

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.



*I once had a sweetheart who said she'd be mine,
So I reckoned of course, she was almost divine,
But her other young feller one night did return,
So she made up her mind to hide me in the churn.*



*Her mother soon coming then into the room,
Said she had so much cream she must churn it up soon,
And she poured it right on to me out of the pan,
And made me a very unfortunate man.*

As written and sung by

OSSIAN E. DODGE

at his fashionable entertainments

throughout the Union.

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