

Bachelors Fare.

Truiny and free are a Bachelor's revelries,
 Shurily, merrily passed his life;
 Nothing knows he of carnal devities,
 Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
 Free from satiety, care and anxiety,
 Charms in merrily fall to his share;
 Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
 This, boys, this is the Bachelor's fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, shattering,
 Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
 All beshattering, bumping, and battering;
 Hurris and worris him till he is dead;
 Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
 Young ones are new devils raising despair;
 Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
 Advise to full pines and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such jolly days, once sweet holidays
 Soon are embittered by wrangling and strife;
 Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
 All perishing and vexing one's life.
 Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
 Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
 Polly is squalling, and Molly is howling,
 While Dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
 Turning your temper and spurning your rule,
 Girls through foolishness, passion or mulishness,
 Carry your wishes, and marry a fool.
 Boys will anticipate, lavish, and dissipate,
 All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
 Then tell me what jollity, fun, or frivolity,
 Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare.
 Correct statement of Womankind & Bachelors

Mary L Horton At the age of 25

'Tis wonderful strange how great the change
 Since I was in my teens;
 Then I had beaux and billet-doux
 And joined the gayest scenes
 But lovers now have ceased to vow
 No way they now contrive
 To poison, hang or drown themselves
 Because I'm twenty-five.

Once of the night was it so bright
 I never abroad could roam
 Without the bliss, the honour, bliss
 Of seeing you safe home
 But now I go through rain and snow
 Pursued and scarce alive
 Through all the dark without a spark
 Because I'm twenty-five

They used to call and ask me all
 About my health so frail
 And thought a ride would help my side
 And turn my cheek less pale
 But now alas! if I am ill
 No one cares that I revive
 And my pale cheek in vain may speak
 Because I'm twenty-five

Now if a side improves my side
 I'm forced to take the stage
 For that is termed quite proper for
 A person of my age
 And no hand is offered me
 To help me out alive
 They think 't won't hurt me now to fall
 Because I'm twenty-five
 How unlucky she had