

## THE HENPECKED HUSBAND'S SONG

She lured me by her artful smiles,  
I soon fell in her thrall,  
But ever since I married her,  
I've had no peace at all.

Tho' she is fair, surpassing fair,  
The flower of our vale,  
Yet like the wind she shifts about,  
And blows up like a gale.

A perfect charmer that she is,  
When she is in her best,  
But O! her tongue such lengths do run,  
It seldom is at rest.

From morn to eve she's on at me,  
This beauteous wife of mine,  
She rules me like she would a child,  
She whom I thought divine.

Would you have thought that one so fair,  
Could act thus unto me?  
But she is pleased the more I'm teased,  
She ne'er will let me be.

All day, all night, she terrifies,  
And worries out my life,  
And says, "I'm ugly, cold, and gruff,  
And not fit for a wife."

Do what I will, I scarce can please,  
This charming wife of mine,

'Tis only when to town I go,  
And buy her something fine.

Then, perhaps, she will praise me a bit,  
An condesend to kiss,  
But, O, so very soon is o'er,  
This momentary bliss.

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Young men, beware of faces fair,  
For every art they try,  
To make you think they angels are,  
Your love to gratify.

O study well your future spouse,  
That is as well's ye can,  
For ne'er I ween did live the swain,  
Who his love's heart could scan.