

A Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's**Set to a Comical Tune**

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arr. Andreas Stenberg

S I
 S II
 A I
 A II

1. Great Lord Frog to La - dy Mouse Croakledom hee Croak-ledom
 3. Lady Mouse: When we treat you at our Cheese, Croakledom hee Croak-ledom

ho; Dwelling near Saint Ja - mes' House, Cocky mi Cha-ri she; Rode to make his
 ho; All that nak - ed part one sees, Cocky mi Cha-ri me: Cover'd clofe we

Court one day, In the mer - ry Month of May, When the Sun Shon bright and
 creep and crawl, When you swim or di - ving fall: Fy for shame, you shew us

1.
Con Bocca chiusa

gay, Twiddle come Tweed-le twee. Mm Croak ledom
 all, Twiddle come Tweed-le twee.

2. Lord Frog: Sing I can't, my Voice is low Croakledom

hee, ho; Mm

hee Croak-ledom ho; But for Dancing dare Sant-low, Cocky mi Cha - ri she:

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Mm Mm

Than al-tho' my Bum be bare, All must own 'tis smooth and fair; I've no Scars of

57

Con Bocca chiusa

Mm

Twidd-le come Tweed - le twee.-

Ve - nus there, Twidd-le come Tweed-le twee.- 4. Lord Frog: Since y' are on

65

Mm

Croak-le-dom hee, ho; I'll get one shall va - lue

these lofty strains, Croak-le-dom hee Croak-ledom ho; I'll get one shall va - lue

74

4b.Lady Mouse: Now your Lordhship id - le prates, Those that will have

brains, Cocky mi Cha - ri she;

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constant mates; Must have Tails as well as Pates, Twiddle come Twee-dle twee.

1. Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
 Dwelling near Saint James' House,
 Cocky mi Chari she;
 Rode to make his Court one day,
 In the merry Month of May,
 When the Sun Shon bright and gay,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

2. *Lord' Frog.* Sing I can't, my Voice is low
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
 But for Dancing dare Santlow,
 Cocky mi Chari she:
 Than altho' my Bum be bare,
 All must own 'tis smooth and fair;
 I've no Scars of Venus there,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.-

3. *Miss Mouse.* When we treat you at our Cheese,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
 All that naked part one fees,
 Cocky mi Chari me:
 Cover'd clofe we creep and crawl,
 When you fwim or diving fall:
 Fy for shame, you shew us all,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

4. *Lord' Frog.* Since y'are on these lofty strains,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
 I'll get one shall value brains,
 Cocky mi Chari she;

Miss Mouse. Now your Lordship idle prates,
 Those that will have constant mates;
 Must have Tails as well as Pates,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.