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**Anonymous**

***The Longing Virgins Choice:  
Or, The Scotch Lasses Delight (1672)***

Virgins all you that Coyness still perswades,  
Though 'gainst your wills you still continue Maids;  
[?] not at this, for though the Lass is kind,  
She's not to blame your all so in your mind:  
And fain would have the thing you dare not name,  
Sighing for that which she does boldy claim:  
Young-men are kind, and would not see you want,  
If you but ask, what you desire they'l grant:  
Then let not Blushes o're your pleasures swell,  
'Tis sure but scurvy leading Apes in Hell.

To a Modish new Scotch Tune, Sung at the Dukes Playhouse.

Bonny Lass, gin thou art mine,  
and with twenty thousand pound about thee  
I'de scorn thy gudes for thee my queen,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Longing Virgins Choice* (1672)

To lig the down on any Green,  
*To shew the how thy Daddy got thee.*

Bonny Lad gin thou art mine,  
and thousand Land about thee:  
I'de leave them awe to kiss thy Kneen,  
And gang with thee to any Green.  
*To shew how thy Daddy got thee.*

A march, gude faith, with thee i'le gang,  
with the my joy I'se wou'd my lot be;  
To Kiss and Clip thee I do long,  
Yet bonny Lass I'se do no wrong,  
*But shew thee how thy Daddy got thee.*

Thy Ruby Lips with joy i'se Kiss,  
and on the Primrose-bank I'le put thee:  
And there we'l take our sills of Bliss,  
We'l both play fair and never miss,  
*Whilst thou knowst how tht Daddy got thee.*

Under the greenest Willow shade,  
to live and love each e'ne our lot be,  
Where prity Birds in Notes do spread,  
And that thou art no more a Maid,  
*Whilst thou knowst how tht Daddy got thee.*

Under the Willows shades, quo I,  
what mean you in this place without me:  
Ods Bares, quo she, I tell no ley,  
I hither come with thee to try,  
*and shew how my Daddy got me.*

Come ginn me then, my bonny Lad,  
thou'st shall have all that I can let thee:  
Come give me then what's to be had,  
Tickle my Pulse and make me glad,  
*and shew me how my Daddy got me.*

I lig'd me down then by her side,  
and muckly there I laid about me:  
To get a Bantling I apply'd,  
I spear'd her leave, but she deny'd,  
*said I'le shew how Daddy got me.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Longing Virgins Choice* (1672)

Whelst thus we pass the time away,  
and in my arms I mean to put thee:  
Renewing pleasures with the day,  
I'le respire take and then i'le play,  
*And shew thee how the Daddy got thee.*

Don't leave me yet, nethinks 'tis Spring  
the Rose and Lillies bloom about me:  
And little birds do joyous sing,  
In streames of pleasure sure I swim,  
*whilst I learn how my Daddy got me.*

Enough my Lass, this time we's part,  
gang here to morrow I'se allot the;  
Oh! 'tis too long, thou'lt break my heart,  
Less you a shorter time impart,  
*to shew again how Daddy got me.*

Then by this Kiss and Violest blew,  
when the Moon shine I will wait thee:  
And so I'le bid thee now adieu,  
My bonny Lad be sure ye do,  
*and shew me how my Daddy got me.*

