

A MODEL WIFE

I have a wife, who is my life,
My guiding star is she,
Tho' no wealth, she hath good health,
And a heart of purity.

And she is fair, and can compare
With any in the land,
No jewels she, of gold costly,
Save one ring on her hand.

Diamonds her eyes, rare gems I prize,
Her teeth is pearly white,
And her sweet voice, makes me rejoice,
Fills me with glad delight.

Such a creature, such fair features,
Has my darling wife,
I think I am a lucky man
To meet with such in life.

She powders not, for there's no blot,
No wrinkle does deface,
The richest hue, fresh as sweet dew,
Shines on her lovely face.

And she can sing, her voice doth ring
All o'er our little cot,
And all day long this is her song
"O happy is my lot."

Music grand, she don't understand,
She doth not know a note,
Her music's wild, just like a child's,
Which on the air doth float.

She figures not, in our small cot,
In silks or satins fine,
But in a gown, that cost a crown,
She in the morn doth shine,

When work is o'er, which is at four,
Likewise the time for tea,
She then comes out, you need not doubt,
In style which pleases me.

Her manners good, she's never rude,
In politeness she excels,
Care I a straw, if she cant draw,
Save water from the wells.

She cannot paint, but she's a'quaint
With every household hint,
And she can cook, without a book,
Reciepts she knows a mint.

And she can scrub, and she can rub,
And polish furniture,
Where she doth clean, no dirt is seen,
No spider is secure.

Fine silks and stuffs, laces and muffs,
Drapery, she understands,
Gloves, boots and shoes, the best she'll choose,
Her eye they cant withstand.

Happy from birth, she's full of mirth,
She never frowns on me,
If I doth pout, she's never out,
She cures me presently.

If trade is dull, and there's a lull,
She says that I need rest,
“Do not repine the sun will shine,
This dullness may be best.”

If I am ill, with wondrous skill
She doth prescribe for me,
How she looks o'er, and doth deplore,
My incapacity.

A loving nurse, her eyes doth burst
If I am but in pain,
A hour not she thinks to leave me,
Until I'm well again.

She doth prescribe, for all our tribe,
Of poultry, pigs or cat,
She chicken rears, and doth prepare
Young ones for market, fat.

We have a cow, which doth allow,
Us butter, milk, and cheese,
Ah, milk she can, like any man,
As tidy as you please.

Her hives of bees, beneath the trees,
In our small plot of ground,
Honey she sells, which I can tell,
Turns us in many a pound.

Flowers doth blow in our window,

Which take the passers by;
All sorts are there, so choice and rare,
Admirers often buy.

We once a year, in town appear,
To spend a few days there,
Fine Regent Street we then doth greet,
And to its shops repair.

A few pounds then there she will spend,
And well she lays them out.
I'll lay a crown, no friend in town,
Knows more what they're about.

When shopping's done, we take a run
Great London's sights to see,
And we enjoy, like maid and boy,
My darling wife and me.

For she in town, like Mrs Brown,
Doth know most everywhere,
For don't you see, my darling she,
Liv'd upper housemaid there.

Ah! she's the wife to get thro' life,
She never does repine,
Morn, noon, and night, all is delight,
With this dear wife of mine.

I wish all men had such a friend,
To cheer them on thro' life,
For I am blest, I must confess,
In this my model wife.