

The Pensioner's Complaint against his Wife.

You neighbours all listen, a story I'll tell,
It's of a misfortune that has me befel,
I married a jade and her name it is Nell,
And she is always a drinking and bawling.
Eighteen pounds pension I've got in the year,
Which causes my wife to drink whiskey and beer,
Her tongue like a cannon doth sound in my ear,
Before the day light in the morning.

To kindle the fire it was my first job,
If I dont do it right I've a slap on the gob,
A kick or a clout or a slap on the nob,
I surely will get from my darling.
Then out for the water the kettle to boil,
And when I come in I must nurse a young child,
I wish I had been killed on the banks of the Nile,
Before I had met with my darling.

Then Nell and her gossips sit down to their tea,
While I in the corner have nothing to say,
Or out in the garden a digging away,
While Nell the cups she is tossing.
Then in for the leavings I chance for to hop,
While Nell and her gossips are gone to the shop,
Backbiting their neighbours and swallowing their drops,
Hard fortune attend my darling.

Oh! my shirt without washing does stick to my back,
While she is sporting with Billy and Jack,
And running in score for every nick nack,
Whilst I must pay up the last farthing.
Without shoes or stockings to cover my feet,
My bed without either blanket or sheet,
I'm a show to the world when I go to the street.
Pray what do you think to my bargain.

Her beauty and praise I mean for to disclose,
She's dirty and lazy with a short snuffy nose,
She's a disgrace to the women wherever she goes,
And her clothes all in tatters are hanging.
With a beard on her lip like a wandering jew,
Not a tooth in her head that is sound, only two,
And a shift on her back, neither black, white, or blue,
That never was wet with a washing.

I travelled all nations, thro' France and thro' Spain,
Thro' Egypt and India, and home back again,
At Waterloo wounded, where I felt great pain,
And I ne'er met the match of my darling.
To finish my ditty I firmly do pray,
Before she either drinks whiskey or tea,
That something or other may whip her away,
Before the day light in the morning.

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THE SPREE.

The spree, the spree, the jovial spree,
From care and toil for ever free,
Where nought but friendship doth abound
And sparkling glass goes cheerily round,
Where tiplers meet their jokes to tell,
Or drown their griefs in mugs of ale.
I'm on the spree, I'm on the spree,
I am where I would ever be,
Where the nut-brown beer in glasses flow,
And pretty girls where'er we go,
If I should get lush'd with drinking deep,
What matter, why then I'd fall fast asleep.

I love, I love, oh how I love to lush,
It cheers the heart, and on the cheek puts a
rosy blush,
It makes the light beam in man's eyes,
It makes him noble, brief, and wise,
And every goblet which he drinks,
His cares into oblivion sinks.
I never was on the spree before,
But I loved the liquor more and more,
And back I went to the fudler's nest,
And call'd for a quart of the landlady's best,
For a mother she was and is to me,
When I am on the jovial spree.

The froth was white, and black the horn,
From which I drank John Barleycorn,
I whistled and sung, the piper play'd,
Whilst I held on my knee a pretty maid,
And never was time half so sweetly beguil'd,
As when Bacchus sat, and Venus smil'd.
I've spreed since then, tho' I've took a wife,
But best I love a rover's life,
Like a butterfly for ever range,
And never sought or sighed for change
And death whene'er he comes to me,
Shall come when I am on the spree.

