

JOYLESS JULIA;

OR,

A YOUNG MOTHER'S TROUBLES.

Addressed to the Author's friend Mrs. L——, on hearing that her little Family were suffering with the Measles.

— — “the Throes of Mothers seem not to be at an end as soon as the Birth is over; but they still are in pain for those they have brought forth, that it may be well with them; and the Fathers partake likewise in this Travel.”— From ‘A Discourse concerning the Having many Children,’ 8vo. London, 1695,—p. 50.

AIR,—“LOVE WAS ONCE A LITTLE BOY.”

JULIA once had little care,
Heigho! heigho!
Then to her life still seem'd fair,
Heigho! heigho!
She was seen gay and content,
And not, as now, with nursing bent;
Beaux oft came, and free she went,
Heigho! heigho!

JULIA's now a mother grown,
Heigho! heigho!
And troubles come once unknown,
Heigho! heigho!
She's kept at home, and looks so pale,
While she of measles tells her tale:
I wish *maids* heard each mother's wail!
Heigho! heigho!

JULIA may *more* squallers have,
Heigho! heigho!
Half her number need we crave?
Heigho! heigho!
If she does, and *sick ones*, too,
What will then poor JULIA do?
Why,—wish a Rachel you know who!
Heigho! heigho!

C. C.

GREAT TOTHAM, 1845.