

HUSBAND TAMING

Oh, erkey, what a runnaway go there will be through the nation
So married men just mind your eye, you'll find an alteration;
The women they are fully bent, and every day they're aiming,
By hook or crook they'll find a plan, to give the men a taming.

CHORUS.

Hekey pokoy, here's a go, the women they are aiming
To raise a new invented plan, they call it Husband Taming.

There lives a man not far from here, they call him Billy Shingle
He says he'd give a thousand pounds if he was only single;
He says his wife has just began to give him such a training,
She took a patent out to try the plan of Husband Taming.

Every morning he must rise, and kindle up the fire,
Sift the cinders, empt the po's that is her first desire;
He then must wash and dress the child, and give the floor
a sweeping,
While his wife she lays in bed another hour asleeping.

And when the kettle 't is boiled, he's ordered not to wake her,
Until he's brought her nice hot rolls from Mr. Snooks the
baker,
He then must go and lace her stays, it's no use his complaining
Because he knows it is the plan she's got for Husband Taming

After breakfast he must wash, while she goes out a shopping,
He must make the beds and hunt the fleas, or else he gets a
wopping;
The napkins then he's got to dry, and clean the breakfast table
And if he growls or says a word, she wops him with the ladle.

Now if a neighbour should pop in, to let them see she's able,
She makes him stand behind the chair and rock the baby's
cradle,
And if the child should chance to cry, she drives him nearly
crazy,
He's got to take it up and sing he, hush-a-by-a-baby.

On Sunday, if she takes a walk, to see her cousin Atkins,
In his best hat he's got to take half-a-dozen napkins;
So married men judge for yourselves, you see at what
they're aiming
To wear the breeches out-and-out, and give the men
a taming.

Now single men just study this, as you would study riches,
If you should get a wife, don't let her wear the breeches;
If once she gets the breeches on, she'll give you such
a training,
And make you curse the patent plan, they've got for
'Husband Taming.'



GENTLE ANNIE.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower thy spirit did depart,
Thou art gone, alas, like the many,
That have bloomed in the summer of my
heart.

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the spring time comes, gentle Annie
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er
the plain.

We have roamed and lov'd mid the bowers,
When the downy cheeks were in their
bloom,

Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfumes o'er
thy tomb,

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the spring time comes, gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er
the plain.

Ah, the hours grow sad while I ponder,
Near the silent spot where thou art laid,
And my heart bows down when I wander
by the stream,

And the meadows where we strayed,
Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the spring time comes, gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er
the plain.

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