

## THE SILLY OLD MAN.

*Pitts, Printer, Toy and Marble warehouse, 6, Great St.  
Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

COME listen awhile and I'll sing you a song,  
I am a young damsel just turn'd twenty-one,  
I married a miser for gold it is true,  
And the age of his years were seventy-two.

### CHORUS,

Will you live for ever you silly old man,  
I wish that your days were all at an end,  
To please a young woman is more than you can,  
Its not in your power you silly old man.

For every night when I go to bed,  
He lays by my side like one that is dead ;  
Such spitting and coughing it makes me run wild,  
Tho' I'm never disturbed by the noise of my child.

Will you live for ever, &c.

Was there ever a woman so sorely oppress'd,  
For every morning I've got him to dress ;  
And like a young child I've got him to nurse,  
For he's got ne'er a tooth to mumble a crust.

Will you live for ever, &c.

When I go to bed to him he makes me run wild,  
For he's got no more use in his limbs than a child,  
He feels so cold like a piece of lead,  
That I have a great mind to get out of the bed.

Will you live for ever, &c.

There's a buxom young fellow that lives in the  
town,

That pleases me well so we'll cut out the clown,  
I'll make him wear horns as long as a stag,  
So we'll cuckold the miser and seize his gold bag.

Will you live for ever, &c.

When I go to bed I do not lay nigh,  
He grunts and he groans like a pig in a sty,  
I'm sure a young woman would soon wish him  
dead,  
He's bold as a cold and no teeth in his head.

Will you live for ever, &c.

Will you live for ever you silly old man,  
I wish that you days were all at an end,  
I'd spend all your gold with some lusty young man,  
So go to your grave you silly old man.

## THE CONSTANT LOVERS.

*Pitts, Printer, Toy and Marble warehouse, 6, Great St.  
Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

A Sailor courted a farmer's daughter,  
That lived convenient to the Isle of Man,  
But mark good people what follow'd after,  
A long time courting against his parents  
will.

A long time courting and still discoursing,  
All things concerning the ocean wide,  
He said my darling at our next meeting,  
If you'll consent I'll make you my bride.

Why as for sailors I don't admire,  
Because they sail in so many parts,  
The more we love them the more they slight  
us,

Leave us behind with broken hearts.  
Don't you say so my dearest jewel,  
I ne'er intend to serve you so,  
I have once more to cross the ocean,  
You know my darling I must go.

This news was carried unto his mother,  
Before he set his foot on board,  
That he was courting a farmers daughter,  
Whose friends and parents could not afford,  
One penny portion going the ocean,  
Like one distracted his mother ran,  
If you don't forsake her and your bride never  
make her,

I will disown you to be my son.

My mother he said you're in a passion,  
I am very sorry you've spoke too late,  
Don't you remember your first beginning,  
My father married you a servant maid,  
Don't you despise her I mean to raise her,  
As my own father with you have done,  
So I will take her & my bride will make her,  
You may disown me to be your son.

But when his love did hear the story,  
Away to the ocean she did run,  
Saying in passion you need not mind it,  
For I might have had money and you not  
have had none, (lot,

Money or money not, my dear you are my  
You have my heart and affection still,  
So I will take her and my bride I will make  
her,

Let my scolding mother say what she will.

