

An Amourous Dialogue between John and his Mistris.

from the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads

Anon.

Gm Gm D Gm D Gm B \flat F Gm D Gm

"Come, John, sit thee down, I have some-what to say, In my mind I have kept it this ma - ny a day; Your
 "'Tis true, for-sooth, mis - tris, the case is but hard That a wo - man should be of her plea - sure de - bar'd; But
 "But, John, 'tis a dif - fi - cult mat - ter to find A man that is trus - ty and con - stant - ly kind; An
 "What think you of one that be - longs to the Court? They say they are youth - ful and giv - en to sport: He'l pre-

Gm D Gm D Gm B \flat F Gm D Gm

mas - ter, you know, is a fool, and a sot, And minds no - thing else but the pipe and the pot. Till
 'tis the sad fate of a thou - sand be - side, Or else the whole ci - ty is fou - ly be - li'd; There
 Inns - of - Court gal - lant, he crin - ges and bows, He's pre - sent - ly known by his oaths and his vows, And
 sent you with brace - lets, and jew - els, and rings, With stones that are pre - cious, and twen - ty fine things; Or

Dm A Dm Dm A Dm Dm A Dm A Dm A D

twelve or till one he will nev - er come home, And then he's so drunk that he lies like a mome, Such
 is not a man a - mong twen - ty that thrives, Not ten in fif - teen, that do lie with their wives; Yet
 though both his cloaths and his speech - es be gay, Yet he loves you but one - ly a night, and a - way; Such
 if you are not for the court or the town. What think you for - sooth of a man with a Gown? You

u - sage as this would make an - y one mad, But a wo - man will have it, if 'tis to be had.
 still you had bet - ter be mer - ry than sad, And take it what - ev - er it is to be had.
 us - age as this would make an - y one mad, Yet a wo - man will have it, if 'tis to be had.
 must have a gal - lant, a good or a bad, And take it where ev - er it is to to to

The Second Part to the Same Tune

"No, John, I confess that not any of these
 Had ever the power my fancy to please;
 I like no such blades for a trick that I know,
 For as soon as they've trod they are given to crow;
 Plain dealing is best, and I like a man well,
 That when he has kiss'd will be hang'd ere he'll tell:
 My meaning is honest, and thou art the lad,
 Then give it and take it where 'tis to be had."

"Alas! My dear mistris, it never can be,
 That you can affect such a fellow as me:
 Yet, heaven forbid, since I am but your man,
 I should ever refuse to do all that I can;
 But then if my master should know what we've done,
 We both shou'd be blown up as sure as a gun:
 For after our joys, he would make us sad,
 For taking it where it ought not to be had."

"But how should he know it, thou scrupulous elf?
 Do'st think I'm so silly to tell him myself?
 If we are but wise our own counsel to keep,
 We may laugh and lye down while the sot is asleep:
 Some hundreds I know in the city that use
 To give to their men what their masters refuse;
 The man is the master, the prentice the dad,
 For women must take it where 'tis to be had."

"Some prentices use it, forsooth, I allow,
 But I am a novice and cannot tell how;
 However, I hope that I shall not be blam'd,
 For to tell you the truth I am somewhat asham'd;
 I know how to carry your Bible to Church,
 But to play with my mistris I'm left in the lurch;
 Yet if you can shew me the way, good or bad,
 I'll promise you all that there is to be had."

"You quickly may learn it, my Johnny, for Thus,
 Before you proceed begin with a buss;
 And then you must clasp me about with your arm;
 Nay, fear me not, Johnny, I'll do thee no harm;
 Now I sigh, now I tremble, now backwards I lye,
 And now, dear Johnny, ah, now must I dye;
 Oh! Who can resist such a mettlesome lad,
 And refuse such pleasure when 'tis to be had."

"Alas! Pritty mistris, the pleasure is such,
 We never can give one another too much:
 If this be the business, the way is so plain,
 I think I can easily find it again;
 'Twas Thus we began; and Thus we lye down,
 And thus, oh, thus! That we fell in a swoun;
 Such sport to refuse who was ever so mad,
 I'll take it where ever it is to be had."

"Now, Johnny, you talk like an ignorant mome,
 You can have such pleasure no where but at home;
 Here's fifty broad pieces, for what you have done,
 But see that you never a gadding do run.
 For no new employment then trouble your brains,
 For here when you work you'l be paid for your pains,
 But shou'd you deceive me no woman so sad,
 To lose all the pleasure that once she has had."

"A mistress so noble I never will leave,
 'Twere a sin and a shame such a friend to deceive;
 For my master's shop no more will I care,
 'Tis pleasantest handling my mistresses mare.
 A fig for indentures, for now I am made
 Free of a gentiler and pleasanter trade,
 I know when I'm well, I was never so mad
 To forsake a good thing when 'tis to be had."