

THE FIDDLE.

As Jockey on a summer's day,
Was walking with his Maggy,
And as they both together did play,
The loon was most uulucky,
He rolled her in the tender grass,
And kiss'd her in the rushes,
Until the cheeks of this fair lass,
Were filled with modest blushes.

Is this the way to win my dear,
By tearing of my laces,
Methinks you act a clownish part
Or are these rude embraces.
The like before I never saw,
So pray young man be civil,
Or else with any more ado,
I'll kick you to the devil,

Wh't kick your Jockey he did say
I think your very cruel,
Come sit you down by me a while,
And let me kiss my jewel,
Those pretty little sparkling eyes,
And lips as red as rubies,
He to her said, and then she cried,
Begone the worst of boobies.

I can't nor won't for flesh and blood,
No longer can I bear it,
But she cried out, my silken cloak,
I am afraid you'll tear it,
My dear, said he, I'll pleasure you,
And clasped her round the middle,
And then without any more ado,
Young Jockey tuned his fiddle.

He play'd her such a merry tune,
He charmed all her senses,
She said begone you silly loon
Pray pardon all offences,
My cheeks you've with blushes filled,
And ears with fit of laughter,
I'll tell my mother, that I will.
How you have served her daughter

What kiss and tell, Jockey said,
No, that is not the fashion,
Maids should never kiss and tell,
For that is plain confession.
No, no, says she I'll nothing say,
You clasped me round the middle,
And the next time you come this way,
Be sure you bring your fiddle.

