

The Batchelor's Choice.



I Fain wou'd find a passing good Wife,
That I may live merry all Days of my Life,
But that I do fear much sorrow and strife,
Then I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that is Fair,
With her round cherry Cheeks and her flaxen Hair,
Many close Meetings I must forbear,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that is Foul,
The best of my Pleasure will be but a Scoul.
She'll sit in a corner like to an Owl,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Slut,
My Diet a dressing abroad I must put,
For fear of Distempers to trouble my Gut,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Fool,
To learn her more Wit I must put her to School,
Or else fool-hardy keep in good rule,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Scold,
My Freedom at home is evermore sold,
Her Mouth is too little her Tongue for to hold,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that's a Whore,
I must keep open for her my back Door,
And so a kind Wittal be called therefore,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that is Proud,
She'll look for much more than can be allow'd,
No Wife of that making I'll have I have vow'd,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that is meek,
The rule of my Household I might go seek,
For such a kind Soul I care not a Leek,
And I'll, &c.

I would have a Wife to come at a Call,
Too fat, nor too lean, too low, nor too tall,
But such a good Wife as may please all,
Else I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
Else I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.