



# PLEASE YOUR WIFE.

AS married men are seedy proud, if they have got a wife,  
I'll give you all some advice, to follow me through life,  
I speak of course, to those who are in matrimonial life,  
So married men take my advice, before it is too late.

Chorus :

Please you wife through marriage life, upon your wedding day,  
You would so shield her from all strife, and never disobey,  
What's her's is yours, what you're is her's so let this be your plan,  
Through marriage life please your wife and do the best you can.

Don't contradict her when she talks but let her say,  
Don't aggrate her walke she's sure to have her sway,  
Then the frown upon her face, will turn into a smile.  
If you will only stretch a point and bear it for a while.

If you're at business all day long or our at pleasure roam,  
Pray don't forget your wife a waiting, wishing you at home,  
And when your weekly salary, on Saturday, you have got,  
Don't try to do her out of it, but give her all the lot.

He to the theatre you should go, pray take her with you,  
For it very l kely avoid a tempest if you do,  
If you go alone, don't let the drink fly to your you head,  
But go home early, cuddle, kiss and toddle off to bed.

# MAKING LOVE BY Moonlight.

Written by THOMAS DOLSWORTH.

Sung by EDWARD HILLIER, AND GEORGE VOKES.

VARIOUS folks have various ways of making love, we know,  
Some will speak out openly while others whisper low,  
Well, I prefer the latter, strolling with the girl I love,  
Down shady lanes on Summer nights, while the moon shines up above.

Chorus :

Making love by moonlight,  
Talking pretty nonsense,  
Billing, cooing, often doing  
What is very naughty.  
But as you know it's nice,  
You're not troubled much with conscience,  
Kissing, squeezing, teasing, pleazing,  
By moonlight alone.

Oh ! is'nt it delightful with your arm around her waist,  
You press her to your heart, while her sweet cherry lips you tasts ;  
And if your kisses are returned, tho' rather shyly done,  
Your happiness is perfect, and your common sense all gone.

Of course you swear you love her, and she swears the same to you,  
Then you promise you will marry her and never prove untrue :  
She never thinks these promises like *pie-crusts* you may break,  
But places all her loving trust, on every vow you make.

*Spoken.*—Yes, you promise all sorts of ridiculous things that you are impossible to carry out, and she believes you, for she never dreams of the *Breach of Promise* and *Divorce courts*, while—

Of course on such society the hours fly away, Unheeded by both you and her, you have so much to say,  
Then you see her safely to her door, and kiss and say " Good night ;  
And reckon of the time when you meet once more by moonlight."

Music to the above song can be had for 7 stamps, to T. DOLSWORTH, 4, Florence Square, Florence-st., Holloway Head, Birmingham.

