

SILLY YOUNG MAID.

A R S O N

AND

QUAKER.

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A jolly faced parson once happened to pop,
Into Simon Pure's plain dealing every day shop,
To look out a hat that would just fit his nob,
But his reverence found that a most difficult job.

Derry down, &c.

He looked and he tried, still laying them down,
For he had found none big enough for his crown;
At last he squeezed on one, it fitted him pat,
Now, says he, Mr. Pure, what's the price of this hat?

Derry down, &c.

Simon turned round the hat 'fore his cream coloured face,
Twelve & ninepence said he, & a humph filled the space,
12s. 9d. cried black coat, and turned the hat o'er,
"By G— I ne'er gave so much money before."

Derry down, &c.

The quaker cried "parson, thou art in a bad way,
We people ne'er swear but by good yea and nay,
We never make mention of God's holy name,"
"By God," says the parson, "then you're much to blame"

Derry down, &c.

"Humph!" says the quaker, "art sure this is true?
If thou preachest next Sunday, I'll come near thy pew,
And if as thou'st done, thou swear plain and flat,
By good yea and nay I'll give thee the hat."

Derry down, &c.

The parson agreed, and on good Sunday next,
His quakership went just to hear this bad text,
In the aisle's vacant centre he took up his place,
And stared his fat reverence full in the face.

Derry down, &c.

There he stood like a post, without moving a limb,
With his vinegar face, and his hat with broad brim;
For the whole congregation this was rare fun,
For he ne'er stirred a limb, till the parson begun.

Derry down, &c.

"By God," says the parson, "we live and we move,
By God we have feeling, pleasure and love;"
The quaker thus hearing him speak it so pat,
Cried—"Then by G—, I have lost my new hat."

Derry down, &c.

456.

THOUGH FORTUNE DARKLY O'er Me Frowns.

Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns,
And each day bring new care,
Ambition's dream bright hope still crowns,
And bids me not despair;
Though morning's bloom be pass'd away,
Its beauty spent and gone,
Though foes assail, and friends betray,
My heart shall still hope on.

Though foes assail and friends betray,
Still hope shall lead me on,
Hope shall lead me on,

Still hope, still hope, still hope shall lead me on.

More dangers may my path beset,
New storms life's sky o'er cast;

My daring I shall ne'er regret,
But dare on to the last.

The fleeting prize, if held in view,

May yet be nobly won,
Though life's first dream may not prove true,
Still hope shall lead me on.

Though life's first dream, &c.

Silly Young Maid.

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 began.

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

I to please her, I called her my love 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 and tea,
While thin water porridge is given to me; (roo!)
Then I wash up the tea things, and sweep up the
Or she'll instantly break my head with a broom.

Each day as we sit at the table to dine,
She will give me cold water, while she drinks 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, and we sit down to meat,
There's nothing but dainties she chooses to eat;
Of rich pies and puddings she'll always approve,
And sweet meats of all kinds she also doth love.

When she come to bed to me she cannot lie still,
But keeps me awake against my own will;
With pinching and kicking and rubbing my shins,
She puzzles my head to know what means.

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

Now if she should sicken and happen to die,
I think in my heart I should sicken with joy,
For if she were dead, 'twould end all my strife,
I'd make myself happy the rest of my life.

