

The Pressing Constable. Set by Mr. Leveridge.

I Am a cun - ning Con - sta - ble, And a Bag of War - rants I have here, To
 Press suf - fi - cient Men, and a - ble, At Horn - cas - tle to ap -
 pear: But now - a - days they're grown so cun - ning, That hear - ing of this Mar - tial strife; They
 all a - way from hence are run - ning, Where I miss the Man, I'll press the
 Wife. Where I miss the Man, I'll press the Wife.

Ho, who's at Home? Lo, here am I,
 Good-morrow Neighbour. Welcome, Sir;
 Where is your Husband? Why truly
 He's gone abroad, a Journey far:
 Do you not know when he comes back?
 See how these Cowards fly for Life!
 The King for Soldiers must not lack,
If I miss the Man, I'll take the Wife.

Shew me by what Authority
 You do it? Pray Sir, let me know;
 It is sufficient for to see,
 The Warrant hangs in Bag below:
 Then pull it out, if it be strong,
 With you I will not stand at strife:
 My Warrant is as broad as long,
If I miss the Man, I'll Press the Wife.

Now you have Prest me and are gone,
 Please you but let me know your Name;
 That when my Husband he comes home,
 I may declare to him the same:
 My Name is Captain Ward, I say,
 I ne'er fear'd Man in all my life:
 The King for Soldiers must not stay,
Missing the Man, I'll Press the Wife.