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SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive;

SET TO

MUSICK

By Dr. JOHN BLOW, Mr. HENRY PURCELL,
and other Excellent Masters of the Town.

Ending with some ORATIONS, made and spoken by me
several times upon the PUBLICK STAGE in the THEATER.
Together with some Copies of VERSES, PROLOGUES, and
EPILOGUES, as well for my own PLAYS as those of other
Poets, being all Humorous and Comical.

VOL. III.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *J. Tonson*, at SHAKESPEAR'S
Head, against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*, 1719.

[256]

A SONG

Sit thee down by me, mine own Joy,
Thouz quite kill me, should'st thou prove coy:
Shouldst thou prove Coy, and not love me,
Oh! where should I find out sike a yan as thee.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,
Sike Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyne,
With silver Shoon thy Feet shall shoyne:
With foyne'st Flowers thy Crag Ize crown,
Thy pink Petticoat sall be laced down.

Weeze yearly gang to the Brook side,
And Fishes catch as they do glide:
Each Fish thyn Prisoner then shall be,
Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.

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What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
And there weez fry and eat the Fish;
But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best Dish.

Ize kiss thy cherry Lips, and praise
Aw the sweet Features of thy Face;

The Salamanca Corpus: "A Song" (1719)

Thy Forehead so smooth, and lofty both rise,
Thy soft ruddy Cheeks, and pratty black Eyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold Night,
Thouz want nothing for thy Delight:
Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
And sure Ize have something that sall please thee.