



# MIND ALL YE LADS AND LASSES, MAKE YOUR BARGAIN WELL.

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Come all you lads of high renown,  
Who love to drink good ale that's brown,  
Attend to what I'm going to tell,  
And learn to make your bargain well;  
If it's your wish all for to hire,  
And for to please your own desire,  
Just hearken to what I'm going to say,  
And I will put you in a way.

Your masters up and down will walk,  
And have with you some private talk,  
They'll ask the number of your pounds,  
And then they'll try to run you down?  
And when you find that to be the case,  
Why tell them plainly to their face,  
If you must serve them at their call,  
You mean to rise, and not to fall.

And all about your living too,  
A gentle hint I'll give to you,  
You'll gently whisper in their ear,  
You cannot work on sour beer;  
And if that you must eat black bread,  
Just tell them you shall soon be dead,  
Likewise, beware of another trick;  
Your teeth they will not bite skim dick!!

When you go into breakfast too,  
Milk without water it will do,  
Fat bacon we'll give in a spell  
But good fat beef will do as well:  
When from the pot your pudding comes,  
Must be well stuffed with suet and plums,  
Broth must have eyes to see its way,  
And be not kept above one day.

Now take this hint if you are wise,  
You'll say that it is good advice,  
Each Sunday morning never fail,  
A jorum of good toast and ale;  
If these good rules you will begin,  
I'm sure the battle you will win,  
So now young men I'll say adieu,  
And lasses, I'll have a touch at you.

Be sure when you your breakfast take  
Have good green tea, and no mistake,  
Your sugar white as any silk,  
And cream will do as well as milk;  
At lunch, dinner and supper then,  
I'd have you live the same as the men,  
Before I bid you all good day,  
I've got another word to say.

Whenever th' young men wink their eye,  
Take care for they are very sly,  
They'll talk to you about the ring,  
And tell you many a pretty thing,  
With cakes and wine they will you treat,  
At — Statues promise to meet,  
And when they've been so very kind,  
The fatal thing I'd have you mind.

If you should stop, now only mark,  
A little after it is dark,  
Because you cannot see the day,  
You'll make a stumble in your way.  
And if that you should chance to fall,  
And for the young men's help to call,  
They'll raise a lump now mark what's pen'd  
It will not go down till nine month's end!

