



THE DISSATISFIED MAN ;

OR, ANYTHING TO MAKE A CHANGE.

A popular Comic Song, written by J. Bruton.

Existence is monotonous,
 To me, at least, I must confess ;
 To dress and sleep, to eat and drink,
 To drink and eat—to sleep and dress—
 The same dull labour o'er again,
 Day after day the self same range ;
 I'm really tired, and fairly sigh
 For any thing to make a change.

I've got a wife who's amiable—
 Does every thing my mind to soothe ;
 No earthly thing can ruffle her,
 Her temper is so very smooth.

Now, other men can meet with scolds,
 Who'll fight, and drink, and from them range ;
 I wish my wife would thrash me well—
 Oh anything to make a change.

The joys of having constant health,
 I've heard the ailing often praise ;
 I'm thirty turn'd yet ne'er have had
 A whole hour's illness all my days.

All suffer something but poor I,
 Which is most vexing sad and strange ;
 I can't e'en get a broken leg—
 Or any thing to make a change.

An accident by flood or fire,
 Every one but I can meet ;
 Can fall into the river, or,
 Can get burnt out, or some such treat.

I leave a candle carelessly,
 At home, when out at night I range ;
 But I ne'er find my house burnt down,
 Or any thing to make a change.

For years have I belonged to clubs,
 And money paid, and pay it still,
 But ne'er have had a farthing out,
 For luck I ne'er had to be ill ;

'Tis not that I the money want,
 But I'd this sameness disarrange—
 Oh, for a little wholesome pain,
 Or any thing to make a change.

Munching ravenously, I've seen,
 A baked potato, some poor wight,
 And I have looked with envy at
 The ragged rascal's appetite.

On luxuries I feast each day,
 Just like the dainty bee can range—
 But oh ; for bread and water fare,
 Or anything to make a change.

This tedium is intolerable—
 I'll on some alteration hit ;
 Like Megrim, I must kill myself,
 Just to enliven me a bit.

But there's a sameness here, good folks,
 From which I hope I ne'er may change
 Your happy smiling faces round,
 I never can wish them to change.



I AIN'T SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK.

A very popular Song, written by Mr. Wilcox.

TUNE.—Major Longbow.

I was born in a country town,
 Of schooling but little I had,
 The pride of her sex was my mam,
 Though I can't say as much for my dad.
 He found a thing what was'nt lost,
 For which he was soon brought to book—
 Be honest, now, take my advice,
 For I ain't such a fool as I look !

Ri tol, &c.

Some say that a GENUS I've got
 For writing blank verses or rhyme,
 Or for MELLER DRAM, op'ra, or farce,
 I've ideas will suit'em all prime.
 My writings to this very day,
 Have fill'd a large ciphering book—
 'Tis true my dear friends, what I say,
 For I ain't such a fool as I look !

Ri tol, &c.

I never drink table-beer, when
 There's wine to be had in its stead ;
 I never will sleep among straw,
 Whenever I can get a bed.
 Of all the friends in the world,
 O give me a good natur'd cook—
 You may laugh—there's no GREEN about me,
 For I ain't such a fool as I look !

Ri tol, &c.

I came up to Lunnon's great town,
 To see all the sights that are rare,
 A damsels soon overtook me,
 Sich a CREEPER with whitey brown hair ;
 She ax'd me if I would her treat,
 My arm then she gently took ;
 I wish you may get it, said I,
 I ain't such a fool as I look.

Ri fol, &c.

I courted an elderly dame,
 Whose purse was as long as my arm,
 To gain which I night after night
 Did spin the old woman a yarn.
 I married her in a short time,
 In hopes she'd soon pop off the hook,
 She did—so I nibbled her cash—
 For I ain't such a fool as I look.

Ri tol, &c.

So now I am single again,
 And what's more, have plenty of cash,
 And since my old wife has cut me,
 I mean now to cut a great dash.
 Say, is there a young woman here
 In want of a husband? odzook ;
 Don't laugh when I offers myself,
 For I ain't such a fool as I look.

Ri tol, &c.

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