Up to the Rigs

Up to the Rigs

Up London City I took my way
It was up Cheapside I chanced to stray
When a fair pretty girl there I did meet
And with kisses her then I did greet

cho: For I was up to the rigs,

Down to the jigs

Up to the rigs of London Town

She took me to some house of fame (sin?)
And boldly did she enter in
Loudly for supper she did call
Thinking I was going to pay for it all.

The supper o'er, the table cleared
She called me her jewel and then her dear
The waiter brought white wine and red
While the chambermaid prepared the bed

Between the hours of one and two
She asked me if to bed I'd go
Immediately I did consent
And along with this prettty girl I went.

Her cheeks was white and her lips was red
And I kissed her as she laid in bed
But soon as I founs she was fast asleep
Out of the bed then I did creep.

I searched her pockets and there I found
A silver snuffbox and ten pound
A gold watch and a diamond ring
I took the lot and locked me lady in.

Now all young men wherever you be
If you meet a pretty girl you use her free
You use her free but don't get pied (drunk)
But remember me when I was up Cheapside.

note: a similar role-reversal appears in Ratcliff Highway
apr00

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