

T H E  
Frolicsome Lady ;  
O R, T H E  
Happy Footman.

To which is added,

The Woman's Weapon; or, the  
kind Husband's Complaint of his  
Wife's unruly Tongue.

A New HUNTING SONG.

ENVY HAS EYES.

The MAID of the MILL.



Entered according to Order.

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The frolicsome Lady; or, happy Footman.

**Y**OU gallant young creatures delighting in sport,  
 I'd have you to listen a while to this joke,  
 It is of a young Lady both gallant and fair,  
 A noble lord's daughter whose name I'll forbear.

She must have a frolic one night as, 'tis said,  
 There's nothing would serve her but the masquerade,  
 She goes to her mother, and to her she cry'd,  
 A masquerade dress I beg you'll provide.

That I may go see the fine pastime that's there,  
 I will have the dress of a shepherdes fair,  
 The gallant young lady's go there as it is said,  
 So I will go dress and to the masquerade.

Dear mother according to what I've heard talk,  
 I'm sure masquerading is very good sport,  
 Young lords in their coaches come rattling there,  
 The king, and the prince, and the princess so fair.

Dear mother there must be rich pastime, she said,  
 This night I'm resolv'd for the masquerade:  
 Miss called her chair, and away she did go,  
 With her nimble footman to follow her too.

She hir'd the dress of a shepherdes fair,  
 And entered the room where the quality ware,  
 The footman, he said, I have guineas I know,  
 So I will be one of the quality too.

He dress'd like a shepherd, and when he came there,  
 He led up a dance with his shepherdes fair,  
 But little she thought it was her man John,  
 Who danc'd with her there and so well did perform.

But took him to be some great Lord of renown,  
 When dancing was o'er, they together sat down,  
 He su'd her with him to the tavern to go,  
 Both in their disguise, that none might them know.

Now the shepherdess fair she soon did agree,  
 So the sports being o'er to the tavern went they,  
 He there learn'd her a dance, and said lovely mistress,  
 I hope you will not forget the masquerade dress.

She gave him a fine ring both costly and rare,  
 The which he might shew her when he did come there  
 So taking her leave, she call'd for her chair,  
 John whips off his dress and soon follows his dear.

O have you been careful her mother she said,  
 Now of your young Mistress at the masquerade,  
 Yes, madam, replied young John with a smile,  
 Being pleased to think what he'd done all the while.

For in a little time her visage grew pale,  
 Her belly grew big and her strength it did fail,  
 Come tell the father, the mother then said,  
 Why, mother, I got this at the masquerade.

What! cannot ye tell me, ye strumpet so wild,  
 Who was the man that got you with child,  
 Why, mother, there was both the devil and turk,  
 Both friars and monks, but the man did the work,

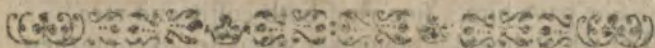
That was dress'd like a shepherd, dear mother, she  
 I must find the father at the masquerade; (said,  
 Do you know the man if again you him see?  
 No, mother, for he was a stranger to me.

He perform'd his part in dancing so well,  
 I could not deny him the truth for to tell,  
 Where must I now find a father to my babe,  
 I'm ruin'd by going to the masquerade.

The father and mother being struck with surprize,  
 They sent for the footman with tears in their eyes,  
 Saying, John, if you'll marry my daughter so fair,  
 Take her with a fault, and I'll make you my heir.

To tell you the truth she the wanton has play'd,  
 She's got up her belly at the masquerade,  
 John quickly accepted her to be his bride,  
 And now in his chariot in splendor does ride.

He discover'd the matter, and how it was done,  
 He father's the babe, which indeed was his own,  
 It was well on his side that the frolic was play'd,  
 By kissing his mistress at the masquerade.



## The WOMAN'S WEAPON &c.

To the tune of the Milking Pail.

**I** Married a wife of late,  
 The more's my unhappy fate,  
 I took her for love as fancy might move,  
 'Twas not for her worldly estate:  
 Her qualities are, few with her compare,  
 Let me do her no wrong,  
 I'm in the mind most women kind,  
 Are thus inclin'd, when men's confin'd,  
 They cannot well rule their tongue.

Her checks are like the red rose,  
 Which she for her beauty shows,  
 Her teeth in a row like ivory grow,  
 Betwixt her round chin and her nose:  
 Her shoulders are decent, her arms they are pleasant,  
 Her fingers are small and long,  
 She'll coo, she'll kiss, her chief amiss,  
 Is only this, as most wives is,  
 She cannot well rule her tongue,

When she on her pillow lies,  
 Her beautiful rolling eyes,  
 Like diamonds appear, so sparkling clear,  
 Like Flora she far out-vies,  
 The goddess of flowers, and queen of the bowers,  
 She's delicate fair and young,  
 She's straight and small, nay plump withal,  
 Her fingers small, yet after all,  
 She has an unruly tongue.



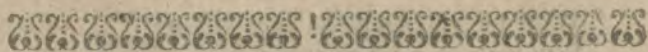
She's learning and wit at will,  
 Few women has greater skill,  
 Both Latin and Greek, and French she can speak,  
 Though born in a water mill,  
 Which makes her so proud, she's wonderful loud,  
 Of both fair and young,  
 She doth possess all happiness,  
 Yet nevertheless, I must confess,  
 She has an unruly tongue.

With queen Helen she does dispute,  
 Few women can her confute,  
 She sings, she plays, she knows all the keys,  
 Of the violin, harp, and lute;  
 She dances with grace her honour to trace,  
 Which does to her belong,  
 With lock's that curl, and costly pearl,  
 She is a girl fit for an earl,  
 If she could but rule her tongue.

She's witty, as it is said,  
 Let none of you be dismay'd,  
 For I am assured it must be endured,  
 Whatever on me is laid;  
 Yet I'll not disparadge, nor hinder the marriage,  
 Be you either old or young,  
 When choice you make, look whom ye take,  
 For virtue's sake, no crosses make  
 Grief like to a woman's tongue.

If I was to chuse again,  
 I'd not in a merry vein,  
 Take she that comes next, for to be perplex'd,  
 'Tis a folly to complain,  
 Before I'd lie by her, truth I would try her,  
 How clever that clack was hung,  
 And if I found that lofty sound,  
 I'd quit my ground, e'er I be bound  
 To such an unruly tongue.

Take warning young men by me,  
 Choose not for a charming she,  
 Take one that is brown, scarce fit for a clown,  
 If quiet and mild she be;  
 For those that do scold, will make you look old,  
 While quiet wives make men young,  
 For beauty will blaze, and many will gaze,  
 Who speak in their praise, which make women  
 Their proud and unruly tongue. (raise



## A New HUNTING SONG.

To its own proper Tune.

**A** Way to the field, see the morning looks gay,  
 And sweetly bedappl'd forebodes a fine day;  
 The hounds are all eager the sports to embrace,  
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.  
 And carol, &c.

### C H O R U S.

Then hark in the morn to the call of the horn,  
 And join with the jo—vial crew,  
 While the season invites with all delights,  
 The health giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,  
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;  
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,  
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.  
 Then hark, &c.

But O how each bosom with transport it fills,  
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;  
 While joys each valley from valley resounds,  
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.  
 Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,  
 Fly hedges and ditches, or top the bar'd gate;  
 Borne by their old courfers, no dangers they fear,  
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.  
 Then hark, &c.

Ye Cits for the dance quit the joys of the town,  
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sitting in down,  
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,  
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.  
 Then hark, &c.

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## ENVY HAS EYES.

To its own proper Tune.

'TIS a twelvemonth a-go nay perhaps they are twain  
 Since Thyrsis neglected the nymphs on the plain  
 And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows a-long  
 To hear a soft tale or to sing him a song,  
 To hear a soft tale or to sing him a song.

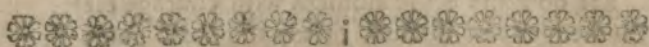
What at first was but friendship, soon grew to a flame  
 In my heart it was love. in the youth 'twas the same,  
 From each other our passion we sought not to hide,  
 But who should love most, was our contest and pride.

But prudence soon whisper'd us love not too well,  
 For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell,  
 And a flame without fortune's rich gift on it's side,  
 The grave one's will scorn, and a mother must chide.

Afraid of rebake, he, his visits forbore,  
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more,  
 Or to tarry with patience, a season more kind,  
 So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences, I vainly had made,  
 Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid,  
 If we sigh for each other, Ah, quit not your care,  
 Condemn the god Cupid, but bless the fond pair.





## The M A I D of the M I L L.

To its own proper Tune.

I've kiss'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,  
 And chang'd them as oft, d'ye see,  
 I've kiss'd, &c.

But of all the fair maids that dance on the green,  
 The maid of the mill for me,  
 The maid of the mill, the maid of the mill,  
 The maid of the mill for me.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,  
 And call'd me the fairest she,  
 There's fifty young men, &c.

But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,  
 Young Harry's the lad for me,  
 Young Harry's the lad, young Harry's the lad,  
 Young Harry's the lad for me.

Her eyes are as black as the floc on the hedge,  
 Her face like the blossoms in May,  
 Her eyes, &c.

Her teeth are as white as the new thorn flock,  
 Her breath like the new mown hay,  
 The new mown hay, the new mown hay,  
 Her breath like the new mown hay.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,  
 His cheeks are as red as a rose;  
 He's tall, &c.

He looks like a squire of a high degree,  
 When dress'd in his Sunday's cloath's,  
 His Sunday's cloaths, his Sunday's cloath's,  
 When dress'd in his Sunday's cloath's.

F I N I S.