

T H E

# Sailor's Wife's Policy:

O. R., T H E

## Knowing Barber taken in.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

T H E M A R R I E D M A N.

F A U L T S O N B O T H S I D E S.

T H E W I F E ' S A N S W E R.

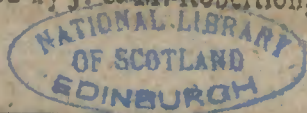
J O H N a n d S U S A N. A L o v e D i a l o g u e.

T h e s w e e t L I T T L E - G I R L t h a t I L O V E.



G L A S G O W,

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THE SAILOR'S WIFE'S POLICY;  
OR, THE  
KNOWING BARBER TAKEN IN.

**A**LL you that love mirth if you'll listen a while,  
My comical ditty will make you to smile,  
Tis concerning a Barber the truth you shall hear,  
He wanted to dress a young sailor's wife's hair.

This am'rous Barber, as many do say,  
When ever the Sailor was out of the way,  
Would take opportunity loving and kind,  
To get the young Sailor's Wife in the mind.

But she being artful, she knew what he meant,  
For to tell her husband it was her intent;  
The Sailor when hearing, he hearty reply'd,  
My girl, that's the Barber, I'm well satisfy'd.

Tell him in the morning I'm going away,  
On board of my vessel a week for to stay,  
And if he's agreeable, you'll be the same,  
Thus we'll hum the Barber, or else we're to blame.

As money he's worth, we'll have some if we can,  
Or surely we'll shave him, as I am a man;  
So a bargain make with him, my girl never fear,  
No harm shall come to you as I am so near.

There's a public house you know over the way,  
Where I'll watch your motions, observe what I say,  
When the fit comes on him, shut the window down,  
Then quickly I'll make the door to resound.

Next morning the Barber began as before,  
Complimenting the Sailor's fair Wife at the door;  
My husband, she said, is gone on board for a week;  
Why, thought the Barber, my mind I'll now speak.

With that to the Sailor's Wife he did say,  
 My jewel, if one night with you I may stay,  
 A guinea I'll give you, my dear in your hand,  
 And I'll ever after to you be a friend.

The guinea she took, and did seem to comply,  
 But he little thought that her husband was nigh;  
 Then she and the Barber up stairs did go,  
 Where his am'ous tricks he began for to shew.

But she to her husband the signal did give,  
 She went to the window, and down it did shove,  
 The Sailor then came, and knock'd at the door,  
 Said she, that's my husband again come on shore.

Good lake! said the Barber, where shall I hide I  
 Said she, in the closet, whate'er does betide;  
 Then down stairs she went, and her husband let in,  
 But think how the Barber he stood trembling.

The Sailor straightway to the closet he went,  
 And there stood Pilgarlick in sad discontent;  
 He cry'd out, good neighbour, your pardon I crave;  
 Says the Sailor, my boy, you the lady shall have.

The Barber he said, now with all my own heart,  
 Five pounds I will give, set all malice a part.  
 Said the Sailor, no, twenty bright guineas I'll have,  
 Because with my wife you've been playing the knave.

Twenty guineas the sailor made him pay down,  
 For attempting a trespass on another man's ground,  
 When the money was paid, the Barber he swore,  
 He no'er would be taken in so any more.

### THE MARRIED MAN.

**A** Man that is marry'd had better be hang'd,  
 For his wife like an imp at his elbow doth stand,  
 Crying, Sirrah, go, go; and Sirrah, come, come,  
 A poor man is never easy abroad nor at home.

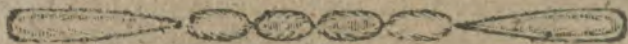


If he goes to the alhouse to drink with a friend,  
His wife follows after to see what he spends;  
Crying, Come along home you son of a whore,  
Your mugs and your glasses I'll kick to the floor.

For those brawling women that can't have their will,  
They shan themselves drunk, or else very ill;  
No, nor ever was guilty of any bad crime,  
'Till their husbands catch 'em, then it's the first time.

Whilst a man is working and toiling for wealth,  
His wife on her bed is consulting her health;  
With her gossiping crew around her all day,  
If they sit e'er so long, they'll cry they can't stay.

So a man that is single he lives at his ease,  
Get drunk, or keep sober, he does as he please,  
No wife to controul him, no children to cry,  
How happy's the man that a bachelor dies.



## FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

COME wife sit down by me, I pray thee draw near,  
For now I'm resolv'd your faults you shall hear,  
My anger you get and my passions you rouse,  
To offer to lord it so over your spouse;

When marry'd, you know, you vow'd to obey,  
But say what I will, you'll have your own way,  
I pray madam tell me; what is it you mean?  
Don't think I'll bear these affronts you bold queen.

Your bed in the morning so highly you prize,  
Till ten or eleven you seldom can rise,  
And then you're resolv'd to have your desire,  
And straight goes the tea-kettle over the fire.

And in comes your gossips to prat and to chat,  
Of this and of t'other, and no one knows what,  
There's prating and tattling until it be noon,  
By which time your dinner ought to be done.

Fine clothes you are often wanting to buy,  
Let me go as fine as my neighbours, you cry,  
Still longing for every new fashion you see,  
And till you have got it you'll ne'er easy be.

But if I find fault then your tongue it will run,  
So fast, one would think 'twould never have done,  
For if in your humour you're ever controul'd,  
I am certain to hear a most damnable scold.

You rise when you will, lie down when you please,  
Indulging yourself and still taking your ease,  
Whilst mine is the labour, 'tis your's is the gain,  
But I've nought but ill words & ill looks for my pains.

But if you're so saucy and puffed up with pride,  
You'll force me ere long to be banging your hide;  
You need not to fear I shall pay off your score,  
So pray wife take care and provoke me no more.

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### THE WIFE'S ANSWER.

**S**weet husband I find you've done your discourse,  
If I have these faults, I'm sure you have worse,  
To tell your wives' faults, to be sure you have none,  
Yet none of you care to hear of your own:

And whatever failings in woman you see,  
You shou'd mend in yourselves, it wou'd better be,  
To show good examples to your poor wives,  
Than lead us wretched and wearisome lives.

You often begin with a very bad plea,  
 And blame us for drinking of innocent tea,  
 Which is but refreshment our spirits to cheer,  
 Whilst you get drunk with wine and strong beer:

And leave us till one in the morning alone,  
 Then from the alehouse come staggering home,  
 And force me to rise out of bed with your din,  
 And come down in my smock for to let the set in.

Then reeling to bed until morning you lie,  
 You snore and you grunt like a hog in a Rye,  
 And are croplick and quarrelsome all the next day,  
 Is this to be borne, Mr. Wifeacre, pray?

Besides, in your cups I've known you to stray,  
 And pick up a wanton young Miss by the way,  
 You know 'tis not fair, I appeal unto you,  
 To cheat and to wrong your poor wife of her due.

You threaten me too with a very good cheer,  
 As banging my hide, which I never can bear;  
 You know the old proverb indeed without doubt,  
 You may beat Old Nick in but you'll ne'er beat him out.

And if you should happen to do as you said,  
 Take care I don't plant something worse on your head,  
 Then let us to love and to kindness incline,  
 You mend your faults and I will mend mine.

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## JOHN and SUSAN, a LOVE DIALOGUE.

### H E.

Come hither sweet Susan, and sit down by me,  
 And let us consult on sweet matrimony,  
 For thou art my love, my joy, and my dear,  
 I pray thee let us be married this year.

S H E.

I pray honest John don't talk of such things,  
For marriage both care and sorrow doth bring,  
Besides times are hard, and provisions are dear,  
Which makes me loath to marry this year.

H E.

If times they are hard, and money is scant,  
I will do my endeavour that you shall not want;  
And follow my calling with diligent care,  
I prithee love let us be married this year.

S H E.

For every couple that's marry'd they say,  
You know that the Parson he must have his pay,  
Besides other charges that stand us so dear,  
Which makes me loath to be marry'd this year.

If I should bring children, as I am afraid,  
By the birth of each child five shillings are paid,  
There are nurses and gossips that will stand us dear,  
Which makes me loath to be marry'd this year.

H E.

Did not you promise me a long time ago,  
That we should be married before it was long;  
So don't prove unconstant to him that's thy dear,  
I prithee love let us be marry'd this year.

S H E.

I cannot deny these words you relate,  
I did make a promise for to be your mate,  
But times are altered, and all things are dear,  
Which makes me loath to be marry'd this year.

H E.

Farewel, farewel, since then it is so,  
Now I am resolv'd to another to go;



For good luck or bad luck I'd never fear,  
For I am resolv'd to be marry'd this year.

## S H E

O stay John, stay John, why in such a haste !  
I will be your true love as long as life lasts,  
For good luck or bad luck then I'll never fear,  
For I am resolv'd to be marry'd this year.

## H. E.

Then all things in order we will provide,  
And in less than ten days I'll make you my bride,  
Then the bells shall ring, and music play clear,  
For John and Susan are marry'd this year.

## The SWEET LITTLE GIRL that I LOVE.

**M**Y friends all declare that my time is mispent,  
While in rural retirement I rove,  
I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune has sent,  
but the sweet little girl that I love.

Chor. The sweet little girl that I love,  
The rose on her cheek's my delight ;  
She's soft as the down, as the down on the dove,  
No lily's so white as the sweet little girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,  
for my fair one delights in my grove ;  
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,  
with the sweet little girl that I love. The, etc.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,  
no fame but her praise wish to prove ;  
My happiness centers in Fanny alone,  
she's the sweet little girl that I love. The, etc.