



The Crafty Maid.

Come all you lads and lasses, and listen here awhile,
I'll sing you a merry song, I think 'twill make you smile,
'Tis of a farmer's daughter, the truth I will declare,
She was riding to the market to sell her country ware.

She'd butter and good cheese, sir, beside some new laid eggs,
Two conies in her basket, and one between her legs,
She to the market was tripping with a cony near each thigh,
It lay so warm she thought no harm, two lords came riding by.

Now these lords been wanton blades, they liked this damsel well,
One of them riding up to her, said what have you to sell,
I have butter and good cheese, sir, besides some new laid eggs,
He said my dear what shall I give for that between your legs?

Then she smil'd unto herself to think what she had there,
She said kind sir, you will not buy, the price it is too dear,
For the colour of it 's brown, and the price is fifty pounds,
He said my dear, the money's here, let's ride to yonder town.

She said to sell my other ware to market I must go,
He said, my dear, ne'er mind it, I'll buy that ware also,
And as for those two conies upon them we will dine,
And you shall be merry with drinking ale and wine.

The bargain it was bound, and he paid the money down,
Her coney be it wild or tame, she pull'd up her cloak and gown,
Between her thighs so white he thought to have delight,
She pulled out a rabbit which did them all afright.

The gentlemen did shout and laugh, until the house did ring,
The young lord did curse and swear he'd have his cash again,
But the witnesses declared he bought the bargain fair,
So to the justice he did go to try the matter there.

When to the justice he did come all for to try the cause,
The justice call'd the maiden fair, and asked her how it was,
She said he bought my cony, sir, that was between my legs,
He gave me fifty pounds, besides my butter and my eggs.

How came you by this cony, the justice he did say,
Between your legs, the meaning now let me know I pray,
'Twas a present for a friend, and lest it should take harm,
I put it between my legs that I might keep it warm.

The bargain it was fair, these young men witness be,
The justice said the bargain's fair as ever I did see,
But the young lord did say, sir, the thing cannot he right,
For I did mean the other thing, to lay with her all night.

What mean you by the other thing the justice he did say,
You fairly bought her cony, and that you can't deny,
The lass has play'd a cunning part, commended ought to be,
So you may take your coney home and have it for your tea.



THE *Cottager's Daughter.*

Down in yonder valley my father dwells,
See yonder is Mary a gleaning:
All that his cottage produces he sells,
And I earn a little by gleaning;
For I must away by the break of the day,
My basket to fill by the water;
To earn what I can, for my father poor man,
For I am his only daughter.

Young Jockey he fetched from the meadows
below,

Three pretty cows from old Mary,
He said he should want, and he told me so,
A maid to look after his dairy:
Should he ask me to go, why I could not say no,
For it's only just over the water:
Should he ask me to go, why I could not say no,
But still I'm his only daughter.

The ladies they offer me places all three,
And ask me chuse which I'd rather
But this is the answer they all got from me,
O ladies pray think of my father:
If I was to leave how his cottage would grieve,
Not forgetting the duties he taught me,
If I was to leave his cottage would grieve,
For I am his only daughter.

