



The Willing Maid Set by M^r Dejean.

What tho' my Parents frown & scold, still fockey I approve the Youth is handsome
free & bold, & says me love for love my Father when at fockey's plige did just the same as
He and Mother too I dare engage did just the same like me did just the same like me.

When first the Spain his Suit address'd,
I flutter'd, and look'd pale;
He sigh'd, & vow'd he lov'd and press'd;
& told the fondest tale,
Then out he pull'd his oaten Reed,
& play'd so sweet a strain;
That all he ask'd I gave, indeed,
And wish'd he'd ask'd again.

How blest am I when fockey's by;
How happy in his view,
Tho' other Nymphs cry fish & fy,
Yet hang me if I do,
As to the Flocks the cooling Stream;
Or Flout to the Bee,
So dear as I'm compar'd to him,
So dear the Youth to me.

At fraught with all his Sex's Art,
Should fockey's faithless prove,
Where where shall my poor wand'ring heart,
& again bestow its love,
But to an Hundred unto Ten,
He'll wed me to secure;
& And when he asks me why what then,
All have him to be sure.