

*The Batchelor's Choice.
The Second Part.*



If I should go seek the whole World about,
To find a kind and loving Wife out,
That labour were lost, I am in great doubt,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I Marry with one that is Young,
With a false Heart and flattering Tongue,
Sorrow and Care may be my Song,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Old,
I never should have the Pleasures I would,
But Arm full of Bones frozen with Cold,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Poor,
By me my best Friends will set little store
And so go a Begging from door to door,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Rich,
She'll ever upbraid me she brought me too much,
And make me her Drudge, but I'll have none such,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Blind,
All for to seek and worse for to find,
I then should have nothing to please my Mind,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Dumb,
How could she welcome my Friends that come,
For her best language is to say Mum,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry with one that is Deaf,
Hard of Belief, and Jealous 'till death,
To the Jawm of a Chimney spend I my Breath,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Fine,
She will spend all in Ale and in Wine,
Spend she her own, she shall not spend mine,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Tall,
I having but little she would have it all,
Then will I live single, whate'er it befall,
And I'll, &c.

For when I am Married I must be glad,
To please my Wife though never so bad,
Then farewell the Joys that lately I had,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

Maids that will not when you may,
When you would, you shall have nay.