

He hung his hat on his threadbare knee,
And chanted a sad refrain.

"Oh little I thought it would be like this
When I came to Salomn Arm.
I thought the forest would disappear,
And soon I would have a farm.
I thought that some fair maiden,
Gladly would be my wife,
To soothe my sorrows and share my joys,
And comfort me all my life.

But look at me now and the life I lead,
It would try a Seraph's soul
To toil all day and return at night.
To a dark and dirty hole,
They say I keep things tidy,
They say my cooking's good;
But somehow it is'nt like mother's was
Nor done as a good wife could.

I wonder if ever my lonely lot.
Will change for a better state.
And if some sweet compassionate maid,
Will pity my cheerless fate.
Oh for a woman's presence!
Oh for a woman's bread!
Oh could I sell my potato crop,
And purchase a wife instend!

Sometimes when asleep in my bed I dream;
That I'm coming home at night,
To find my wife with the table set,
And the house all warm and light.
There are my rosy children
Climbing upon my knee,
Kissing and calling me "papa dear,"
Oh! sad that it cannot be.

Now I wonder if I should go back East,
Could I find a partner there.