



## THE WOMAN WHO WISHED *She'd never got Married.*

AIR.—Jerry my Diddler.

Printed and sold wholesale and retail, by G. Jacques,  
Oldham Road Library, Manchester.

Young ladies' have pity on me,  
Let me in your company mingle,  
I once was a maiden so free,  
Like you I was happy and single.  
My mother advised me to wed,  
When till seventeen I had tarried.  
To church I set off in a trice,  
With a man lack-a day to get married.  
I wish I was lying alone.

A short time he loved me sincere,  
And used me both kindly and civil;  
But the honey moon scarcely was over,  
Before that he turned out a devil.  
The bellows he threw at my head,  
My clothes to the pop shop he carried,  
I often had wished I'd been dead,  
Before that I had ever got married,

One night he came home in a pet,  
And burnt my new boots to a cinder,  
The cat he kick'd under the grate,  
And the table he threw out of the window;  
The bed he took up on his back,  
And off to the brokers he carried,  
He sold both the poker and tongs,  
Oh! I wish I had never been married,

He has but one shirt to his back,  
To the gin shop he likes to be dashing,  
Sunday all day he lays in the bed,  
Whilst his shirt and his stockings I'm washing.  
His trowsers are all full of holes,  
Long my aprons before him has carried,  
He grunts and he snores like a pig,  
Oh! I wish I had never got married,

My husband is a comical man,  
He is a regular out-and-out nipper,  
He lays out his money himself,  
In tea, sugar, candles, and pepper;  
Some times for a ha'porth of starch,  
A week or a fortnight I've tarried,  
I'm bothered to death and half starved,  
Oh! I wish I had never got married.

Whenever he buys any meat,  
Once a month, or I'm greatly mistaken,  
It is only a sheep's head and pluck,  
Or a small bit of liver and bacon.  
He says bread and butter is dear,  
And times are most shocking and horrid,  
I drink water while he drinks strong beer  
Oh! I wish I had never got married,

To the landlord the rent he won't pay,  
Because he declared he's not able,  
He has nought to be taken away,  
But two broken chairs and a table;  
For the bed clothes the kettle and broom  
And washing tub off he has carried,  
May old Nick fetch him off very soon,  
Oh! I wish I had never got married.

I should be happy and joyful once more,  
If I could but just see it all right,  
May old Nick come and whip him away,  
Some morning before it is day light,  
While you ladies do single remain,  
By a tyrant you'l never be hurried,  
If I was but single again,  
Oh! by jingo, I'd never get married.

[No. 72]

