

The Husband's Complaint.

I hate the name of german wool in all its colors bright
 Chairs and stools in parlay, wash I hate the very sight
 The starch and stiffness that she sees the ottoman and bag
 I never think wear a stool on me I walk the street in rage
 She hardly ever takes me out to walk or quiet
 I hate my wife of gawking, moves and then too fond of rest
 But yet I hate the covers drawn which to the women fall
 I never enjoy fancy work I think exceed them all
 The other day when I came home no dinner got for me
 I asked my wife the reason and she answered me two three
 I told her I was hungry and she stamped upon the floor
 The covers were looked at me but never moved me green more
 Heaven she makes me angry though she does not care for that
 But chatter while I talk to her one white and then a black
 one green and then a purple just like your tongue my dear
 you really do annoy me so I've made a wrong stitch here,
 And as for my confidence that with her eternal frame
 Though I should speak of fifty things she'd answer me the same
 the yes her five and then a black I quite agree with you
 you are this evening seven eight nine ten an orange then a blue,
 If any lady comes to see her bag is first surveyed
 And if the pattern pleases her a copy then is made
 she stands the men quite out of face and when I ask her why
 she says my love the pattern of her unicorn struck my eye,
 Now if to walk I am inclined to soldier I go out
 I every wanted shop she says how she looks about
 And says how nice I must go in the pattern is so rare
 that group of flowers is just the thing I wanted for my chair.

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Desires the things she makes are all such trash we not affair
 I care not now we so stout set screen and as for chairs
 Dear wife yesterday I put my youngest boy in one
 but would think I never knew my wife had such a terror,
 Was for my poor little one they care not more or speak
 In time he shall put down that bag, why hurried where your feet
 have standing on that stool it was not made for use
 Be silent all these years me and a blue and then a green
 A heaven of sorrow from a wife with fancy work now will
 I should which never do ought else for husband or for child
 and clothes are not our bills unpaid our house is in disorder
 and all because my lady wife has taken to embroidery
 I put my children out of school will go across the sea
 my wife so full of fancy work now never can't miss me
 ten white I will she shall sleep on her one two three and four
 then fast all before then better words will not engage them more
 Washington
 Great were the hearts and strong, the minds
 Of those who framed in high debate
 The immortal league of love that binds
 Our fair broad empire state with state
 And keep the gladness of that hour
 When as the auspicious task was done
 In solemn trust the sword of power
 Was given to glory's unspeakable son
 That noble race is gone the suns
 Of fifty years have risen and set
 But the bright links those chosen ones
 So strongly forged are brighter yet
 While as our own free race increase
 Theirs shall extend the elastic chain
 And bind in everlasting pieces
 State after state in mighty train.