

A MAN THAT IS MARRIED

When a man first appears in maturity's years,
To encounter the troubles of life,
He thinks, with delight, he could make himself right,
Could he only get hold of a wife.
His suit then he'll press, Miss answers him yes,
They marry,—he thinks her a queen,
But the honey-moon o'er, he thinks her a bore,
And cries, laws! what a flatty I have been.
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!
A man that is married is like to, good luck!
A bear with a monkey on his back.

In nine months at least, then his troubles increase,
The cash from his pocket to draw;
And to make matters worse, comes the doctor and nurse.
And his wife snugly laid in the straw.
Then the gossips come in, whilst they're supping the gin.
Before they can turn down the clothes,
They cry, with a grin, there's its own mammy's chin,
And exactly its daddy's pug nose.
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!
A man that is married has so many ills,
He's like a poor fish with a hook in his gills.

Should the weather prove hot, summer trowsers he's got
And that forms a part of his dress;
If he nurses the child, ten to one but they're spoiled,
They're sure to be made a fine mess.
But if he walks out, see him strutting about,
Like a nabob, he's cutting it fat;
But returning at night, he's different quite,
The child's napkins are stow'd in his hat.
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!
A man that is married has every hope,
He's just like a pig with its leg in a rope.

His evenings to spend he goes out with a friend,
To enjoy both his pipe and his pot,
His mind to amuse, he reads over the news,
Takes a hand at all-fours, or what not.
But if he stops late and makes madam wait,
He's sure to get plenty of jaw;
There is the riot-act read ere he gets into bed,
Or a loud declaration of war.
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!
A man that is wed to a woman that's queer,
Had better be plagued with a flea in his ear.

Perhaps she may smile, prove false all the while,
Tho' she loves him she swears to his face,
As soon as he's gone, and she's left alone,
Another pops into his place.
Then, happy and gay, to the ball or the play,
Each night with her lover she'll roam,
But she's in her own house, and as still as a mouse,
On the day she expects him at home.
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!
A man that is married is always in dread,
Of a large pair of horns growing out of his head.

But before my song's done, I'll rub off as I run,
I don't wish the poor creatures to vex;
I was merely in joke, every word that I spoke,
O, bless them, I love the whole sex!
Lads take my advice, get switch'd in a trice,
And don't be of wedlock afraid;
And girls, the same, go and alter your name,
For 'tis shocking to die an old maid.
Heigho! lack-a-day, oh!
A man that is married and got a good wife,
Will find they're the happiest days of his life.

