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THE
FATHER'S PETITION!
A PARODY OF "THE BEGGAR'S PETITION."

"Who would be a father!"—Old Dowton.
"Learn to be wise from others' ills,
And ye shall do full well."—Shakspeare.

PITY the sorrows of a poor weak man!
Whose "fruitful vine" has borne him lots of brats;
Whose joys have dwindled till find none he can,—
Oh! give him hope, and caution thoughtless flats!
These "seedy" clothes my empty purse bespeak,
These uncomb'd locks proclaim my num'rous cares;
And many a furrow in my once plump cheek
Has been occasion'd by a host of fears.
Yon house, selected by the youths around,
Its tempting inmates drew me in the snare;
For beauty there a residence had found,
And parents who e'er *promised* you so fair!
Hard is the fate of those who're "green" and poor!
Here as I craved a little of their "tin,"
My spouse's parents drove me from the door,
To seek the trifle—where I could it win!
Oh! take, take warning by my wretched doom!
Pert are my girls, and headstrong is each son:
Short be the time till I've at home more room,
For I'm a sire, and miserably "done."
Should I reveal the *number* of my woes—
If soft compassion ever touch'd your breast,
Your heart would not withstand the shock, God knows,
And debts long standing would not be repress'd.
Wives bring such fam'lies! 'tis why I repine;
'Twas children brought me in the "mess" you see,—
And your snug life might soon become like mine—
The man from nurse and doctors never free!
A little pleasure once fell to my lot—
Then, like a fool, I went to Church one morn;
Ah! soon from care short intervals I got,
My fortune waned, and squallers still were born!
My bus'ness—once the boiler of my pot,
Gain'd by another who e'er *cash* could pay,
Kept still declining—I became a sot—
And doom'd I was in poverty to stray.
My care-worn wife—so often in "the straw"—
Struck, too, with thoughts of what our fate must be,
Droop, slowly droop, the victim soon we saw,
Then leave the world and all our "charge" to me!
Pity the sorrows of a poor weak man!
Whose "fruitful vine" has borne him lots of brats;
Whose joys have dwindled till find none he can,—
Oh! give him hope, and caution thoughtless flats!

C. C.

Great Totham, October, 1841.