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A Little of One With t'Other 2

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A beau dress'd fine met Miss divine
Resolved to court and wooe her,
With kiss and hat, yet she all that
Thought little good could do her.
She gave a frown, but would not own
His love for all that pother
Her brain did soar at something more
A little of one with t'other.

You may, sir, skip my hand and lip
That bear your idle kissing;
Your barren suit will yield no fruit
If something else be missing.
I won't dispute, you may salute
Your sister, or your mother
But who'll refine his joys must join
A little of one with t'other.

To cheat me thus, like Tantalus,
It makes me pine with plenty;
With shadows store and nothing more
Your substance is too dainty.
A flow'ry tree is like to thee
And but a blooming lover;
Flowers get fruit, or else be muts
A little of one with t'other.

Sharp joyn'd with flat, there's mirth in that
A low note and a higher;
The alt an mean, with fugue between
Such musick we desire.
All of one string doth loathing bring
Change is good musick's mother,
Then leave my face and sound my bass,
A little of one with t'other.

No warmth desire without a fire
No bargain without writing;
In rapture thaen clap too your pen
You were before inditing.
And if I take the lines you make

As from a willing lover,
Like lawyers deal, first write, then seal
A little of one with t'other.

No greater truthe could warm the youth
The lady's breath was rosie;
He laid her down on flow'ry ground
To treat herwith a poesie.
And while in hast he claspt her fast
And did with kisses smother;
She cry'd "My Heaven, your sweetly given
A little of one with t'other."
From Pills to Purge Melancholy vol II, D'Urfey
tune: Cold and Raw