



CONVERSATION BETWEEN  
**NED AND KIT,**  
ON  
**MATRIMONY.**

Long time we have been courting Ned, but now I'm wed to thee,  
I mean to wear the breeches, you shan't get over me.  
You think to be my master, but you'll find your mistake no fear,  
For before you shall I'll go for a volunteer.

You know the bible says, a woman must have her way,  
So you must do your duty, and bring me home your pay.  
I tell thee Kit, the devil a bit, will you get over me,  
I never will be henpeck'd, with such a thing as thee.

Don't call me a thing sir, for you must understand  
That I am good enough for you, or any other man.  
Then mind your own business, don't interfere with mine.  
Or if you do, I'll punish you, and that you'll quickly find.

Do whatever you like, I do not care a pin,  
As long as I have health and strength, I never will give in.  
I do not wish to fight, or go against the law,  
But if you get my temper up, by gad I'll crack your jaw.

Now Ned don't threaten me, or give me any abuse,  
For I've often heard my mother say, a tailor was no use.  
You and your mother are just a pair, and Nick won't get his due  
Until he comes and whips away, with you and your mother too.

Don't rail against my mother, she's a woman understand;  
But you are only a tailor, and the ninth part of a man.  
Although I am a tailor, in everything that I do,  
I always acted like a man, and done my duty to you.

You don't know what your duty is, so none of your boasting Ned  
For you grunt and snore like some old boar, half your time in bed  
O, Kitty don't begrudge me, of my rest I beg and pray,  
For if I did not rest at night, how could I work next day.

I don't begrudge you of your sleep, but since I've been your bride  
You never done as you ought, and I feel dissatisfied.  
O, Kit your always grumbling, but you have no cause at all,  
I leave you plenty of room in bed, for I lie against the wall.

It's true you lie against the wall, but you oughta to turn to me,  
And if you'd caress and keep me warm, we always should agree.  
Why the first night we went to bed, at me you did complain;  
You would not let me kiss you, so I'll never try again.

Well Ned I know I was to blame, but cheer your heart old boy,  
For the scripture tells us plainly, to increase and multiply.  
O, Kitty now I see the cause, of all your snarling ways.  
Well only take the hint, and in peace we'll spend our days.  
Well now we will contented be, and each other we will love,  
And never fight, but day and night, live like two turtle doves.



**The Return of the Admiral.**

How gallantly, how merrily  
We ride along the sea!  
The morning is all sunshine,  
The wind is blowing free:  
The billows are all sparkling  
And bounding in the light,  
Like creatures in whose sunny veins,  
The blood is running bright,  
All nature knows our triumph,  
Strange birds about us sweep;  
Strange things come up to look at us,  
The masters of the deep,  
In our wake, like any servant,  
Follows even the bold shark—  
Oh, proud must be our Admiral  
Of such a bonny barque.

Proud, proud must be our Admiral,  
(Though he is pale to-day)  
Of twice five hundred iron men,  
Who all his nod obey!  
Who've fought for him, and conquer'd,  
Who've won with sweat and gore,  
Nobility! which he shall have,  
Whene'er he touch the shore,  
Oh! would I were our Admiral,  
To order with a word,—  
To loose a dozen drops of blood,  
And straight rise up a lord,  
I'd shout e'en to you shark, there,  
Who follows in our lee,  
"Some day, I'll make thee carry me  
Like lightning through the sea."

—The Admiral grew paler  
And paler as we flew:  
Still talk'd he to his officers,  
And smil'd upon his crew,  
And he look'd up at the heavens,  
And he look'd down on the sea,  
And at last he spied the creature,  
That kept following in our lee.  
He shook—'twas but an instant,—  
For speedily the pride,  
Ran crimson to his heart,  
Till all chances he defied:  
It threw boldness on his forehead,  
Gave firmness to his breath,  
And he stood like some grim warrior,  
New risen up from death.

That night, a horrid whisper,  
Fell on us where we lay;  
And we knew our old fine Admiral,  
Was changing into clay,  
And we heard the wash of water,  
Though nothing could we see,  
And a whistle and a plunge  
Among the billows in our lee!  
Till dawn we watch'd the body  
In its dead and ghastly sleep,  
And next evening at sunset,  
It was stung into the deep.

And never, from that moment,—  
Save one shudder through the sea  
Saw we (or heard) the shark,  
That had follow'd in our lee.

