Would You Have a Young Virgin

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Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,
Ever toying, and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love sonnet, and charm her Ears.
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown,
    Sooth her, and smooth her,
    And teize her, and please her,
And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a widow well known in a man,
With a front of assurance come boldly on,
Let her rest not an hour, but briskly, briskly,
Put her in mind of how time steals on.
Rattle and prattle although she groan,
Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,
    Show her some hour
    You're able to grapple
Then get but her writing's and all's your own.

Do you fancy a lass of a humour free?
That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
You must rail at her keeper and tell her, tell her,
Pleasure's best charm is variety.
Swear her more fairer than all the town
Try her and ply her when cully's gone
    Dog her and jog her
    And meet her and treat her
And kiss with two guineas and all's your own.

Note: "A Song in the last act of the Modern Prophets Written by
    Mr. D'Urfey Sung by Mr. Pack" 1709
tune: Poor Robin's Maggot