny's Dad must be a Lord,
Whose name does end in Burrough.

III

For Lords, as well as other men,
Can do but what they can,
Engendring little monsters, when
They cannot get a man.

IV

Whip, said Sir Thomas, whip the Slut,
It is a Breach of Peace,
That Woman any thing should put
But p——s into that place.

V

Whiston, much plainer than his Creed,
These Beasts in Scripture saw;
But, as the story proves indeed,
It was Apocrypha!

A. Song
on
the Rabbit Breeder
by

XXXX XXXXXX

London

Printed in the year 1727

Price. 3^d.

I

at Guildford there is a most fearful rout,
And what do you think it is about
A woman breeds rabbits, I vow she cries out
Which nobody can deny

II

So severe a convulsion her uterus sieges
That it strips all the rabbits quite out of their fleeces
Nay more than all that tracks them into small pieces
Which &c

III

The cracking of bones gives a mighty surprize
And the pricking her womb causes sorrowful cries
So people breed birds to peck out their own eyes
Which &c

IV

Count de Vaux went to see what was there to be seen
When he talks with J^r. Stoward he gave him a grin
And swore that whatever came out was put in
Which &c

V

St Andre a novice of very great fame
 Was the next that came down to examine that same
 But, faith, he return'd just the sot that he came
 Which &c

VI

That puppy before once alarmed the town
 And printed his case which is very well known
 But pox on his poison was thought all his own
 Which &c.

VII

Præternatural parts he had when at school
 Præternatural rabbits have shown him a fool
 And made him appear a mere natural fool
 Which &c

VIII

^(a) A late knighted Doctor was scarce in his wits
 When he saw the poor woman in wonderful fits
 But the ^b Clerk sure that ere he was sexton forgets
 Which &c

IX

When Ahlers had seen he thought it no sin
 By dissembling to keep his true notions within
 And set them a swearing through thick & through thin
 Which &c

X

There were two or three more I could name if I durst
 Behav'd themselves so that twould make a man burst
 Take 'em all in a bag and the best will come first,
 Which &c

(a) Sir Rich^d Manningham, Physician.
 b. he had been an Apothecary.

But the woman at last has made a confession
Which shews that the midwives had little discretion
And proves them no conjurers at their profession
Which nobody can deny.