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Poems

Poems and fables

Gay, John Edinburgh, 1773

The coquet mother and daughter. A song

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My tongue would be H. T. ober.

Coquet Mother and DAUGHTER.

A S O N G.

1,

A T the close of the day,
When the bean-flow'r and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind:
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damfels and fwains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kifs'd, and fat on each knee,
Fond ecftafy fwam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near,
Hark! file calls thee to hear

What age and experience advise,

Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kis he obtain,
She returns it again:

What follows, you need not be told.

Loo You

She

Prith Left I Tak

And

Mol

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IV.

Look ye, mother, she cry'd,
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won;
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one.

V.

Prithee, Molly, be wife,
Left by fudden furprife
Love should tingle in ev'ry vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.

VI.

Molly, fmiling, reply'd,
Then I'll foon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his cheft;
But I thought all you wives
Chofe a man for your lives,
And trifted no more with the reft.

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