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The Jolly Driver

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THE
Jolly Driver.

I am a jolly young fellow,
My fortune I wish to advance,
I first took up to London,
And I next took a tour to France,
I understand all kinds of servitude,
And every fashion so tight,
If you hire me as your coachman,
I am a safe driver by night.

CHORUS.

So my darling I'll go along with you,
Stick to you while I have life,
I would rather ten times be your coachman,
Than tie to a drunken old wife.

Up came a lady of fashion,
And thus unto me did say,
If I hire you as my coachman,
You must drive me by night and by day,
Ten guineas a month I will give you
Besides a bottle of wine,
If you keep me in plenty of drink
I will drive you in a new fashion style.

She brought me into the kitchen,
Where she gave me liquors so quick,
She told me drink that in a hurry,
She wish'd to see my driving whip;
O when that she seen it
She eyed it with a smile,
Saying, I know by the length of your lash,
You can drive in the new fashion style.

She bid me get into her chaise box,
And drive both mild and discreet,
And handle my whip with much judgement,
And drive her quite through the street,
Three curls I gave to my cracker,
And then I was up to her rigg,
And the very first turn the wheel got,
I broke the main-spring of her gig.

She brought me into the cellar,
And gave me a bottle of wine,
She told me drink that in a hurry,
As I had to drive her three miles;
She being a nice little young thing,
And just in the height of her bloom,
And I being a dashing young fellow,
I drove her nine times round the room,

My mistress being tired and weary,
In order to take a rest,
She call'd for her waiting-maid, Sally,
The maid that she loved the best,
Saying, Sally, we've got a good coachman,
That understands driving in style,
And while my gig wheel is repairing,
I'll let him drive you for a mile.