

The Bonny Lass: Or, the Button'd SMOCK.



Sit you merry Gallants,
For I can tell you News,
Of a Fashion call'd the Button'd Smock,
The which our Wenches use:
Because that in the City,
In troth it is great pity;
Our Gallants hold it much in scorn.
They should put down the City:
But is not this a bouncing Wench,
And is not this a Bonny;
In troth she wears a *Holland* Smock,
If that she weareth any.

A bonny Lass in a Country Town,
Unto her Commendation;
She scorns a *Holland* Smock,
Made after the old Fashion:
But she will have it *Holland* fine,
As fine as may be wore;
Hem'd and stitch'd with Naples Silk,
And button'd down before:
But is not, &c.

Our Gallants of the City,
New Fashions do devise;
And wear such new found fangle things,
Which country Folk despise:
As for the Button'd Smock,
None can hold it in scorn;
Nor none can think the Fashion ill,
It is so closely worn:
Although it may be felt,
It's seldom to be seen;
It passeth all the Fashions yet,
That heretofore hath been.
But is not, &c.

Our Wenches of the City,
That gains the Silver rare;
Sometimes they wear a Canvass Smock,
That's torn or worn Thread-bare:
Perhaps a Smock of Lockrum,
That dirty, foul, or black:
Or else a Smock of Canvass course,
As hard as any Sack.
But is not, &c.

But she that wears the *Holland* Smock,
I commend her still that did it;
To wear her under Parts so fine,
The more 'tis for her Credit:
For some will have the out-side fine,
To make the braver show;
But she will have her *Holland* Smock
That's Button'd down below.
But is not, &c.

But if that I should take in hand,
Her Person to commend;
I should vouchsafe a long Discourse,
The which I could not end:
For her Vertues they are many,
Her person likewise such;
But only in particular,
Some part of them I'll touch.
But is not, &c.

Those Fools that still are doing,
With none but costly Dames;
With tediousness of wooing,
Makes cold their hottest flames:
Give me the Country Lass,
That trips it o'er the Field;
And ope's her Forest at the first.
And is not Coy to yield.

Who when she dons her Vesture,
She makes the Spring her Glass;
And with her Comely gesture,
Doth all the Meadows pass:
Who knows no other cunning,
But when she feels it come;
To gripe your Back, if you be slack,
And thrust your Weapon home.

'Tis not their boasting humour,
Their painted looks nor state;
Nor smells of the Perfumer,
The Creature doth create:
Shall make me unto these,
Such slavish service owe;
Give me the Wench that freely takes,
And freely doth bestow.

Who far from all beguiling,
Doth not her Beauty Mask;
But all the while lye smiling,
While you are at your task:
Who in the midst of Pleasure,
Will beyond active strain;
And for your Pranks, will con you thanks,
And curse you for your pain.