

THE  
Country Booby.

When up to London first I came,  
An awkward country booby,  
I gap'd and star'd, and did the same,  
As every country looby,  
With countenance demurely set,  
I doff'd my hat to all I met,  
With "zur your humble servant."

Alas! too soon I got a wife,  
And proud of such a blessing,  
The joy and business of my life  
Was kissing and caressing.  
'Twas "Charmer, sweeting, duck and  
dove!"  
And I, o'er head and ears in love,  
Was cupid's humble servant.

But when the honey-moon was past,  
Adieu! to tender speeches!  
Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and lost too fast,  
I swore I'd wear breeches;  
I strove in vain; restraint she hates:  
Adieu! she cries, the chariot waits:  
"My dear your humble servant,"

She's gone poor girl! and in my cot,  
With friends and bottle smiling,  
Not envious of a higher lot,  
The tedious hours beguiling;  
If care peeps in, I'm busy then;  
I nod, desire he'll call again,  
And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say  
'Tis best employed in laughing;  
And come what frowning cares there  
may,  
My antedote is quaffing,  
I'm ever jovial gay and free;  
For this is my philosophy;  
And so your humble servant,

