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# Unlucky Fellow

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# UNLUCKY FELLOW.

Tune,—Man that is Married.

Is there any one here that's got a desire,  
To wed with a grumbling wife,  
He'd better by far put his head in the fire,  
And at once put an end to his life,  
For I married one, and I thought her a dove,  
But I very soon wished myself dead,  
For in a week's time she got tired of love,  
And pull'd all the hair of my head,  
Oh, dear! oh, dear!  
My heart is so full that I'm ready to cry,  
Oh! what a poor unlucky fellow am I.  
The first sad mishap fill'd my eyes full of tears,  
She brought me home children two;  
And said you must father these two children dears  
Said I, I'll be hang'd if I do,  
She said with a sneer how dare I presume,  
To think of my case being hard;  
Then she knock'd me down 3 pair of stairs wi'  
And bolted me out in the yard. (the broom,  
But much worse than that is the next if you'll  
I thought it would make me go wild, (mark,  
When I trod upon our cat's tale in the dark,  
He mollarow'd and awoke the young child,  
She up with her fist, which put him in a fright,  
Then swore she would make him to rue it:  
So she made me go to sleep in the cupboard all  
Though I said I didn't go to do it. (night,  
On the very next morning, indeed it is true,  
I met with a most shocking loss,  
She said you must go by some meat for a stew,  
I will, love, but don't you be cross,  
But oh! what ill luck in this world, we oft find,  
Before I could get home to her,  
A large Newfoundland dog came smelling behind  
And stole it all of the skewer.  
So when I got home, full of trouble and fear  
Oh how I did shiver and shake;  
Said I, I have met with an accident dear,  
A large dog run away with the steak, (row,  
If you had been there, you'd have pitied my sor-  
My head she so pummell'd with blows;  
And said, Mr. Cox, I shall leave you to-morrow,  
Then pull'd me about by the nose.  
My wife on a Saturday night comes, oh dear!  
To the place where my wages I take  
She won't e'en allow me a pint of small beer,  
And with hunger and cold I oft quake.  
Then the young uns she makes me take out for a  
Or drag 'em about in a shay, (walk,  
And often I bring 'em home squalling, oh lauk,  
And then there's the devil to pay,  
Oh, dear!  
I'm blow'd up each day, so my brains out I'll blow  
That certainly will put an end to my woe.