

A ROSE BETWEEN TWO THISTLES.

Green grow the rashes, O!
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The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!



There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An't were na for the lasses, O!

SONG OF THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.



O her hair is dark as the midnight wave,
And her eye is like kindling fire,
And her voice is sweet as the spirit's is
That chords with the seraph's lyre.

But her nails are as sharp as a toasting fork,
And her arm is as strong as a bear's;
She pulled my hair, and she gouged my eye,
And she kicked me down the stairs.

I've got me an eye that's made of glass,
And I've got me a wig that's new—
The wig is frizzled in corkscrew curls,
And the eye is a clouded blue.

She may shake her knuckles full in my face,
And put the lamp to my beard,
And hold the broomstick over my head—
But I'm not a bit afraid:

I've bound her over to keep the peace,
And I've bought me a crabtree cane—
The justice will come, and the constable too,
If she meddles with me again.

My head was a week in the linen cap,
And my eye a month in the patch;
I never thought the torch of love,
Would light such a brimstone match!

III. M

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