

My Thing is My Own

tune: Lillibullero



I, a ten-der young maid, have been court-ed by man-y Of all sorts and trades as ev-er was an-y.



A spruce hab-er-dash-er first spake to me fair But I would have noth-ing to do with small ware.



My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still Yet oth-er young lass-es may do as they will.



My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still Yet oth-er young lass-es may do as they will.

A sweet scented courtier did give me a kiss,
And promis'd me moun-tains if I would be his,
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
Some courtiers do promise much more than they do.

A crafty young bumpkin that was very rich,
And us'd with his bargains to go thro' stitch,
Did tender a sum, but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my tenant in tayl.

A fine Man of Law did come out of the Strand,
To plead his own case with his fee in his hand;
He made a brave motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him and nonsuit him too.

A fine dapper taylor, with a yard in his hand
Did profer his service to be at command
He talk'd of a slit I had above knee,
But I'll have no taylors to stitch it for me.

Next came a young fellow, a notable spark,
(With green bag and inkhorn, a Justice's clerk)
He pull'd out his warrant to make all appear,
But I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his grounds
His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his greyhounds
Put in for a Course, and us'd all his art
But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
To give me a lesson on my instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing, but bid him be gone,
For my little fiddle should not be plaid on.

A pretty young Squire new come to the town
To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
Did profer a kindness, but I would have none
The same that he us'd to his mother's maid, Joan.

An Usurer came with abundance of cash,
But I had no mind to come under his lash,
He profer'd me jewels, and great store of gold,
But I would not mortgage my little Free-hold.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more
Besides all the Gamesters recited before
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
But as young as I was I understood trap.

A blunt Lieutenant surpriz'd my placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,
I mustered my spirits up and became bold,
And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Until I be marryed, say men what they will.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Until I be marryed, say men what they will.