

Patent medicines, all kinds, C. Nasmyth.

32

LADY S.—Love me! I'll come and help you in the shop.

MR. W.—Hate me! the life is rough.

LADY S.—Love me! my grammer I will all forswear.

MR. W.—Hate me! abjure my lot.

LADY S.—Love me! I'll stick sunflowers in my hair.

MR. W.—Hate me! they'll suit you not.
At what I'm going to say be not enraged,
I may not love you, for I'm engaged!

LADY S.—Engaged! Engaged!

MR. W.—Engaged to a maiden fair,
With bright brown hair,
And a sweet and simple smile.
Who waits for me by the sounding sea,
On a South Pacific isle.
A lie! No maiden waits me there!

LADY S.—She has bright brown hair! By the sounding
sea.

MR. W.—A lie. No maiden smiles on me.

LADY S.—Oh agony, rage, despair.
The maiden has bright brown hair,
And mine is as white as snow;
False man, it will be your fault,
If I go to my family vault,
And bury my life-long woe.

MR. WELLS.—Oh agony, rage, despair,
Oh where will this end? Oh where?
I should very much like to know;
It will certainly be my fault,
If she goes to her family vault,
To bury her life-long woe.

MR. WELLS.—Oh, hideous doom—to scatter desolation,
And sow the seeds of sorrow far and wide;
To foster *mesalliances* through the nation,
And drive high-born old dames to suicide.
Shall I subject myself to reprobation
By leaving her in solitude to pine?
No, come what may, I'll make her reparation,
So, aged lady, take me—I am thine.

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