

*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.*