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Title	The trappan'd taylor, or, A warning to all taylors to beware how they marry : shewing how a begger-wench being insinuated into a house of bawdery, was suddenly transformed out of rags into sliks [sic], flanting it each day with gallants, (yet passing for a maid) : a taylor living hard by, fell deep in love with her person, and afterwards married her, which was no sooner done, but the old bawd disrob'd her of the rich attire, and put on the raggs which she brought with her : to the great discontent of our Mousieur [sic] Sparveling : to the tune of, How many crowns and pounds have I spent, &c.
Call Number	2000 Folio 6 245
Published/Created Date	between 1674 and 1679]
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The Trappan'd Taylor:

O R,

A Warning to all *Taylor's* to beware how they Marry.
Shewing how a Begger-wench being infinuaded into a house of Bawdery, was suddenly transformed out of Rags into silk, flanting it each day with Gallants, (yet passing for a Maid.) A Taylor living hard by, fell deep in love with her person, and afterwards married her, which was no sooner done, but the old Bawd disrob'd her of the rich attire, and put on the Rags which she brought with her; to the great discontent of our *Musfeur Starveling*.

To the Tune of, How many Crowns and pounds have I spent, &c.



I'll sing a Song, and a dainty brave Song,
It's neither of Seaman nor Sailor;
But to tell you the truth, it's a dumpy brave Young
He's a simkin' Wapouring Taylor.

It was in the prime of Cow-cumber time,
When Tarpole's had very much leisure;
This Gallant to tumble did cast by his Chimble,
To spend away time for his pleasure.

A Begger Wench chanc'd to London to come,
A Girl that had very good features;
With begging about, an old Bawd spy'd her out,
For sure there's no many such Creatures.

This cunning old Craft with sly intent,
Did find that the Lass she was willing;
She took the Wench in, and wash'd her clean,
And put on her very good Linen.

She pull'd off her raggs, and gave her black baggs,
And made her as fine as fine may be;
For she was so fine, she look'd like a Jugg,
And she was as brisk as a Lady.

She gave her an art that she need for part,
As if she had been an old hander;
She liked the Trade far better the said,
Then abroad in the Country to wander.

She taught her the Trade to pass for a Maid,
After she had been twenty times used;
And silly fools they are pleas'd like gulls,
Being baited and baited abused.

At times in the day like a craven young Whore,
She stands for to tempt in her Cellars;
And when they come in, she reach them to sin,
Then dearly they pay for their follies.

But while she did frisk, the Taylor to hisk,
It was his chance for to spy her;
She cast her his heart before she did part,
In hopes for to gain his desire.

For verily she pretended to be
A Country Gentleman's Daughter;
Come up she said, Tarry a while, I pray,
But mark how she sild him after.

She told her that he would marry with her,
For he was a Son of a good family;
He gave her rich gifts to purchase his wifes,
For he was in hopes of a bargain.

A little and little she seem'd to melt,
Being mov'd thereto by his carriage;
Depending that she will likewise agree
To join with him in lawful Marriage.



But when the old Bawd found out their design,
The worse she will have satisfaction;
But the Taylor so had not enough paid,
But she presently cutt'd an Axiom.

She stripping the Bawd, he standing beside,
Like one that did from to disown her;
He creas'd his baggs, when he saw his wifes raggs,
And wish'd that he had never known her.

The raggs she Whore turn'd for; to be her own
To take them again she had reason;
And since she did catch a blade that could watch,
He had patching work for a whole Season.

And thus she did snap the Taylor in a Trap,
To pay for his Whores apparel;
That she had him sent, which made him repent,
It was but in vain for to quarrel.

And thus the poor Taylor was finely trappan'd,
He curs'd, he swore, and he vapour'd;
That made him to swear, and to pull off his hair,
Like a Pig in a halter he caper'd.

He skip and he jump, but sure he was mump,
As well as ever was any;
A Begger wench Bawd to be by his side,
May please him as well as a Lady.

And now we will leave him to kiss up his Wife,
The has enough to cool his courage;
For Tarpole's beware and take a great care,
How they join with such beggers in marriage.

What's it at my Song, if he tedious and long,
The end it will, I pray, be;
All put it in rhyme this Cow-cumber year,
That Tarpole's may laugh and be merry.

F I N I S.

Printed for E. Coles, T. Vere,
J. Clarke.