



The Ship CARPENTER'S WIFE.

Sec. 24.



Come attend to my ditty, you frolicsome folks,
And I will tell you a story a comical joke;
Concerning a woman by auction was sold.
The husband and wife could never agree.

For he was to fond of going out on the spree;
When hard up for brass—it is true on my life!
Ten shillings by auction he sold of his wife.
Then off to the bellman pronouncing the sale.

All on the Hay Market, the auctioneer came,
With his hammer so smart, the Carpenter's wife stood
up in the cart,
She was put up without grumble or frown.
The first was a tailor, that bid half a crown.

Says he I will make her a lady so spruce,
And will fatten her well upon cabbage and goose.
Five and sixpence three farthings a butcher then said,
Six and ten said a barber, with his curly head.

And up jumps a cobbler says he in three cracks,
I'll give you nine shillings and two balls of wax.
Just look at her beauty, the auctioneer cried,
She is mighty good tempered sober likewise,

By gum, says the sailor, she is one out of four;
Ten shillings bid for her, and not a curse more.
Thank you, sir, thank you, sir, "says the bold auctioneer,"

She is going for ten! is there nobody here?

Who'll bid any more; is this not a sad job?
She is going, I say! she has gone for ten bob!
The hammer was struck; and concluded the sale,
The tar he paid the brass on the nail.

He shook hand with Betsy, and gave her a smack;
And took her straddle legs a top of his back,
He sent for a fiddler and bid him to play,
The dance and the song to the first peep of day,

When Jack to his hammock to Betsy did go,
The fiddle and fiddler play'd Rosin the Beau.
Now Betsy is contented and happy,
And tough Jack boxes his compass and goes up aloft,

He keeps up the topsails avoid of all care,
And Jack is well pleased with his ten shilling wife,
Long may he flourish and prosper through life,
The sailor that bought the Ship Carpenters Wife.