

THE COMFORTS OF MARRIAGE.

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COME all young men that are married,
And listen awhile unto me,
I will sing you a comical ditty,
That's not a bit out of the way,
The day that you go for your linen,
Beware or you'll meet with bad bread,
And you'll run yourself into a hobble,
You will never get shut of till dead.
And its O now from marriage refrain,
Were it for your own sakes do,
As you'll find it no easy matter,
When once you are engag'd to go through,
Poor Paddy was scaree two months married,
Before he began to repent,
He said to his own dearest Nancy,
How shall we make up the rent,
She sleeps with her toes in the ashes,
Her hands plac'd under her chin,
If any one asks her what ails her,
She will rise and say its the wind.
And for the well-fed farmers daughter,
Who comes in such pomp to the town,
Dress'd up in their nice feathers and velvets
Their shawls and their short bodied gowns;
Although they have a large fortune,
It is terribly mix'd with a crust.
For instead of the world getting better,
It's every day getting worse.
If you go to a fair or a market,
You can't tell the rich from the poor,
You think by their neat spanish slippers,
They'd stepped on a nice carpet floor,
Perhaps 'twas an old sooty cabin,
They had liv'd in the most of their life,
A man sure may pray for his coffin
Who gets such a maid for his wife.
Poor Barney he long'd to get married,
Now married he is to the bone,
He said that a man was bewitched,
That could lie any longer alone,
He cried I will marry for beauty,
For riches I don't care a pin,
Pell Sooty made such poor porridge,
His face it grew wonderful thin.
I pray brother Sandy take care,
You see what happen'd to Pat,
If you marry a wife she'll undo you,
In supporting her tea and her plate,
For your mind will be alway uneasy,
Your portion is hardship and cold,
This will be your wedlock engament,
Instead of a full flowing bowl.
So now for to make a conclusion,
Believe me I tell you the truth,
Young women are a crafty delusion.
Ensnareing each unwary youth,
They will toss themselves out in full fashion,
Their knavery for to conceal,
But when the marriage is over,
Their tongues they let loose without fear

