## FEYTHER AND I.

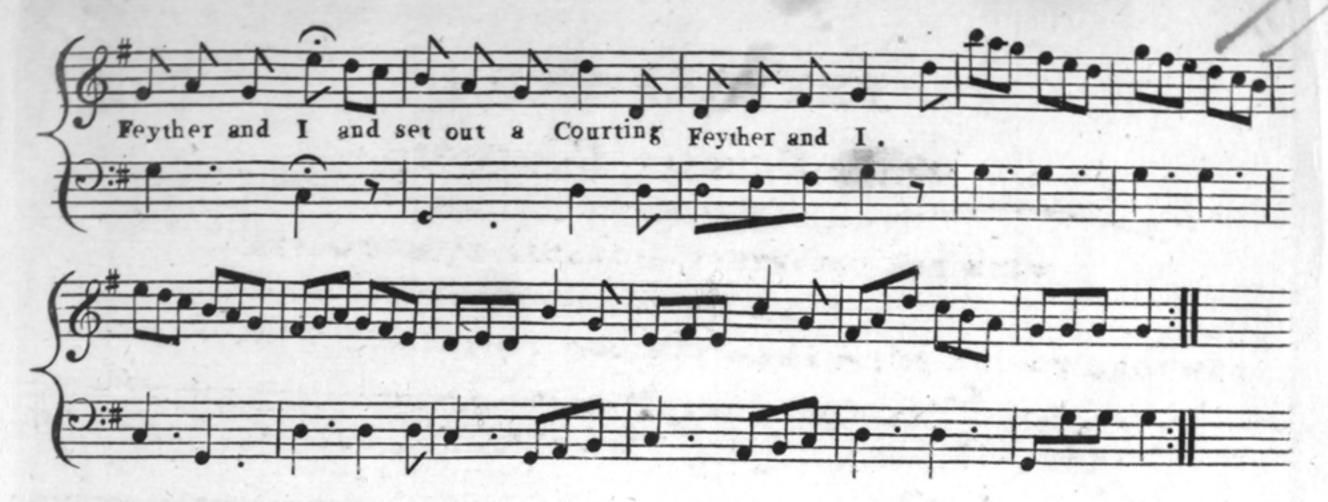
or the Country Courtship.

WITH THE GREARTEST APPLAUSE BY M' TWAITS.

Written & Composed by C. DIBDIN.

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Farmer Flail had a Daughter, who was famous for breeding, She could dance, she could play she could read and write, But she never would talk, she always were reading, About ravishments, Ghostes, and Devils in white, Says I at that fun, you won't find me a good one, To be mine, for other guess fish you must fry, The wife for my money, must must make a good pudding So we wish you good morning, Feyther and I.

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As to Lunun they manage like other folks scorning,
They sit down to breakfast, when we go to sup,
At midnight they dine, and they sup the next morning,
And they all go to bed at the time we get up.
And so poor, yet that I've no heart to make fun on,
They coud'nt afford any covering to buy,
So shivering with cold, we the Girls left in Lunun,
And came back to the Country Feyther and I.

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But Lord, Farmer Girls be as bad as their betters,
Poor Prudence and decency's left in the Lurch,
They Paint Pictures and faces, write stories and letters,
And look like white sheets standing up i'the Church.
Stead of staying at home, shirts and tablecloths darning,
Or pickling a Cabbage, or making a Pie,
All the Clodpoles are stunding, astound at their Larning,
Sad Wives for the like of Feyther and I.

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So just as we did'nt know what to be arter,
Adds wounds cried out Feyther, a neighbour of mine,
Died a twelvemonth ago left a Sister and Daughter,
They both can milk Cows and make gooseberry Wine.
So to see em we went, this fell out on a Monday,
Neither stood shilly, shally, foolish or shy,
The licence were bought, and the very next Sunday,
They were both of em married to Feyther and I.