An old man is a bed full of bones

Cock Lorel would needs have the devil his guest

And so, recovered unto his wish,
He sat him down and he fell to eat;
Promoter in plum-broth was his first dish,
His own privy kitchen had no such meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher
As soon as he spied the bawd and bacon,
By which you may note the devil's a wencher.
The chine of a lecher too there was roasted,
With a plump harlot's haunch and garlic,
A pandar's pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a captain, yet never was warlike.

Then carbonadoed and cooked with pains
Was brought up a cloven sergeant's face;
The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains
That had been beaten out with his own mace.

To these an overgrown justice of peace,
With a clerk like a gizard trussed under each arm,
And warrants for sippets, laid in his own grease,
Set o'er a chafing dish to be kept warm.

The very next dish was the mayor of a town,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly,
Like a goose in the feathers dressed in his gown,
And his couple of hench-boys boiled to a jelly.

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Six pickled tailors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, tirewomen, fit for his palate,
With feathermen and perfumers, put
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand salad.

A rich fat usurer stewed in his marrow,
And by him a lawyer's head and green sauce,
Both with his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then he never had seen sauce.

Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the board
(The feast had nothing been without 'em);
Both living and dead they were foxed and furred,
Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.

A London cuckold, hot from the spit,
And when the carver up had broke him,
The devil chopped up his head at a bit,
Both horns were very near like to have choked him.

A large fat pasty of midwife hot,
And for a cold baked meat into the story,
A reverend painted lady was brought,
Was coffined in crust till now she was hoary.

The jowl of a jailor served for fish,
A constable soused with vinegar by,
Two aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,
A deputy tart, a churchwarden pie.

Then from the table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce
All which he flirted away with a fart,
From whence it was called the Devil's Arse.

And this was tobacco, the learned suppose,
Which since in country, court, and town,
In the devil's clyster-pipe smokes at the nose
Of polecat and madam, of gallant and clown.

From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh and ling,
Or anything else that's feast for the fiend,
Our Captain and we cry 'God save the King!'
And send him good meat and mirth without end.
An old man is a bed full of bones

1. Cock Lorel would needs have the devil his guest, And bad him once in to the
   peak to dinner, Where never the fiend had such a feast. Promoter in plum-broth was his first dish.

2. His stomach was queasy for coming there coach'd, The jogging had caused some
   us'd to turn up the charge of a sinner. Eggs of his eyes.
   And so, recovered unto his wish.

3. His own privy kitchen had no such meat. He sat him down and he fell to
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   A rich fat usurer stewed in his marrow.
   Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the board
   The feast had nothing been without 'em;

5. Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher
   As soon as he spied the bawd and bacon,
   The devil chopped up his head at a bit
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6. His own belly took in like a barrow,
   And by him a lawyer's head and green sauce,
   By which you may note the devil's a wencher.

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   Which since in country, court, and town,
   His own belly took in like a barrow,
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   Both living and dead they were foxed and furred,
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9. The very next dish was the mayor of a town,
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   A London cuckold, hot from the spit.

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