

The Sorrowful Husband,

To which are added,

THE NEW WAY OF

Auld Langsyne,

AND

Tarry oh the Grinder.



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The Sorrowful Husband
A NEW SONG.

The Sorrowful Husband;

Ye bold sons of Mars who've been jaded in
and subject to many commanders, (war
That fought at the Nile and siege of Belise
where cannons did rattle in Flanders.
Its a far better life than tied to a wife,
what signifies all these alarms,
The loss was to me for I had a long spree,
and never got a cessation of arms.

I've been foolish; & young & still in the wrong
the tempers of women disturb me,
The world may wag for I've got the bag,
and thousands have got it before me.

I've been foolish and young took my own
and wisdom to me was a stranger, (will
I began to court and I married for sport,
I was not aware of the danger.
At length to my woe I match'd with a doe
the early began to the brawling,
Thirteen long years she has rung in my ear
and besides other words a good mailing

Hard lingo and din it makes me look thin,
and my garments are still out of order:

My wife she does jib and wallops my hide,
and ten times does make me cry murder.

I've oft heard it spoke there was virtue in oak
I tried it and found it a folly;

She beat me full fore I was forc'd to give o'er
and never more lift the shillelah.

Modesty is dead and virtue is fled,
and wisdoms deserted the nation:

The beautiful sound of honours call'd down
it filled my poor heart with vexation.

Now my brave boys is the time to be wise
and guard against female delusion,

For the fairest you see they create misery,
and end in great shame and confusion.

Sampson was strong but by woman was hung,
and woman made Solomon simple,

Both Adam and Eve and Jacob a slave,
and Troy they've made an example.

Had I woman's skill all the French I would kill
or bring them to a capitulation.

And with my broad sword would end the
and reconcile every nation. (discord,

If my wife should die not a word I would cry
 nor no one would hear me lamenting,
 But single again while life would remain,
 experience would settle my ranting.

Was I age seventeen and preferd to a queen
 and all the riches that adorned Jerusalem
 The devil a she should ever catch me,
 tho' I'd live to be as old as Methusalah.

A NEW SONG

Tune—*Auld langsyne.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 an never brought to mind,

Should auld acquaintane be forgot,
 an days of langsyne.

For auld langsyne my dear,
 for auld langsyne.

We'll take a cup of kinanels yet
 for auld langsyne.

Whan ye was in your aught year auld,
an I was in my nine,

Nae cauld nor cravin then ye kent,
In days of langsyne.

For auld langsyne

Then I put on my hirdies plaid,
an thou wast clad in thine,

We toddled o'er the green-wood shade,
In days of langsyne.

For auld langsyne

Wi' bread and cheese in ilka pouch,
to please our wamies fine,

We drank our fairin fae the burn,
In days of langsyne.

For auld langsyne

Whan I had done wi' my bit piece,
Then I got some of thine,

An what I had was a your ain,
In days of langsyne.

For auld langsyne

Through a thee haughs our whistle rang
with melody so fine,

As o'er the sunnie knows we sang,
In days of langfyne.

For auld langfyne

But now that we are grown to men,
In an' the ill's of time,
It even gies us some relief
to think of langfyne.

For auld langfyne

An' whan auld age comes wearin on
an' yoothful days decline,
We'll ever think wi' pleasure still,
on auld langfyne.

For auld langfyne

May ilka happy thing my dear, I bid
attend that lot of thine,
Till time, itself, be swallowed up,
In something mair divine.

For auld langfyne my dear,
For auld langfyne,

We'll tak a cup of kindess yet,

For auld langfyne.

THE GRINDER.

If ever I marry a woman, I must be a fool,
 I'll marry a widow for fun,
 I'll clap a gold ring in her bonnet,
 I'm sure she'll follow the drum.

Tarry oh you know,
 Tarry oh the grinder,
 Tarry oh you know,
 wherever she goes I will find her.

I got a leg for a stocking,
 and I got a foot for a shoe;
 And I got a kiss from the lads
 that wear the orange and blue.

When I came into the town,
 I called at the royal exchange,
 I called for a bottle of wine,
 I had an Irish guinea to change.

I have a snug little wife,
 and she has a tight little daughter,
 She has a skin like a gundog,
 and i hats the sign of a rooster.

Nancy is hemming a petticoat,
 Kitty is fitching the binding,
 Paddy is trying the baking,
 the Englishmans getting his grinding.

My wife she went into the barracks,
 and I did go to find her,
 Who did I find but the Connaught man,
 sharpening his tools for to grind her.

If ever I marry a woman
 I'll marry a Welchmans daughter,
 I'll give her the keys of the gate,
 and she'll open the gate for her father.

I have three ships on the sea,
 and I have no one to mind them,
 I'll send for Patrick O'Neil,
 because he's a very good grinder.

Once my hair it was grey,
 but now its an elegant brown,
 The boys they are all gone away,
 and will not leave a woman in town.

FINIS.