

9 Jan. 1811  
(He d. Dec. 31 1810)

on the report of the D. of ~~Leinster~~'s Death

Pray, what is all this vast to do  
which runs each Street & Alley through?  
'tis the departure of old Q.

The Star of Pivadilly

The King (God Bless Him) gave a "whew!"  
what? Two Dukes dead, a third gone too?  
what? what? could nothing save old Q

The Star of Pivadilly?

"Thank Heaven, He's gone, exclaims Miss Dow  
my mother and grand mother too  
may now walk safe from that vile Q

The Star of Pivadilly

The Dorkney-boys, Newmarket's crew,  
who know a little thing or two,  
cry out: "He's off! They've done old L.

The Star of Piccadilly.

Poll, Peggy, Patsy, Kate & Sue,  
Descendants of old Dames He knew,  
weep for Their Tutor reverend L

The Star of Piccadilly

The signors & signoras too,  
like cats in love set up their mew,  
Ah! morto, morto, Powers L

The Star of Piccadilly

Townsend, Macmanus, all the hew'd  
and cry of Bow Street, each public  
and dirty Alley mourns for L

The Star of Piccadilly

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Old Nick, He whisked his tail so blew,  
and cocked his eye, and looked askew,  
"oh! oh! quoth He" I've got old L

The Star of Piccadilly

In wings of Sulphur down He flew,  
All London, take your last adieu:  
there! there! He claws away old L

The Star of Piccadilly

and now may this be said for L  
that right or wrong He'd still pursue  
what was object pleased his view;  
He neither cared for me or you;  
But ran each vice and folly through  
for ever seeking something new;  
till to Engagement strictly true  
at length He gave the Devil his due  
and Died a Boy of Eighty Two  
at his house in Piccadilly