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The merry cuckold and kind wife.

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THE Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife.



O H! I went into the stable, and there for to see,
And there I saw three horses stand, by one, by
two and by three,
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir,
quoth she,
O what do these three horses here, without the leave
of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very
well see,
These are three milking cows my mother sent to me?
Hey-day! God-zounds! milking cows with bridles
and saddles on. The like was never known.
Old Wicher a Cuckold went out, and a Cuckold he
came home.

O I went into the Kitchen, and there for to see,
And there I saw three swords hang, by one, by two,
and by three,
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir,
quoth she,
O what do these three swords do here, without the
leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very
well see,
They are three roasting spits my mother sent to me?

Hey-day! God-zounds! roasting spits with scabbards on.
The like was never known,
Old Wicher, &c.

O I went into the parlour, and there for to see,
And there I saw three cloaks hang, by one, by two,
and by three;
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir,
quoth she,
O what do these cloaks do here, without the leave
of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very
well see,
These are three mantues my mother sent to me;
Hey-day! God-zounds! mantues with capes on,
The like was never known,
Old Wicher, &c.

I went into the Pantry, and there for to see,
And there I saw three pair of boots, hang by one, by
two, and by three;
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir,
quoth she,
O what do these three pair of boots do here, without
the leave of me?

Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very
well see,
These are three padding bags my mother sent to me,
Hey-day! God-zounds! padding bags with spurs on.
The like was never known.
Old Wicher a Cuckold went out, and a Cuckold he
came home.

O I went into my closet and there for to see,
And there I saw three pair of breeches, lie, by one, by
two, and by three,
O I call'd to my loving wife, and anon, kind Sir,
quoth she,
O what do these three pair of breeches here, without the
leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very
well see,
These are three petticoats my mother sent to me.
Hey-day! God-zounds! petticoats with waiftbands on.
The like was never known.—Old Wicher, &c.

O I went into the Dairy, and there for to see,
And there I saw three hats hang, by one, by two, and
by three,
I call'd to my loving wife, and anon, kind Sir, quoth she,
Pray what do these three hats do here, without the
leave of me?
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very
well see,
They are three skimming dishes my mother sent to me,
Hey-day! God-zounds, skimming dishes with hatbands
on.—The like was never known.
Old Wicher, &c.

I went into the Chamber, and there for to see,
And there I saw three men in bed, lie by one, by two,
and by three,
O I call'd to my loving Wife, and anon, kind Sir,
quoth she,
Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very
well see,
These are three milking maids my mother sent to me.
Hey-day! God-zounds! Milking Maids with beards on.
The like was never known.
Old Wicher a Cuckold went out, and a Cuckold he
came home.