

T H E

Two Contented Cuckolds :

O R,

Tit for Tat.

To which are added,

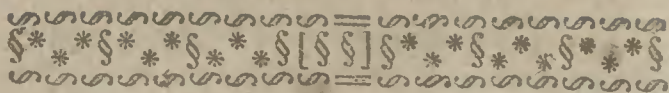
A NEW LOVE SONG,

A N D

ROBIN A' BOON.



Entered according to Order,



The two Contented CUCKOLDS;  
Or, TIT FOR TAT.

**D**Raw near a while till I relate,  
A trick was play'd at Chestergate,  
Which I think fit to declarate,

Come listen to my rhyme, boys;  
It's of two neighbours and their wives,  
That led exceeding wanton lives,  
And they did kiss each others wives,  
Perhaps many a time, boys.

Says one unto his lovely bride,  
I must go take a journey's ride,  
May the heavens be your guide,  
They kiss'd each other and parted.  
When he was gone, his rival came,  
And they began their sporting game,  
And was not she a dainty dame,  
That was so merry hearted.

Her husband did not long detain,  
But shortly he return'd again,  
His labour was not lost in vain,  
He catch'd them at their pleasure;  
At the door he did rap and bawl,  
She seem'd to take no heed at all,  
Tho' she knew him at his first-call,  
Which griev'd her beyond measure.

He says my dear, Where shall I run?  
 She said, I'll hide you if I can,  
 My husband he will curse and ban,  
 But first he'll have you taken;  
 So run into the cupboard fast,  
 And do not let a moment pass,  
 I dare not stay, he calls in haste,  
 His noise will keep you 'wake love.

O then she run unto the door,  
 You're welcome husband o'er and o'er,  
 The only man I do adore,  
 My joy and only honey;  
 Since it fell out and happened so,  
 That 'gainst my persuasions you did go,  
 You're welcomer to my heart you know,  
 Than either gold or money.

Well, go and call your neighbour down,  
 I do not care if I spend a crown,  
 On the best liquor in the town,  
 To drive away all sorrow.  
 My dear, your neighbour's not at home.  
 If he be'nt himself, his wife must come,  
 There's nothing here that can be done,  
 Unless we lend and borrow.

He sent his wife out for some ale,  
 He to the trade of kissing fell,  
 He to the trade of kissing fell,  
 You'd laugh'd had you been there boys:  
 He brought her to the cupboard door,  
 There he kiss'd her o'er and o'er,

Which griev'd her husband's heart full sore  
But durst not draw his rapier.

Its oh! my forehead how it achs,  
Plague on this cupboard, how it shakes,  
But woe be to the first that speaks,

Until my game is over :

The other cuckold in the cupboard stood,  
Not daring for to speak a word,

Until the horns sprung from his head,  
He wish'd he'd ne'er been born.

His wife returned with the cast,  
Says he, My dear, are ye come at last?  
My darling wife, Are ye come at last?

Or did you wait for the brewing?

Fill us a glass, and let us drink,  
But little did she ever think,  
That any man could smile or wink,  
At what she had been doing.

I must unto the cupboard go,  
Pray, must you husband, must you so,  
I've lost the key, where, I don't know,

Therefore you cannot enter ;

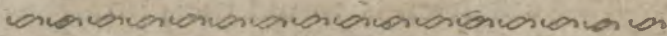
But by some means he opened it,  
Where he found his neighbour sit,  
Walk out my friend if you think fit,  
But pray how did you enter.

O pardon, pardon, I do crave ;  
Its pardon, pardon, you shall have,  
Altho' to me you prov'd a knave,

It was but out of humour :



But the devil a pin I matter that,  
 Since I well paid you TIT for TAT,  
 Therefore sit down, put on your hat,  
 I've done as much for you Sir.



A NEW LOVE SONG.

**D**OWN by yon shadow'd grove,  
 One day I chanc'd to rove,  
 Where the fields & the meadows look gay,  
 I spy'd a lovely maid,  
 She has my heart betray'd,  
 And she's caus'd me a while for to stay.

Her cheeks they are like roses,  
 Her eyes are as black as sloes,  
 Her skin is far whiter than the snow,  
 She is a lovely maid,  
 She has my heart betray'd,  
 And the more of her mind I will know.

I said my own sweet heart,  
 My jewel that thou art,  
 I have set my affection on thee,  
 Thou set my heart on fire,  
 It's all that I desire,  
 My true love in constancy to be.

It is for you alone,  
 That here I sigh and moan,  
 For true love will never decay,  
 Sweetheart you know my mind,  
 I hope you will prove kind,  
 Though my dwelling it lies far away.

There is some of your friends,  
 They think I have no means,  
 O they hate me because I am poor,  
 If I had great store of coin,  
 All your friends would me join,  
 They would make up all matters therefore.

Like David and his clan,  
 Banish'd from his native land,  
 Like Lazarus I am hated too,  
 Which caused me to weep,  
 Ev'ry night when I should sleep,  
 O my darling still thinking on thee.

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## R O B I N A ' B O O N .

To its own Proper Tune.

**M**Y name is Robin A'boon,  
 my age it is twenty and four,  
 I married last midsummer morn,  
 for the sake of a plentiful store :  
 My wife she's decrepp'd and old,  
 and scarce has an eye for to see,  
 But I knew she had plenty of gold,  
 or the d—l should have had her for me.  
 Though I be young, brawny and fat,  
 and Dolly my comical bride,  
 Her locks are as grey as a rat,  
 and her nose it stands all on one side.  
 I stroak her old cheeks with my hand,  
 in few words we did agree,

My wife had abundance of gold,  
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

The very first visit I paid,  
 she gave me a delicate ring,  
 So lovely as we did agree,  
 oh, then she began for to sing,  
 She pray'd for my prosp'rous health,  
 so lovely as we did agree,  
 At first she shew'd me her wealth,  
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

She promis'd to make me a lord,  
 of every penny she had,  
 So lovely as we did accord,  
 all people did think me mad ;  
 But the ends of my fingers did itch,  
 to handle the gold I did see,  
 I knew very well she was rich,  
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

Her stumps they are rotten and black,  
 for teeth she has none in her head,  
 And with a great hump on her back,  
 she waddel'd away to be wed.

I laught at the comical sight,  
 to think that we wedded must be,  
 For if that she had not been rich,  
 the d—l should have had her for me.

I keep both my hawks and my hounds,  
 and often a hunting I go,  
 Sometimes upon other folks grounds,  
 I catch a young coney or so,

Of which I am wondrous proud,  
 my wife to the same did agree,  
 And if liberty was not allow'd,  
 the d—l should have had her for me.

Oft-times have I crossed the seas,  
 where thundering cannons do roar,  
 But now I do live at my ease,  
 drinks humming good liquor galore ;  
 I'll cast off my tarpouling rags,  
 and on with some clothes that are free,  
 My wife had abundance of bags,  
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

Her husband when he was alive,  
 he liv'd upon usury then,  
 He made it his trade to contrive,  
 to cheat and defraud poor men ;  
 But now he is laid in the dust,  
 and I am her young husband to be,  
 She shew'd me her riches at first,  
 or the d—l might have had her for me.

Old wives love men that are young,  
 young men love money likewise,  
 Court them with a flattering tongue,  
 and soon they'll surrender the prize.  
 Since it has been my prosperous lot,  
 I wish her no more of ill,  
 I have gotten all that she had,  
 let her die as soon as she will.