

## Jan's Courtship.

Come hith - - er, son Jan! since  
thou art a man, I'll gi'e the best coun-sel in life, Come  
sit down by me, and my sto-ry shall be, I'll tell how to get thee a  
wife. Iss, I will! man, I  
will! Zure I will! I'll tell how to get thee a wife! Iss, I will!

Come hither, son Jan! since thou art a man,  
I'll gi'e the best counsel in life,  
Come, sit down by me, and my story shall be,  
I'll tell how to get thee a wife.  
Iss, I will! man, I will!  
Zure I will!  
I'll tell how to get thee a wife! Iss, I will!

Thy self thou must dress in thy Sunday-go-best;  
They'll first turn away and be shy.  
But boldly, kiss each purty maid that thou see'st,  
They'll call thee their Love, by-and-bye.  
Iss, they will! man, they will!  
Zure they will!  
They'll call thee their love by-and-bye! Iss, they will!

So a courting Jan goes in his holiday clothes,  
All trim, nothing ragged and torn,  
From his hat to his hose; with a sweet yellow rose,  
He looked like a gentleman born.  
Iss, he did! man he did!  
Zure he did!  
He looked like a gentleman born! Iss he did!

The first pretty lass that Jan did see pass,  
A farmer's fat daughter called Grace,  
He'd scarce said 'How do?' and a kind word or two,  
Her fetched him a slap in the face.  
Iss, her did! man, her did!  
Zure her did!  
Her fetched him a slap in the face! Iss, her did!

As Jan, never fearing o' nothing at all  
Was walking adown by the locks.  
He kiss'd the parson's wife, which stirred up a strife  
And Jan was put into the stocks.  
Iss, he was! man, he was!  
Zure he was!  
And Jan was put into the stocks! Iss, he was!

'If this be the way, how to get me a wife,'  
Quoth Jan, 'I will never have none  
I'd rather live single the whole of my life  
And home to my mammy I'll run.  
Iss, I will! man, I will!  
Zure I will!  
And home to my mammy I'll run! Iss, I will!'