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# The Trials of Courtship

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# THE TRIALS <sup>540</sup> OF COURTSHIP.



I am a young man in my prime,  
And being fond of sporting,  
I thought I could not single live,  
So I went out a courting  
I first began with Esther Dunn,  
And then my seventh cousin,  
So on straightway by night and day,  
I courted just a dozen.

So all young men take my advice,  
If you are fond of sporting,  
I pray beware or you will rue,  
The day you went a courting.

I went a courting pretty Jane,  
Her father's only daughter,  
She out of window on me threw  
A tub of dirty water ;  
Then next I courted blooming Bet,  
She was a curious joker ;  
She burnt my rump & made me jump,  
All with a red hot poker.

The fourth I went a courting to,  
Her name was blue-eye'd Sally,  
She resided in the one-pair back,  
At the end of Chequer alley ;  
About her maiden honesty,  
She made a pretty fuss, then,  
And when I came one night, she was  
In bed with Bob the dustman.

I bid adieu to blue-eyed Sall,  
Her tricks gave me a twister,  
And then I went a courting Moll,  
That was her only sister.  
One night I found her playing  
With one who out of window creep'd,  
And the next day she was at play,  
With little Bill the chimney sweep.

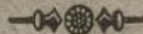
The seventh I went courting to,  
At first did please my fancy,  
Her hair-like a bunch of carrots hung,  
And her name was little Nancy,  
The second time I went, I found  
Her sporting with a sailor,  
And the fourth time she was in bed  
With a cobbler and a tailor.

The eighth I courted four months,  
And nothing found amiss then,  
Until one night I found her in  
The arms of a policeman ;  
They wopped me with a rolling-pin,  
'Till I was black as tinder,  
And then with the policeman's boots,  
They knock'd me out of window.

The ninth was bucksome Harriet,  
And she bolted the first morning,  
The tenth was little blue-eyed Bet,  
Who gave the parson warning.  
That we should go the Sunday week  
Together and get married,  
But on the day before, a little  
Tinker she miscarried.

The eleventh was Suke the milliner,  
No lady could be bolder,  
She run away the second day,  
To Chatham with a soldier.  
The twelfth, and last, as you shall hear,  
Was blooming Betty Packman,  
And the second day I called that way,  
She was in bed with a black man.

So to conclude and make an end,  
I think I've had some sporting,  
I think I had a jovial spree,  
When I went out a courting.  
I kissed 'em all, both great and small,  
And still I single tarried,  
But if I could get a loving wife,  
I quickly would get married.



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