

The Riddle

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My pretty maid fain would I know
What thing it is will breed delight,
That strives to stand yet can not go
That feeds the mouth that can not bite.

cho: With a humbledum grumbledum humbledum grumbledum
Humbledum grumbledum hey,
With a humbledum grumbledum humbledum grumbledum
Humbledum grumbledum hey.

It is a pretty pricking thing
A pleasing and a standing thing
'Twas the truncheon Mars did use
A bed-ward bit which maidens choose

It is a shaft of Cupid's cut
'Twill serve to rove, to prick, to butt
There's never a maid, but by her will
Will keep it in her quiver still.

'Tis a Fryer with a bald-head
A staff to beat a cuckold dead
It is a gun that shoots point-blank
It hits betwixt a woman's flank

It has a head much like a mole's
And yet it loves to creep in holes
The fairest She that e'er took life
For love of this became a wife.

From Pills to Purge Melancholy, D'Urfey v. 4
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