



## SILLY YOUNG MAID.

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**I** AM an old miser both aged and lame  
And out of Northumberland county, I came,  
I married a damsel just twenty and one,  
And the very day after my sorrows begun.

### CHORUS.

Oh! what shall I do to get rid of my pain?  
I wish in my heart I was single again,  
And Oh! that I had in my coffin been laid,  
Before I had married a silly young maid.

If to please her I call her my joy and my dear,  
She frowns and she calls me a silly old bear,  
And if I say nothing to settle the strife,  
She beats me within half-an inch of my life.

For her breakfast she always gets coffee or tea,  
While cold water porridge is always for me,  
Then I wash up the tea-things & sweep up the room,  
Or she instantly scuttles my head with the broom.

Each day as we sit at the table to dine,  
She gives me cold-water while she drinks the wine,  
And if I should speak but a word out of place,  
A lump of hot pudding comes slap in my face.

When supper time comes as we sit down to meat,  
There's nothing but dainties she chooses to eat,  
Of rich pies and puddings she'll always approve,  
While with cold bread and cheese I must settle my  
love.

When she comes to bed to me she cannot lie still,  
But tries for to force me against my own will,  
With pushing and kicking and rubbing my shins,  
She puzzles my head for to know what she means.

One night she was dressing to go the play,  
In fine silks and satins so costly and gay,  
To prevent me from going she play'd me a rig,  
And straightway set fire to my holliday wig.

Now if she should sicken and happen to die,  
I think in my heart I should fall sick for joy,  
I'd make myself happy the rest of my life,  
To think I had lost such a termagant wife,

