



RAMBLING ROBIN.

BE CAREFUL IN CHOOSING A WIFE.

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Now all young men that are going to be wed,
Don't be caught like a bird with a small bit of bread,
For when you are caught, remember it's for life,
I'd have you be cautious in choosing a wife.

Now when first from my childhood I came to a man,
The Nation to ramble through, I soon began
A wandering thought, it came into my mind,
So they christened me Rambling Robin.

For women are deceitful and very unkind,
It would puzzle a lawyer to know their right mind,
And when you have done the best that you can,
The silliest of women will out wit a man.

Over hills and o'er mountains I used for to go,
And I've slept in the woods when there were frost and
No anxiety ever came into my mind, [snow,
So contented was Rambling Robin.

For when you are wed and a squaller is born,
A man then may work his poor fingers to the bone,
There's the midwife and nurse, and a gossiping crew,
And then a poor man can't pull himself through.

The wind and the rain bet against me quite cold,
And my parents behind were both very old,
My father did weep, and my mother did cry,
For the loss of the Rambling Robin.

In the morning he finds that he's cold at the hip,
The sheets are quite wet, and his shirt is all ———,
If this is the comfort of a married life,
I wish in my heart, I never had a wife.

Now when 16 long years they were over and past,
My poor mother's sorrows were ended at last,
My father the nation did range to and fro,
In search of their Rambling Robin.

In the morning I go to my breakfast at eight,
But a devil a bit of fire is there in the grate,
My wife she lies snoring like a pig in a sty,
But there's never a bit of breakfast ready for I.

Now when my past folly was run to an end,
To my own native village I soon did attend,
The neighbours all told me my parents were dead,
With the thoughts of the Rambling Robin.

If I ask her to rise, O she flies in a pet,
And bawls out begone, for it's time enough yet,
Get thy breakfast thyself, and be off to thy work,
And don't stay here for to idle and lurk.

Where now I shall wander, or where shall I go,
I am so oppressed with sorrow, grief and woe,
But I'll sit down and cry until the day I die,
So an end there's to Rambling Robin.

When dinner time comes, to my home I repair,
'Tis a thousand to one if my wife I find there,
She is gadding about with the child on her knee,
And the devil a sign of dinner is there ready for me.

O, could I but once more be single again,
The finest of women should me ne'er trepan;
And single I'd remain all the days of my life,
Great luck to the man that's got such a wife,

At night when I come sadly tired from my work,
When I open the door she lets fly like a turk,
Take that young squalling brat, and get it to sleep,
For all the day long no peace can I keep.

And if I should offer the job to refuse,
With the tongs or the poker she will me abuse,
And if this is the comfort of a married life,
I wish that the devil had got such a wife.

*Presented by
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