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And when that he came home at night,
So cold and tired was he,
It made him glad with me to sit,
And take a cup of Tea.

Then he would sit a winter's night,
For sensible was he,
Talk of politics, commerce, Arts,
Cheer'd by his cup of Tea.

And when I indisposed was,
Or headache troubled me,
He knew right well that woman's cure,
Was a good strong cup of Tea.

But now he's dead whom I did love,
The tear's still in my e'e;
For many comforts I must want,
Besides my cup of Tea.

But what sits heaviest on my mind,
Is my poor family;
If they but get their daily bread,
I must not mind my Tea.

But I adore that heavenly power,
That orders all for me;
And humbled low before him bow,
Though he deny me Tea.

And well I know that pleasures pure,
Remain in store for me,
When I arrive in that blest land,
Where there's no need for Tea.

I would advise all widows poor,
To come along with me,
Where the least pleasure there enjoyed,
Is better far than Tea.