



THE HAPPY COUPLE.

Come, all you brisk young damsels that sport in Cupid's chain,
'Tis of a brisk young maiden, lay sporting on the plain;
All with her true love Billy, as she did sport and play;
The press-gang overtook them, and prest her love away.

With flowing tears she mourned, she wrung and tore her hair,
Crying, I'm undone for ever, by the losing of my dear.
I wish the French may kill them, that stole my love from me,
And send their bodies sinking for ever in the sea.

She dress'd herself up like a Duke, with a star upon her breast,
Resolv'd to kill the Captain, if he did her molest.
Her life she boldly ventured, for her true love, so brave,
Resolv'd that she would be his bride, or the sea should be her grave.

The ship was just a sailing, before she got to sea,
She called on the Captain, before they sail'd away:
The Officers stood cap in hand, this noble Duke to see,
Expecting he was come on board, their Commander for to be.

But when she saw her own true love, she took him by the hand
Saying, This is my servant man, and him I do demand;
He has robb'd me of my gold and store, I'll try him for his life;
Thus she ventur'd life and fortune, all for to be his wife.

Then she got him in fetters bound, she handed him along,
Saying, Now I will confine him within some prison strong.
The young man pray'd for liberty to cross the raging seas,
For, says he, I never robb'd a man, or lord, in all my days.

But when she got him safe away, they sat down under shade,
Then she began to ask him, if he knew such a maid:
His eyes now 'gan to flow with tears, when hearing of her name;
My dear, says she, don't troubled be, for sure I am the same.

With ecstasy of pleasure, wrapt in each others arms,
With joy unbounded he embrac'd, and dwelt upon her charms.
My dear, says he, how dared you now, to venture your sweet life!
Then to the church he took her, and so made her his wife.

OLD Mr. DECEMBER.

Old Mr. December he lost his wife,
And the neighbours were wondering what he did to her.
That she so speedily should leave this life,
And him a disconsolate widower!
But of his proceeding 'tis strange to say,
Two months he scarcely had tarried,
When he went a courting a sweet Miss May,
And stranger still they were speedily married.

Old men beware,
If you marry young wives they'll make you remember,
And bring you to trouble and care,
Like poor old Mr. December.

And when they came together from church,
To kiss her sweet lips he was eager and clamorous;
With pride in his eye, his old head he did perch,
As he look'd at his bride so amorous.
Now music was Mrs. December's delight,
And she answer'd quite plain to his glancing;
That she really could not enjoy the night,
Unless it was spent in jigging and dancing.
Old men beware, &c.

Old Mr. December with love was mute,
But for dancing he did not know what to say to her;
To be sure in the house he had an old flute,
But he'd got no breath to play to her.
Disappointment shew'd itself very soon,
But she so sly did contrive it;
She got her first cousin the gay Mr. June,
To give her a tune to herself in private.
Old men beware, &c.

Stolen pleasures are sweet, we all of us know,
Mr. June's heart with love it quite thrilling was.
The Lady herself felt all in a glow,
Sweet Mr. June's music so killing was.
The consequence was, that love and joy,
Soon tempted the parties to gather 'em;
He got for the Lady, a Girl and a Boy,
And Mr. December was obliged to father 'em.
Old men beware, &c.

MORAL.

In wedlock as man puts his comforts at stake,
I'd advise all you who to age are advancing;
If you must for certain a young wife take,
Make sure that she don't like dancing.
If you don't you'll find some Mr. June,
Then you for Love, much riper;
Who'll always be stirring her up with a tune,
And you for certain must pay the piper.
Old men beware, &c.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

