

There's your lords and ladies fine,  
Riding in a coach and six,  
Nothing to drink but claret wine,  
Talking politicks.  
London is a dainty place,  
A great and gallant city!  
All the streets are paved with gold,  
And all the folks are witty.  
There's your beaux with powder'd clothes,  
Bedaub'd from head to chin,  
Their pocket-holes adorned with gold,  
But not one sou within.  
There's your lords and ladies fine,  
Riding in a coach and six,  
Nothing to drink but claret wine,  
Talking politicks.  
There your English actor goes  
With many a hungry belly;  
While heaps of gold are forc'd, God wot,  
On Signor Farinelli.  
There's your lords and ladies fine,  
Riding in a coach and six,  
Nothing to drink but claret wine,  
Talking politicks.  
London is a dainty place,  
A great and gallant city!  
All the streets are paved with gold,  
All the folks are witty.  
There's your dames with dainty frames,  
Skins as white as milk;  
Dressed every day in garments gay,  
Of satin and of silk.  
London is a dainty place.