

Young Woman's WANTS.

Come all you single fellows, if you want to change your life,
I want a loving husband if you want a loving wife,
He must be very handsome, not short nor very stout,
That would roll me in his arms at night and blow the candle out.

CHORUS.

I want a loving husband, do you want a pleasing wife?
I will tell you things that I shall want as soon as we are wed,
I shall want a maid to empty what goes underneath the bed,
I shall want a loving husband to walk me in the Park,
And he must blow the candle in or kiss me in the dark.

I shall want a little cottage and a carpet on the floor,
I shall want a bell to ring and a knocker on the door,
I shall want a silver snuff box some merry tunes to play,
And I shall want my husband all night with me to lay,

Now I shall want a garden to yield some fruit and greens,
And I shall want some onions, I shall want some peas and beans,
And I shall want some flowers, the lily pink and rose,
And I shall want some tulips just underneath my nose.

I am very fond of honey, I shall want to keep some bees,
And I shall want a servant maid to hunt the bugs and fleas,
And I shall want a cradle, and I shall want a kiss,
I shall want a bit of that for a little bit of this.

Then I shall want a parasol, a mantle, and a veil,
And I shall want a hairy thing just like a donkey's tail,
I shall want a fidy bustle to put upon my bum,
I shall want a little daughter and a pretty little son.

And I shall want a dandy cap with flowers in full bloom,
And I shall want a looking glass to view me in the room,
I shall want a dandy feather stuck in a Russian hat,
And I shall want a bit of round for a little of fat.

Indeed I want a husband, I want a steady man
He must huddle me and cuddle me, and do the best he can,
I want a lot of money too, and must what I'm afraid,
I want to be a lady, for I've been a lady's maid.

DOINGS ON A SUNDAY NIGHT.

I'm going to sing a funny song,
And yet the subject is not long,
It's all about the funny sights,
In ——— on a Sunday night,
Such droves of people I declare,
From four to ten are walking there,
All other walks are asserted quite,
For ——— on a Sunday night

CHORUS.

If you doubt the truth of what I say,
And wish to prove it any way,
Go yourselves and take a sight,
Of ——— on a Sunday night

Oldachelors there are strutting away,
Laughing and chatting with maidens gay,
Likewise old maids there you'll find,
With little pet dogs close behind;
And servant lasses fat and plump,
With great big bustles on their rump,
Are rambling out with great delight,
In ——— on a Sunday night

When on the road you're sure to meet,
With naughty girls from another street,
Who up to your elbows close will steer,
And whisper, soft, "Good night, my dear!"
And if with them you chance to stop,
They'll diddle you to stand a drop,
And gammon you out of cash all right,
In ——— on a Sunday night

Young widows tired of a single life,
Each wishing again to become a wife,
Are trying with many a wicked leer,
To catch a swellish husband dear,
And smart young soldiers push along,
Singing old Ned, or some such song,
With sweethearts under their arm so tight,
In ——— on a Sunday night

There loving couples each other do meet,
Drest in their Sunday clothes so neat,
Calling each other dears and loves,
Billing and cooing like turtle doves;
And under the shadows of some tree,
Oh! how they do each other squeeze,
If trees could speak tell tales they might,
Of ——— on a Sunday night

But the sights that most me annoy,
Is to see so many naughty boys,
Who instead of being with their mamma,
Are strutting about with penny cigars,
And girls not seventeen years old,
Courting and sporting with them so bold,
And do the thing that is not right,
In ——— on a Sunday night

Now a circumstance I'll tell to you,
Which proves my last verse to be true,
Tis what a mother was heard to say,
When her daughter was in a funny way,
The mother when viewing of her size,
Exclaimed, as tears stood in her eyes,
You buzzy, how came you in this plight,
If you please—it happened on Sunday night

So to conclude and make an end,
Unto these verses I have penn'd,
Come all you pretty lasses gay,
A warning take by what I say,
If with young fellows you do strut,
And they should get your rump—up,
Your waist will swell and stays get tight,
By rambling out on Sunday night

