



I SHALL BE MARRIED

ON MONDAY MORNING.

As I was walking one morning in spring,
I heard a fair maiden most charmingly sing,
All under her Cow, as she sat a-milking,
Saying, I shall be married, next Monday morning.

You fairest of all creatures, my eyes e'er beheld,
Oh ! where do you live love, or where do you dwell,
I dwell at the top of yon bonny brown hill,
I shall be fifteen years old next Monday morning.

Fifteen years old love, is too young to marry,
The other five years love, I'd have you to tarry,
And perhaps in the mean time love you might be sorry
So put back your wedding, next Monday morning.

You talk like a man without reason or skill,
Five years I've been waiting against my will,
Now, I am resolved my mind to fulfil,
I wish that to-morrow was Monday morning.

On Saturday night it is all my care,
To powder my locks and curl my hair,
And my two pretty maidens to wait on me there,
To dance at my wedding next Monday morning.

My husband will buy me a guinea gold ring,
And at night he'll give me a far better thing,
With two precious jewels he'll be me adorning,
When I am his bride, on Monday morning.

My two pretty maids shall put me to bed,
Then I'll bid adieu to my maidenhead,
And over my true love my legs I will fling,
Good morrow fair maidens, on Tuesday morning.



THE POPE

He leads a happy life.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no cares of marriage strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.
But yet all happy s not his life,
He loves no maid, nor wedded wife ;
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He lives a life of jollity,
Has wives as many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.
But, yet he's not a happy man,
He must obey the Alcoran,
And dares not taste a drop of wine—
I would not that his fate were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land—
I'll kiss my maiden's lip divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine,
And when my maiden kisses me,
I'll fancy I the Sultan be,
And when my cherry glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

WILLIAMSON, PRINTER, NEWCASTLE.

