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A most Laughable and Curious Dialogue, which took place between a Married Couple in this Town.

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A MOST
Laughable and Curious DIALOGUE,
 WHICH TOOK PLACE BETWEEN
A MARRIED COUPLE

IN THIS TOWN.

Who having been Married for several years, and having no Children, great disputes arose between them to know which was in fault; and which has been most cunningly and curiously decided by Susan, their Servant Girl.

IN this fair town not long ago,
 As I have heard the story go,
 Two sweethearts liv'd, a loving pair
 Who courted many a tedious year!
 At length to end love's pleasing strife,
 Resolv'd to become man and wife.
 To church they went and soon were wedded,
 With friends made merry and were bedded
 And then no doubt between the sheets,
 By some means they made both ends meet,
 At nine months end expect a birth,
 To bring a subject on the earth;
 But no such thing for three times nine,
 Produced a birth nor yet a sign,
 Which caused much trouble and contention,
 But here the instance I shall mention.

Wife.—Dear Husband I am almost wild,
 To think that I'm not yet with child,
 You know my dear it is my wish,
 We toil all night and catch no fish.

Husband.—Well my dear, perhaps we might,
 If you was only to act right,
 There is no fault in me I think,
 I am well in health and seldom drink;
 Among the girls I never go,
 To do the thing that's wrong you know.

Wife.—Don't preach to me about your sober life,
 For you can't satisfy your wife!

Husband.—Truly I believe, that no man can,
 Satisfy the mind of a woman.

Wife.—O tell me not such foolish stuff,
 Our next door neighbour is quite enough;
 They were not wed as soon as we,
 And yet they've children, two, you see.

Husband.—I always strive to do my best,
 And leave to Providence the rest.

Now some months pass'd on with many a word
 And till a droll circumstance occur'd,
 That on this subject threw a light
 And prov'd that madam was not right
 The servant made, a girl though chaste,
 Began to swell about the waist,
 The mistress often look'd and smiled.
 Indeed I think the girl's with child;
 But I will ask the forward jade,
 By whom and how and whence t'was made,
 The time and place, and then I'll say
 Pack up you slut and go away.
 The bell was rung, the girl appears,
 Not knowing what, she had no fears!

Mistress.—Susan, I am sorry to say,
 You seem quite in the family way,
 Therefore confess to me the truth,
 And tell me who's the wicked youth,
 That has seduced thy tender frame,
 Nay don't be shy, come tell his name.

Susan.—O madam on my bended knees,
 I crave forgiveness if you please,
 And unto you I will confess,
 Who t'was destroyed my happiness.

Mistress.—Come, come be quick, or at a venture
 The constable shall soon be sent for,
 If prison, penance, or pelf can do it.
 The rascal shall be made to rue it.

Susan.—Then madam, pity my disaster,
 For I must own it was my master;
 He kiss'd me, press'd me, sweetly smiled,
 And then, O dear, got me with child.

Mistress.—Your master, slut, my husband, cat,
 He could not do it, I am sure of that;
 If true where did he do the act,
 Speak out you strumpet, tell the fact.

Susan.—Why madam you was fast asleep.

Mistress.—O Susan, Susan, more disgrace,
 Why not cry murder, scratch his face
 Kick, bite, scream, call aloud for me,
 Do any thing from him to flee.

Susan.—My Mistress dear, to tell you true,
 I was afraid of waking you,
 Besides I thought he meant no harm,
 Therefore I did not give alarm,
 And I confess he kiss'd so sweet,
 I could not for the world retreat.

Mistress.—Then Susan now to you disgrace
 Pack up, this instant leave your place,
 Take your master if you please,
 For by the Gods I swear this night
 Before I sleep upon his bed,
 I'll plant the horns upon his head.
 He first in folly's road has run,
 I will finish what he's begun,
 If he tries the maids I'll try the men,
 Where he's got one, I will have ten.

