

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 cursey for your pain.