

## *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.