The Bee-Hive

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My Mistress is a Hive of Bees in yonder flowry garden
To her they come with loaden thighs, to ease them of their burden.
AAs under the bee-hive lieth the Wax, and under the Wax is Honey
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her C_ny.

My Mistress is a mine of Gold, would that it were her Pleasure
To let me dig within her Mould and roll among her Treasure.
As under th Moss the Mould doth lye, and under the Mould is Mony
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her C_ny.

My Mistress is a Morn in May, which drops of Dew down stilleth,
Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down sweetly trilleth.
As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, So under the Mist it is Sunny,
So under her Waste her Belly is placed, And under that her C_ny.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of water sweet
That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under feet.
Her Belly is both white and soft, and Downy as any Bunny
That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her C_ny.

My Mistress has the Magick Sprays, of late she takes such wondrous pain
That she can pleasing spirits raise, and also lay them down again.
Such power hath my tripping Doe, My little pretty Bunny
That many would their Lives forego to play but with her C_ny.

From Pills to Purge Melancholy, D'Urfey (vol. IV, 1720)
Note: Modest spelling of Cunny is D'Urfey's, not mine. RG