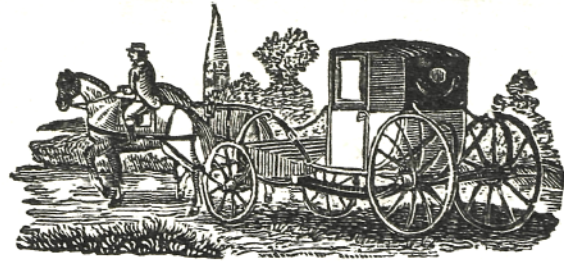


THE
Fair Maid
 OF
Islington town



THE KING'S
Coachman.

There was a fair maid in Islington town,
 In Islington did dwell,
 And she would fair go to fair London town,
 Fine apples and fine pears for to sell.

And as she was travelling along the road,
 With her basket over her arm,
 With a gentleman she chanced for to meet,
 But the poor girl thought it no harm.

Oh, what have you to sell fair maid,
 Or what have you to sell?
 I have apples, I have pears, kind sir she replied,
 And my fruit it will suit you right well.

And as she stood gazing over her fruit,
 Her beauty he chanced for to spy,
 Oh! what shall I give you my pretty fair maid,
 One night by your side for to lay

One night by my side, this girl she replied,
 It will cost you just five pounds;
 A bargain a bargain, the banterer replied,
 And in earnest he gave her a crown,

When that she slept one night along with him,
 Her money she wanted to have,
 Come lay along with me another nother night,
 And your money you shall have.

Oh, no, Oh, no, this girl she replied,
 For a tie that must be gone,
 O go and get your money, O go and get your money
 For its money I'll give you none.

Then this maid being a crafty young jade,
 She straight to the justice went,
 And said to the benthenal I had hired her cellar,
 And he would not pay her her rent.

Then the justice he being a hasty young man,
 He straight for the benthenal sent,
 If you hired a cellar from this pretty girl,
 Why did you not pay her her rent.

I hired a cellar from this here poor girl,
 But it was for a short space of time,
 I put nothing in the cellar door,
 But one long pipe of wine.

No matter for that the girl she replied,
 There was room enough within,
 You had a couple more, lying at my cellar door,
 And why did you not roll them in.

But when the money then that she got,
 She hustled it into her purse,
 She clapped her hand on her cellar door,
 She swore it was never the worse.

So come all you pretty maidens,
 A warning take by me,
 Make a bargain before you begin,
 And if they bring their butts before your cellar door
 They must roll them in.

Its Ike and Gibball and bonney goes free,
 Its time we were all at home at meals,
 Its time we were at yonder White-hall,
 And at home with a good load of wheat, Gibball,
 fol de rol, &c.

You are well overtaken my jolly carter,
 Pray what are you loaded withall,
 If you are loaded with wheat pray let me see it,
 I've money to purchase it all, Gibball,

You look like a man that very well can,
 to purchase a good load of wheat,
 You boast of your money I dont think you've any
 Not enough to buy single man's meat, Gibball.

I am the kings coachman and drives the king's coach,
 And lives on delicate fare,
 I walks up and down in my morning silk gown,
 While such loobies as you go bare, Gibball.

If you are the king's coachman & drives the kings coach
 And lives upon delicate fare;
 You are some mischief maker or base bastard getter,
 Or else you haue no business there Gibball.

I am no mischief maker, nor yet bastard getter,
 And that you shall soon understand,
 I have a wife of my own which is very well known,
 And she dwells in sweet Hanover land, Gibball.

Is it to be thought that your wife she is nought,
 Or else you'll prove very unkind,
 You would fetch her away you would never let her stay.
 In sweet Hanover to be confined, Gibball,

I am not unkind although I keep her confin'd,
 tho close in her den she does lie,
 She is crack'd in her wits and has play'd the rogues [tricks,
 And I fetch her home blow my eyes, Gibball.

