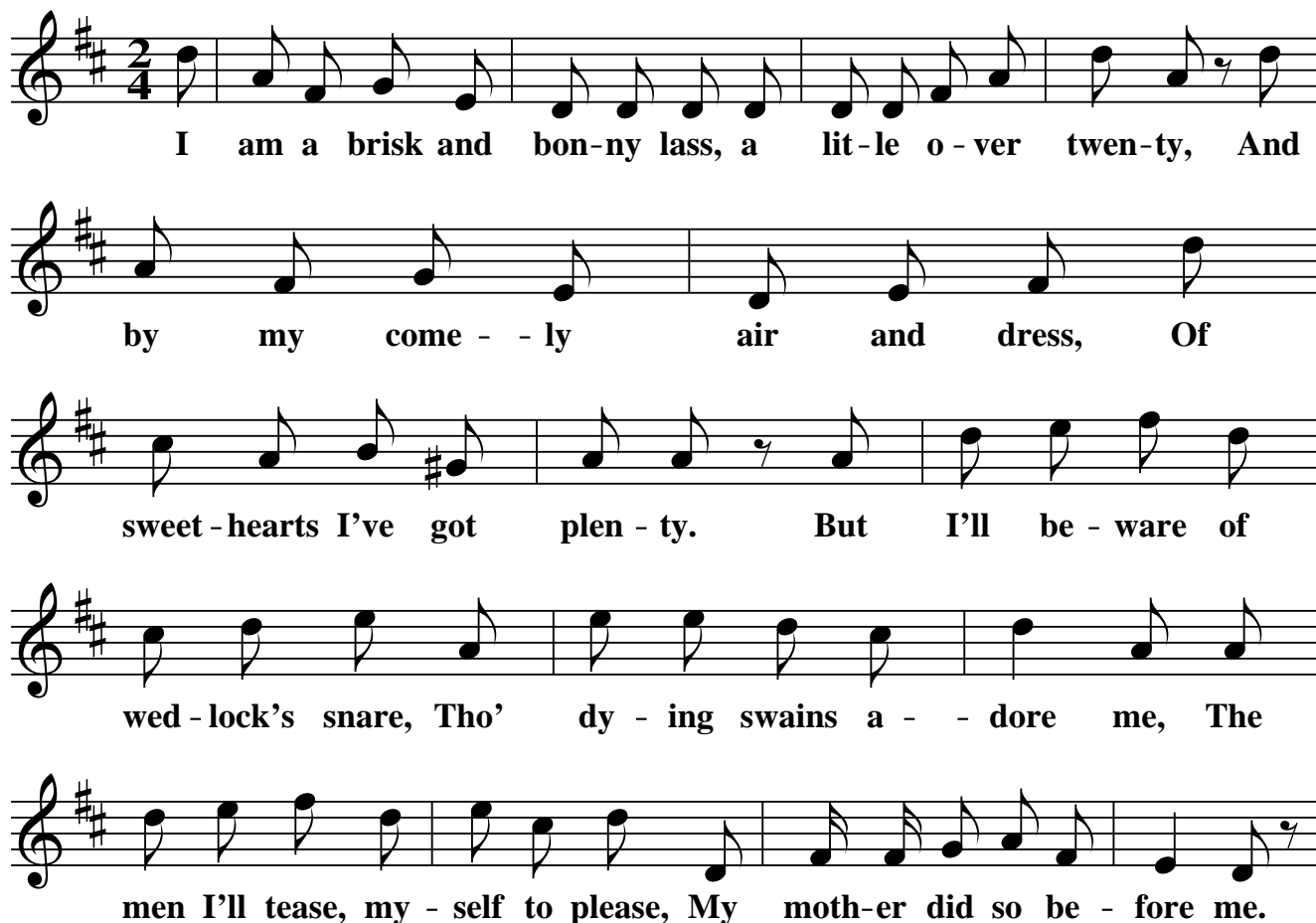


My mother did so before me.



I am a brisk and bonny lass, a lit-le o-ver twen-ty, And
by my come - - ly air and dress, Of
sweet - hearts I've got plen - ty. But I'll be - ware of
wed - lock's snare, Tho' dy - ing swains a - - dore me, The
men I'll tease, my - self to please, My moth-er did so be - fore me.

I am a brisk and bonny lass,
A little over twenty.
And by my comely air and dress,
Of sweethearts I've got plenty.
But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
Tho' dying swains adore me,
The men I'll tease, myself to please,
My mother did so before me.

With fine brocade and diamonds bright,
Like merry Spring delighting,
My heart, my humours all delight,
For my sweet face's inviting.
I take delight, both day and night,
To be talked of in story.
I'll have it said: Here shines a maid!
my mother did so before me.

To parks and plays I often go,
I'll waste each leisure hour;
I'll walk and talk with every beau,
And make them feel my power.
If e'er a spark should fire my heart,
From one who does adore me,
I'll wed and kiss, in married bliss,
my mother did so before me.

So well I'll manage when I'm wed,
My husband to perfection,
And as good wives have always said,
Keep husbands in subjection.
No snarling fool me e're shall rule,
Nor e'er eclipse my glory,
I'll let him see, mistress I'll be,
my mother did so before me.