

And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many  
men

Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,  
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;  
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,  
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two ;  
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what  
to do :

When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,  
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than  
half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,  
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a  
while ;

And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see  
That that there written agreement of yours was just the  
makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of  
an X ;

Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks.  
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,  
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight  
in gold.