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# The Comforts of Marriage

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## *The Comforts of Marriage.*

COME all you young men that are married,  
And itsen awhile unto me,  
I'll sing you a comical ditty  
Thats not a bit out of the way,  
The day that you go for your linen  
Beware or you'll meet with bad bread;  
You will run yourself into a hobble  
You never will get out till dead,  
And its O now from marriage refrain,  
Where it not for your own sakes do,  
As you will find it no easy matter  
When once you are engaged to go thro.  
Poor Paddy was scarce two months married  
Until he began to repent,  
He said to his own dearest Nancy  
Now how shall we make up the rent,  
She sleeps with her toes in the ashe,  
Her hand placed under her chin;  
If one will ask her what ails her  
She will rift and say its the wind.  
As for the well fed farmer's daughter  
That comes in such pomp to the town,  
Dressed up in her nice feather'd velvelts,  
Their shawls and short bodied gown.  
Although some have a good fortune  
Its terribly mix'd with a curse,  
For instead of the world growing better.  
It is every day increasing for worse.  
If you go to the fair or the market  
You cant tell the rich from the poor,  
You'd think by their nice Spanish slippers  
They stepp'd on a fine carpet floor,  
Perhaps it was an old sooty cabin  
These liv'd in the most of their life,  
A man sure may pray for his coffin  
That gets such a maid for his wife.  
Poor Barney he long'd to be married,  
Now married he is to the bone,  
He said that a myn was bewitched  
That would lie any longer alone,  
He cry'd I'll marry for beauty,  
For riches I dont care a pin;  
Poll Sooty made such poor porridge  
His face grow'd wonderful thin;  
I pray brother Sandy take care,  
You've seen what has happen'd to Pat,  
If you marry a wife she'll undo you,  
Sopporing her tea aud her dress.  
Your mind will always be uneasy,  
Your portion is hardship and cold,  
This will be your wedlock engagement  
Instead of a flowing bowl;  
It is now for to make a conclusion,  
Believe me I tell you the truth,  
Young women are a crafty delusion,  
Easnaring each unwary youth,  
They will dress themselves out in full fashion,  
Their knavery for to conceal,  
But when the marriage knot is tied,  
Their tongues they let loose without fail.