



QUADRILLING;

A favourite Song,

ascribed

to the Authors of

"REFLECTED ADDRESSES."



The Decorations designed and executed by
WILLIAM HAWKES SMITH.

BIRMINGHAM,

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Air Le Balancé?

Run neighbours, run, all London is quadrilling it; Order and Sobriety are dos à dos.
This is the day for toeing it, and heeling it; All are promenading it from high to low.



King Al-mack, with his Star and Garter Coteries Never did anticipate such democratic volaries.
Courtiers & Citizens are skirling with Terpsichore; The town's an amphitheatre for capering & kickery.

Run, neighbours, run, all London is quadrilling it; Order and Sobriety are dos à dos.
This is the day for toeing it and heeling it; All are promenading it from high to low.



Dames, Cavaliers too, unwilling all to stand alone,
Thinking practice requisite to do things right;
Like Harlequin & Columbine, rehearsing with lord Pantaloon,
Meet slyly in the morning to prepare for night—
Paine's first set invented to delight us, is
Danced at St. James's, St. Giles's, and St. Vitus's—
Dandies turning figurants, conceive they've made a clever hit,
And Widows weighing thirty stone, attempt to pas-de-nephr it.

(Cho.) Run, neighbours, run, &c.



None now inanimate, who fatter or who thinner is,
 So wonderful, so blunderful is Fashion's freak;
 Baronets & Boodles, Money-lenders from the Minorities,
 Are jumbled antithetically, jowl by cheek.
 Trade stands still, while tradesmen are chassé-ing it,
 Brokers from the Stock-exchange, are busy balloté-ing it—
 Commodores on timber-toes are driven from their latitudes,
 While gawky Lady-mayresses are sprawling into attitudes.
 Run, neighbours, run, &c.



The three black Graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity,
 Walk hand in hand along the Strand, humming la poule;
 Trade quits her counter, Alma-mater her latinity,
 Proud again, with Mister Paine, to go to School.
 If you want to go to law, you'll nothing get by asking it,
 Your Lawyer's not at Westminster, he's busy pas-de-basqué-ing it;
 If you want to lose a tooth, & seek your man for drawing it,
 He cannot possibly attend, he's demi-queue-de-chat-ing it.—
 Run, neighbours, run, &c.



Poor Haut-ton, 'twould strike with horror dumb her set;
 What mortal can consider it without dismay?
 To see La Trenise, to the kitchen make a summerset,—
 To keep her sister company, the lost L'E'té!
 E'en while you listen, unconscious, to my ditty,
 Queen-Regent of the scullery, the pretty M^{rs} Kitty,
 Holds her check'd apron up, with simpering agility,
 And thinks she is glissard-ing it as graceful as nobility.
 Run, neighbours, run, &c.

