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Greer, Germaine (1939-)

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The Country Farmer or, the Buxomme Virgin...

She lies like an turnip in her dull bed,
She's ugly and Old, looks pale, than lead,
Not like a brisk Lass of a Woman bred.

Country Lass & young Taylor:

Except you take your yard,
the depth of it to measure,
You'll find the Furse too deep,
you'll hardly come to th' treasure.

Is this your yard, quoth she,
is this your Taylors measure?
It is too shor for me,
it is not standart, measure.

He hearing her say so,
set him to a stand;
She seeing him dismay'd
she took his yard in hand.

She looking fiercely at him,
she said, thou sneaking fool,
go straight away to Vulcano,
and let him mend thy foot.
Morgan/Anatomy/ Love
The Father gave counsel to his lascivious Son or A Carneal
against Wenching.
For 'tis known at this day, you're a wife or a miss,
My mother says, or drudge and the Harlot you kiss.'

The Hast'ry Bridgeroom
For I mean to make love with anyone
for this night I'll see

The High-prized Pin-Box.
I have a falland Pin-box
The like your next did see,
It is where never was the PX;

O 'tis a falland Pin-box,
you never saw the like;
Then he not leave my Pin-box
For fifty pound a year.

The Incredible Hike of Women:
'Tis true the iskhill fast and young
and speaks lack, crook and Dutch,
besides she has the scolding tongue,

Theluscent Country Knack Delight.

Cref to above.