

Unknown

"Coachmans Whip"

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COACHMAN'S WHIP

I once took a job as a coachman
My money was paid in advance
I then took a trip down to London
From there I crossed over to France
There I met a charming young lady
Who 'dressed me and said with a smile
"Young man, I'm in need of a coachman
To drive me in old fashioned style"

Oh she was such a charming young lady
All in the height of her bloom
[or: And a lady of highest renown]
And I being a dashing young coachman
I drove her ten times 'round the room
[or: I drove her ten times 'round the town]

She then took me down to the cellar
She filled me with whiskey so quick
I hadn't been there many moments
When she asked for a look at my whip
She held it, she viewed it a moment
She then laid it down with a smile
"Young man, by the look and the length of your slash
We could drive the best part of ten mile"

She bid me get up to the Chaise-box
So I climbed right up to the seat
Three swishes I gave with my cracker
And drove her straight down the high seat
I handled my whip with good judgment
Until I was up to her ways
But the very first turn that I gave on the wheel
I broke the main spring of her chaise

When my mistress grew tired or grew weary
She'd call me to stop for a rest
She'd shout for her serving maid, Sally
The girl that I loved second best
"Sally, we've got a fine coachman

He understands driving in style
While the spring on the chaise is repairing
I'll let him drive you for a while"

@bawdy @work

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