

BEAUTIFUL JANE.

When you've heard my song, you'll say that I'm
not wrong,
I'll sing in praise of charming woman,
They're the pride of the land, deny it who can,
A true loving wife she's a comfort to man.
Although the ladies use their tongues,
I love the darlings—every one.
O me and my wife we have rare fun,
She's a sweet good tempered woman,
O don't I love my darling Jane,
I've never heard her once complain.

Jane, Jane, that's my wife's name,
She's a true loving wife, and she knows her duty,
So all married men be in by ten,
For a true loving wife is a man's best friend.

When I was single you must know,
About the streets I used to waddle,
I had to wash my shirt and mend my clothes,
What I went through no one knows.
But now I am a married man,
I'm the happiest chap in this wide world,
For with my wife I do the grand,
Then give three sheers for women.
I say it's wrong, upon my life,
To strike a fond good-tempered wife.

In Dolly Varden's fine, they dress,
They learn to love, likewise to cheat us,
We learn to strike, but that's not right,
We get in a mess and then they leave us,
But still my boys, we do the the same,
So the ladies they're all to blame.
Between me and you, we'd feel great pain,
If there were no charming women.
Some married men they go astray,
They leave their wives at home all day.

A true married man when he's done work,
If he loves his wife he knows his duty,
He won't want to roam, he goes straight home,
Some chads get married, so it seems,
But they scarcely then know what it means.
So be like me, boys, all serene,
And stick up for charming women:
So let's be jolly chaps and gay,
And let the ladies have their way.

When we make love—oh, ain't it fine,
It makes a fellow feel so funny,
Some wed for love, and all that thing,
But some you know get wed for money.
But give to me a wife that's true,
Just like my Jane, who knows her station,
I would not change my lot in life,
For all the wealth that's in the nation.
So married men act on the square,
And of your darling wives take care.



GENTLE ANNIE.

Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles, London.

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 scatter'd o'er
the plain.

We have roam'd and lov'd mid the bowers,
When thy 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, &c.

The moon and the stars shine as bright,
gentle Annie,
As when you were by my side;
What's the moon and the stars to me, gentle
Annie,

Since you ne'er will be my bride.
Shall we never, &c.

Oh! gentle Annie, thou art sleeping,
'Neath the dreary yew trees shade,
While I, my love, for thee am weeping,
And but wish with thee I laid.

Shall we never, &c.

Ah! the hours grow sad where I ponder,
Near the silent spot where thou art laid,
And my heart bows down when I wander,
By the streams and the meadows where
we strayed,

Shall we never, &c.

