

The bachelor is a miserable fellow!  
He has no wife to cuddle and to keep him warm,  
Or reading, wile away the passing hours,  
Or share the days of sunshine and of storm.

I would not be a bachelor if I could be.  
I'm glad that I got married when I did,  
And though at times my wife is rather cranky,  
But then thrown in the balance there's the kid.

My little Boy is just what I expected;  
Sharp, bright and full of childish joys.  
I love to listen to his baby prattle  
Especially when his mother it annoys.

But such is married life! I'm not complaining,  
Although at times I'm feeling rather blue,  
And though the names she calls me make me shudder,  
I know my sweetheart will be always true.

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### LAWRENCE BODE, FIG, FIG, FIG.

**Addenda:** Here's to piggies small and big,  
Lawrence Bode, Fig, Fig, Fig.

On a farm near Prairie City  
Lives a Guy called Lawrence Bode.  
Lives surrounded by his piggies,  
Whom he tends with care and patience.  
From the biggest big pig leader,  
To the least of all the piggies,  
All are fed on oats and barley,  
And are scratched and tended daily.

Now this Bode has a bellow  
Which is gentle like a foghorn,  
And the piggies when they hear it  
Leave their play and come a-running.  
On that farm they grow the food stuffs,  
That are fed to all the piggies,  
Oats and barley, swedes and murphies,  
Like-wise water from the pumplet.

Now this Bode has a dozen  
Piggies who have royal handles,  
Black Bess, Peg and Sunset Billy,  
Mary Ann and dear Belinda.  
Many more who have like titles,  
Lords and ladies of ker-pigland,  
Who abide in straw-stack castles,  
All intent on raising families.