

THE HANDSOME W I F E .

MY friends when I was twenty-one
And in every other prime of life,
I did as others might have done.
I took to me a handsome wife.
I went to every fancy ball,
To every play and masquerade,
Till I meet and married Rosa Gall,
A very handsome lady's maid.
So if you wish to married be,
And pass your days in care and strife
Take this lessons, gents, from me,
Have a very handsome wife.

I thought when I had married her,
That I was surley bless'd for life;
For every gent said to me, "sir,
You've got a very handsome wife,"
I thought so too, until I found
That she used to paint and then
It was well known to all around
That she kept two fancy men.

We had a servant she called "Chalk,"
A man in colour black as ink,
At night they'd out together walk,
And at each other nod and wink,
This man slept up two pair of stair,
Just a flight above my head,
One night, just to complete my cares,
I found him with my wife in bed.

Next day she said that she could get
A better looking man than me;
And if I put her in a pet,
She'd get her men to chastise me,
Because I said, "I didn't care,"
She took and tore off all my clothes,
Then black'd my eyes—pull'd out my hair,
and bit a piece bang off my nose.

My wife got in a certain way,
and took strange fancies in her head,
Nothing was right that I could say,
Until, at last, she went to bed.
The nurse came knocking at my door,
She said, "Your happiness begins,
Your lady, sir, is in the straw,
and got two lovely colour'd twins."

Next day, while labouring with the gout,
A Bow-street Officer called on me,
Sad he, "Old chap, I've found her out,
I'll charge her, sir, with bigamy."
So they took away my handsome wife,
And I got lectured by the mayor
For the future I'll lead a single life,
For of beauty I have had my share.

JOLLY NOSE.



Jolly nose, the bright rubies that garnish
thy tip,
Are dug from the mines of Canary;
And to keep up their lusture I moisten my
lip
With hogheads of clarit and sherry.

Jolly nose, he who sees thee across a broad
glass,
Beholds thee in all thy perfection;
And to the pale snout of a temperate ass,
Entertains the profoundest objection,

For a big bellied glass is the palette I use
And the choicest of wine is my colour,
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest
hues,
The fuller I fill it—the fuller.

Jolly nose, they are fools who say drink
hurts the sight,
Some dullards know nothing about it;
'Tis better with wine to extinguish the
light,
Than live always in darkness without it.

