

**Author:** Anonymous

**Text type:** Verse, ballad

**Date of print:** 1685

**Editions:** Unknown

**Source text:**

Anon. 1685. *Chastities Conquest, Or, No Trusting before Marriage. A New Song.* [n.p.] Printed for P. Brooksby. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription:** March 2006

**Number of words:** 435

**Dialect represented:** Northern/Scots

**Produced by** Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca



**Anonymous**

***Chastities Conquest, Or, No Trusting before  
Marriage. A New Song. (1685)***

You Virgings that your Fame and Honour prize.  
Learn here by saving both, how to be wise.  
Secure your Treasure till you have secur'd  
The Purchaser and then you are insur'd  
A thing that forehand freeness ne'r procur'd.

*To the Tune of, Canst thou not weave Bone-lace.*

Canst thou not weave Bonelace,  
yea by Lady that I can,  
canst thou not lisp with Grace  
yea as well as any one,  
Canst thou not Card and Spin  
yea by Lady that I can  
And do the other thing  
wee I'se do what I can

Come then, and be my sweet  
To Bed I'l carry thee  
No in Geud Faith not a bit  
Unless you marry me:

Marriage is not the mode  
then I'se will make it so,  
Duce o'the common Road  
I'l ne're forsake it so  
Thou shalt in me possess  
all Joys that can be had  
Then give me a consenting Kiss,  
Then wed me first my Lad  
Let us gang to the Priest  
So dear I tender thee.  
Then Kiss on and on what you list  
faith. I'se not hinder the

We shall soon weary grow  
change will soon tyre you  
Ah do not tell me so  
Since I admire you  
For when I touch your Breasts  
thy charms so fire me  
Yet needless is a Priest  
Then come no nigher me,  
For when you tempt me to bed  
I'se no sick silly Fool,  
But if you'l buckle and wed,  
then kiss your Belly full.

If as you say you Love  
make I'se your wedded Mate,  
And you shall freely have,  
what ever you'd be at  
Will you not then my Joy  
without you'r wedded strike  
No by my troth not I  
Such loving I'se not like  
But wedded my Arms shall bless  
thy passion to the light  
And with a consenting kiss  
my Love to his Joys invite.

Let's no kind minutes wast

I'll lead thee to my Bed,  
Where Loves delights we'll tast  
and so to morrow we wedded  
Geud Faith I'se not agree,  
I'se venture no such thing  
Troth you'r deceived in me  
and must begin again  
Come lay this Bashfulness by  
your blushes I will hide  
What harm is it now to try  
If you'r to morn my Bride.

I'se never yield to that  
O don't desire me  
To [?]o the Dee'l knows what  
Whoo'd then admire me  
Well thou hast won my Heart,  
Thy Virtues fire me  
I'le wed and never part  
As you require me  
Soft murmurs and Sighs shall prove  
What Joys you render me  
O Kiss then and surfeit one Love  
Faith i'se not angry be.

