

# The Unhappy Couple.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Pavement, York.

I WENT into my garden, to see what I could see,  
And there I saw some gentlemen's hounds, one two, and three,  
I called to my loving wife, kind Sir, said she,  
What are these hounds doing here without the leave of me.

## CHORUS.

Why, you old fool, you blind fool, can't you very well see,  
They are some sucking calves, my mother has sent to me,  
Hobs, bobs, very well done, sucking calves turned hunters'  
hounds,  
The like was never seen, I cannot go out or in, but a cuckold  
I must be.

I went into my stable, to see what I could see,  
And there I saw some gentlemen's horses, one, two, and three,  
I called to my loving wife, kind Sir, said she,  
What are these horses doing here, without the leave of me.

Why, you old fool, you blind fool, can't you very well see,  
They are some milking cows, my mother has sent to me,  
Hobs, bobs, very well done, milking cows with saddles on,  
The like was never seen, I cannot go out or in, but a cuckold  
I must be.

I went into my kitchen, to see what I could see,  
And there I saw some gentlemen's boots, one, two, and three,  
I called to my loving wife, kind Sir, said she,  
What are these boots doing here, without the leave of me.

Why, you old fool, you blind fool, can't you very well see,  
They are some pudding bags, my mother has sent to me,  
Hobs, bobs, very well done, pudding bags with spurs on,  
The like was never seen, I cannot go out or in, but a cuckold  
I must be.

I went into my parlour, to see what I could see,  
And there I spied some gentlemen's coats, one, two, and three,  
I called to my loving wife, kind Sir, said she,  
What are these coats doing here, without the leave of me.

Why, you old fool, you blind fool, can't you very well see,  
They are some cradle rugs, my mother has sent to me,  
Hobs, bobs, very well done, cradle rugs with capes on,  
The like was never seen, I cannot go out or in, but a cuckold  
I must be.

I went into my closet, to see what I could see,  
And there I saw some gentlemen's wigs, one, two, and three,  
I called to my loving wife, kind Sir, said she,  
What are these wigs doing here, without the leave of me.

Why, you old fool, you blind fool, can't you very well see,  
They are some cabbage heads, my mother has sent to me,  
Hobs, bobs, very well done, cabbage heads with hair on,  
The like was never seen, I cannot go out or in, but a cuckold  
I must be.

I went into my bed-room, to see what I could see,  
And there I spied some gentlemen lying, one, two, and three,  
I called to my loving wife, kind Sir, said she,  
What are these gentlemen doing here, without the leave of me.

Why, you old fool, you blind fool, can't you very well see,  
They are some milk maids, my mother has sent to me,  
Hobs, bobs, very well done, milk maids with breeches on,  
The like was never seen, I cannot go out or in, but a cuckold  
I must be.

