



### A CURE FOR A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

You married women draw near awhile,  
I will tell you a tale will make you smile,  
Concerning a man and his wife d'ye see ;  
Who after they married could never agree.

#### CHORUS.

So women I hope you will follow this plan,  
If you should be plagued with a drunken man.  
This couple got married for better for worse,  
But the wife had reason the man to curse  
For never could he give her a good word,  
But came home at night as drunk as a lord.  
One morning a scheme came into her head,  
While he was drinking she pawned the bed,  
When he came home he began to rant and roar,  
For that night he was forced to lie on the floor.  
Next morning early she went in a flirt,  
And pawned his waistcoat, breeches and shirt ;  
And before she returned again to him,  
She spent three parts of the money in gin.  
He put off his rags and went afloat,  
She went and sold his hat and coat,  
She went where he was, he did her abuse,  
Then she went and spouted his stockings and shoes.  
He came home at night in a terrible rage,  
But she was ready the foe to engage,  
She plucked up spirits, she did begin,  
She knocked him down with the rolling-pin.  
I will serve you out, to her he then said,  
She up with the brush and cracked his head,  
She cried you villain I'll serve you out,  
Then wallop'd him well with a dirty clout.  
He hallowed aloud, she tore his clothes,  
She black'd his eyes and broke his nose ;  
You villain she cried none of your airs,  
Then slap she bundled him over the stairs.  
Dear wife, dear wife, he then did say,  
On your husband have compassion, I pray ;  
And if my dear you'll me forgive,  
I will never go drinking as long as I live.  
I'll forgive you she cried then open the door,  
If you promise to never get drunk any more,  
He swore an oath and she found him right,  
And now they live happy like man and wife  
He never gets drunk and his wife he loves,  
And they live together like turtle doves ;  
So women you'll find this an excellent plan,  
If you wish to reform a drunken man.



### THE UNFORTUNATE LAD.

As I was a walking down by the Lock Hospital,  
As I was a walking one morning of late,  
Who did I spy but my own dear comrade,  
Wrapped in flannel so hard is his fate.

I boldly stepped up to him & kindly asked him,  
Why was he wrapped in flannel so white,  
My body is injured and sadly disordered,  
All by a young woman my own heart's delight.

My father oft told me, and often times chided me,  
And said my wicked ways would never do,  
But I never minded him, nor ever heeded him,  
Always kept up in my own wicked views.

Had she but told me when she disordered me,  
Had she but told me of it in time,  
I might have got salts and the pills of white  
mercury,  
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime

Get six jolly fellows to carry my coffin,  
And six pretty maidens to bear up my pall,  
And give to each of them bunches of roses,  
That they won't smell me as they go along.

Over my coffin put handsfull of lavender,  
Handsfull of lavender on every side,  
Bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Saying there goes a young man cut down in  
his prime.

Muffle your drums play your pipes merrily,  
Play the dead march as we go along,  
And fire your guns right over my coffin,  
There goes an unfortunate lad to his home.

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