

WOMAN,

IS THE

PRIDE OF THE LAND.

COME, married and single, together pray mingle,
And listen a-while to these lines I relate,
You that single have tarried, make haste and get married,
For fear you should loiter until it's too late.
No pleasure can be in a life fond of roving,
Young men take a partner and join hand in hand,
There is no mortal thing can equal a woman,
For woman's the joy and the pride of our land.

A virtuous woman to man is a jewel,
No matter what rakes or what reprobates say,
When I look on a woman I think of my mother,
The sex I adore, now believe what I say.
A man that is married is blessed with all comfort,
He looks on his children as round him they stand,
No man can live happy unless with a woman,
For woman's the joy and the pride of the land.

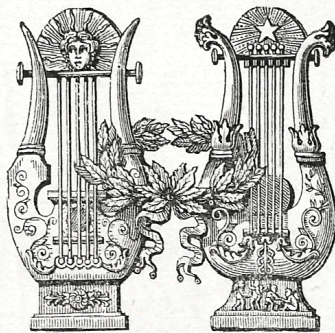
When a young man his wages receives—to the alehouse
His time for to squander, away he will roam,
Carousing and drinking and gaming and swearing,
Because there's no comfort to keep him at home.
His spirits depress him, he's no wife to caress him,
The pleasures of life he does not understand,
Then consider there's nothing can equal a woman,
For woman's the joy and the pride of the land.

When a man that is married returns from his labour,
His victuals are ready and all things are done,
With his children, in comfort, he sits at the table,
And whatever he wants for, his wife she will run.
His linen is clean, and his bed is got ready,
Every comfort is brought and put into his hand,
That man is an ass that will frown on a woman,
For woman's the joy and the pride of the land.

A man that is single with harlots will mingle
And like a tom cat through the night he will roam,
Like a ship in full motion that's toss'd on the ocean,
No comfort abroad, no pleasure at home.
No one to condole him, no wife to console him,
In sickness to cherish him, none understand.
You that single have tarried make haste and get married,
For woman's the joy and the pride of the land.

There's many a man will speak ill of a woman,
And call her vile names when she's not in the wrong,
Backbite her and slander and reprimand her,
And say that her tongue is a little too long.
Then see if that man from his wife should be parted,
In a very short time how his head down will hang,
How he'll wish for the time with his wife he'd pass'd over.
Crying woman's the joy and the pride of the land.

So now to conclude and finish my story,
You men that would happily travel through life,
You that single do tarry, why speedily marry,
And you that be married be true to your wives.
Then like birds of a feather united together,
Till death do you part will you walk hand in hand,
Here's a health to a woman, the glory of nature,
For woman's the joy and the pride of the land.



HER MOUTH WITH A SMILE.

Her mouth with a smile
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath,
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

I HEARD THY FATE WITHOUT A TEAR.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss without a sigh,
And yet thou wert surpassing dear,
Too lov'd of all to die,
I know not what hath sear'd mine eye,
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny,
Falls heavy on my heart.

Yes, deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink, and turn to care;
As cavern'd waters wear the stone,
Yet, dropping, harden there.
They cannot petrify more fast
Than feelings sunk remain;
Which, coldly fix'd regard the past,
But never melt again.

Printed by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-Street, Durham;
Sold by John Livsey, 43, Hanover-Street, Shudehill,
Manchester.

