

T H E

Jolly CHAISE DRIVER.

T H E

Y O U N G M A N S

F R E E D O M,

W I T H T H E

A N S W E R,



Entered according to order.

The Jolly Chaise drivers,

ALL you chaise drivers far and near,
 Come listen to my song,
 The chaise driving trade,
 Is the best under the sun,
 tal de rol al,

You sons of Britain who never will fail,
 For the chaise drivers they get oceans
 of ale.

There's young Anthony and Jack,
 They dearly love to hear their whipcrack,
 tol de rol al,

The jolly drivers is the lady's delight.
 There's few can them beat,
 For driving of the chaises,
 They go so clean and neat,
 tol de rol al,

At cracking of their whips,
 They go so keen and sharp,

They make their horses leap five yards,
When ever they do start:
tol de rol al,

When home they do return,
With their empty chaise,
If they meet a pretty girl,
Straight on her they do gaze,
tol de rol al,

When she did step up to him,
He to the maid did say,
Here is an empty chaise,
Pray will you have a ride.
tol de rol al,

She says, I love the driver,
Pray don't take it amiss,
I'll take a ride within your chaise,
And pay you with a kiss,
tol de rol al,

He said, my pretty maid,
With you I must prevail,
To tickle up your petticoats,
And likewise your smock tail.
tol de rol al,

Pray drive a little farther,
Till you come to yonder inn.
And she gave him a shilling,
To call for him some gin.

tol de rol al,

We'll call for gin and wine boys,
Our spirits to revive,
And we'll do our best endeavour,
To get one a chaise to drive.

tol de rol al,

There's a hut in yonder forrest,
Near to yonder dale,
Where spirits are and liquors,
Also the best of ale,

tol de rol al,

Where's free entertainment,
And every thing that's good,
You may call for a bottle,
At the sign of the Hood.

tol de rol al.

So this young man and maid,
Together they were laid,

And strove to get a young one,
 Some chaises for to drive,
 tol de rol al,

I'll drink to the chaise drivers,
 As long as I'm alive,
 Heav'n's bless the pretty,
 That the chaises do drive.
 tol de rol al,

The young Man's Liberty.

COME all you young men,
 wherever you be,
 I would have you take care,
 how you lose your liberty,
 For when a man single,
 he is free from all strife,
 And while you such liberty,
 who wou'd have a wife.

When I go to a fair,
 with my lassie I do have,
 My lassie she does smile on me,
 with a black rolling eye,
 She gives me kind embraces,
 is the comfort of my life,

And while men have liberty
 who wou'd have a wife,

I'll go to the ale house,
 a sixpence for to spend,
 I'll go to the alehouse,
 all for to treat a friend,
 I have no wife to cold me,
 I'm free from any strife,
 And while we have such liberty,
 who wou'd have a wife.

Drunk as I can be,
 to my lasse I go,
 My lassie she receives me,
 her mother says me no,
 She gives a night's lodging,
 to comfort my life,
 While men have such liberty,
 who wou'd have a wife,

But after in wedlock,
 you mean to be tied,
 The case it will be alter'd,
 to you on every side,
 Then you must provide,
 for a proud scornfull wife

Your liberty is gone,
and the joy of your life,

Horns will adorn you,
It's very well known,
They will bring you little children,
that' none of your own,
Squaling and brawling
confusion and strife,
Deliver us good Lord,
from a proud and scornful wife.

The ANSWER.

WHAT pleasure and pastime,
a married man see,
Who walks up and down,
and enjoys sweet liberty,
Who walk up and down,
takes the pleasur in life,
And since we have such happiness,
who wou'd but have a wife.

The more you do ramble,
The less satisfaction,
you ever will find,
You may ramble and rove,
all the days of your life,

And never know the blessing,
you receive from a wife.

If that you will
now be sincere,
It's of a young couple,
that married was,
And in loving each other,
spend a happy life,
Since there are such blessings,
who wou'd but have a wife.

If that in sickness,
you chance for to ly,
Your wife will attend you
and ever be nigh,
She will give you things,
to comfort your life,
And these and such happiness,
who wou'd not have a wife,

Old Adam he was,
the first man was born,
He was king over all,
and the earth was his own,
He had all things in nature,
to support his life,
Yet ne'er had the happiness,
till he got a wife.

FINIS.