

The Wifes Complaint.

When woman will you tell me
 She really will depend on it
 And when she says she want it
 She want and then she want it
 I know not why you think
 Her will is so much stronger
 Or when she once determined
 She will hold out much longer

How know your mind is fixed
 For California too
 To stop you there as easy
 To stop Niagara's flow.
 I've seldom teased and begged
 With tears to stop your going.
 But tis as light a task
 To stop the wind from blowing

Tis but a few years since
 you sought me for your bride
 Then for a weight of gold
 you'd not have left my side
 But now your brain is turned
 Your heart is growing cold
 You'll leave your wife for what
 To say for paltry gold.

For days you scarce have eaten
 You're growing pale and thin
 And see your once your beard
 It's a week old on your chin
 See you wherever I will
 You're a paper in your hold
 You think I am real of nought
 But California's gold.

We've seven little children
 Olive plants around our table
 With thriving trade and stout arm
 To fill their mouths you're able
 We're a smiling little set too
 Plastered round with trees and vines
 You'll leave them all to dig
 In California mines

You say you'll leave us all
 To Providence alone
 You'll trust to fill our mouths
 With bread when you're gone
 Be it so I'll trust him too
 And turn my tears to laughter
 Who'll leave his wife for gold
 Is not worth crying after. P.C.X