

THE DOATING OLD MAN.



You maidens so pretty, in country and city,
I pray you come pity a languishing maid,
Who daily is vexed and sorely perplexed,
All by an old husband, I wish he was dead;
He's frantic and crazy, lame, sleepy and lazy,
And all the night over he'll cough and he'll call,
And if in my arms I chance to enfold him,
He'll cry my dear Jenny lie close to the wall.

The very first night that he came to bed to me,
This old man and me we could never agree,
For to my vexation, and sad grief and sorrow,
No comfort was for me but sad misery.
Instead of sweet kisses which would crown my wishes
If I clasp my arms around him he begins for to bawl
And says my dear Jenny you are very funny,
I'll beg you'll lie over quite close to the wall.

This doating old creature, a remnant of nature,
His shins are as sharp as the edge of a knife,
His bones are more cold than the snow on the mountain
He stands more in need of a nurse than a wife.
His nose and chin they are meeting together,
His waist you can span, and his person is small,
And I a young damsel must lay down beside him,
Lamenting my hardships quite close to the wall.

So all you young women I pray you take warning,
And take my advice never wed an old man,
Though some one may shame me, there is no one
can blame me,
To crown him with thorns as soon as I can.
What signifies treasure, without you have pleasure,
I am young and I am handsome both genteel
and tall,
I will not be ruled by this jealous old miser,
To lay in confinement, quite close to the wall.

So now to conclude and to end my ditty,
I'll try to get single as soon as I can, 507
If I had my time to see over again,
I am sure I would be wed to some hearty young
man
Then I would have a young man to dandle my baby
To keep it from crying both day night and all,
Then I would be free from this jealous old miser.
I would pitch him off headlong right over the wall.



MY FATHER'S OLD FARM.

ONCE more I return to my dear native
home, (roam;
And from that old farm ne'er again will I
It was on that sweet spot where the reapers
so gay, [en ray;
And youth shone as bright as the sun's gold-
It was there that the days of sweet infancy
passed;
I timed not the hours as they flew by so fast
Those days are now gone, and I feel not that
joy
In viewing those scenes that I did whilst a boy
Though sad, sad at heart, life still hath a
charm,
As I feel when I gaze on my father's old
farm. Though sad, etc.

They bless'd me, I left, and they bade me be
sure,
With honor return or return home no more;
Long years have rolled by, thoughts of them
and the spot,
Though absent they were, they were not for-
got;
So poor, poor I left them, one bright beaming
morn;
With riches returned, like a leaf they are gone
'Twas here I was born, were life's early days
spent,
And here will I die where I lived with con-
tent;
Though sad, sad my heart, life still hath
charm,
As I feel when I gaze on my father's ol
farm. Though sad, etc. E. A. A.

