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Title	The jolly coach-man, or, The buxome taylors wifes late folly
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THE JOLLY COACH-MAN :

OR,
The Burome Taylors Wives Late folly.

When Wantons they will run astray,
Their fancies thus to feed,
And Truck for Coyne, for Feathers fine,
Sure they are Drabs indeed.

To the Tune of, A Jobb for a Journeyman-Shoemaker.



A Taylors wife exceeding fair,
A Coach-man often courted,
Their names I need not now declare,
but yet it is reported :

The Coach-man be courageously,
went out as nothing fearing,
But now attend, to what is per'd,
the jest is worth your hearing.

The Coach-man and the Taylors Wife,
had many private meeting,
He wou'd be lov'd her as his life,
And this was pleasant greeting :

But her reply was pith, and see,
yet he was not contented,
Till she did yield to him the field,
and willingly consented.

Quoth she, if that I do comply,
to answer your desire,
I hope you will not me deny,
what I of you require :

Lay me two Guinies in my hand
to buy me hoods and Laces,
Then I will be at thy command,
with solace and embraces.



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The Coach-man like a jolly Blade,
his Wits he then saluted,
And like a friend to her he said,
this need not be disputed :

For thou hast have a flower'd gown,
with many pretty fancies,
Sweet creature let me lay thee down,
to charm thy youthful senses.

Said she I fear my overthow,
and then what will betide me,
If that my husband be should know,
he'd certainly deride me :

Therefore she seem'd something coy,
yet could not well deny him,
Upon fair terms she would comply,
and was resolv'd to try him.

Quoth she my dear thou hast my heart,
and my entire favour,
Per something I would have in part,
for fear your mind should waver :

I never will be coy nor nice,
but always kind and willing,
I can bide something of the price,
come pay down thirty Shilling.

The Coach-man had not quite so much,
till he receiv'd his wages,
He wanted ten, and therefore then,
he solemnly engages :

That he would make no more delay,
but twenty down would tender,
And ten another time would pay,
if she would but surrender.

Then straight they struck a bargain thus,
when she receiv'd his treasure,
And like a drab she deav'd his purse,
and yielded to his pleasure :

He found she was a crafty Dame,
and therefore he did fear her,
And also weary of the game,
then came no more a near her.

When she did find, he was unkind,
who call'd her his honey,
She soon was of another mind,
to trounce him for her money :

It did appear he did not fear,
but thought she had but jested,
She resolv'd still to have her will,
that he should be arrested.

She fetch'd a Warrant for him then,
and thus began the rumour,
I think there was not one in ten,
but laugh'd at the humour :

But when at last the fray was past,
the Taylor he was scow'd,
And in the rout, the Boys did shout,
and told him he was hoiv'd.

The Taylor he doth now complain,
that he is daily scow'd,
But women of the wanton strain,
they cannot live without it :

I would not have him whine nor pine,
those reasons are presented,
There's some that go in Claret wine,
are forc'd to be contented.