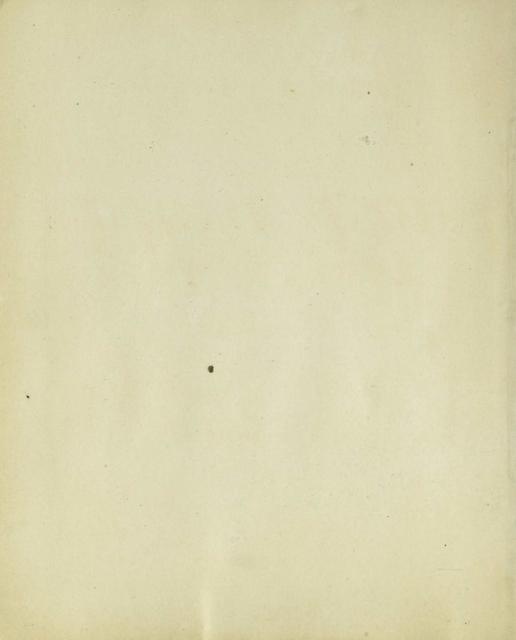
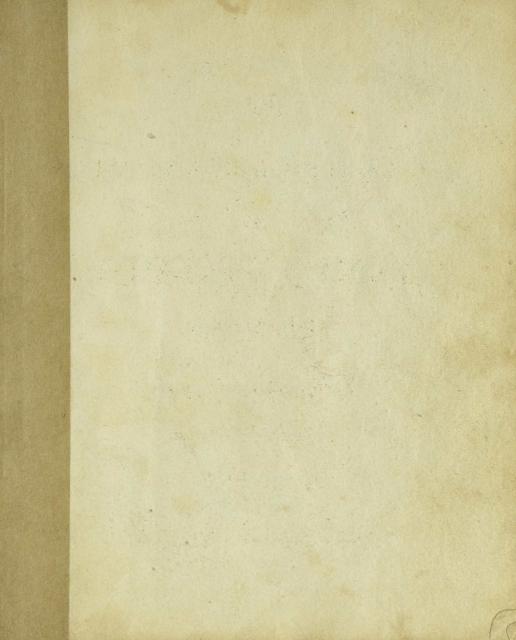


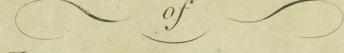
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The

COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE



JERRY & KITTY;

Illustrated

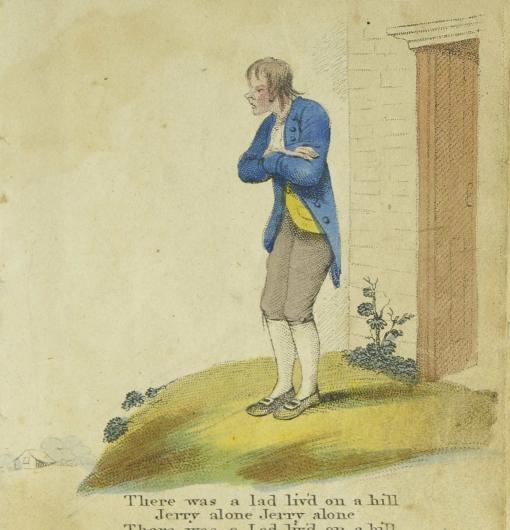
- with

Elegant Engravings.

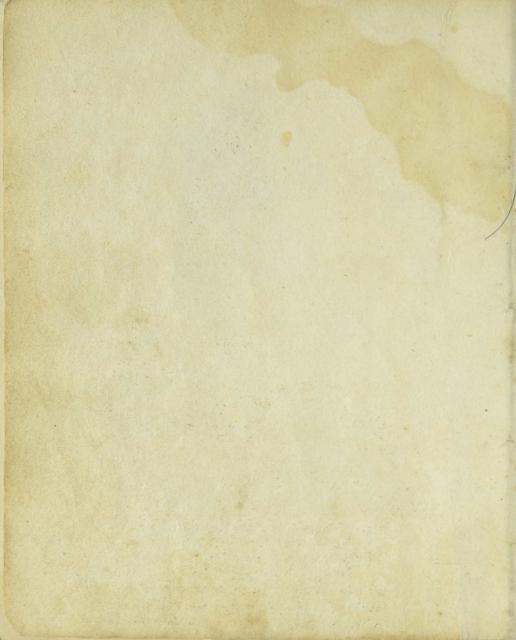
LONDON:

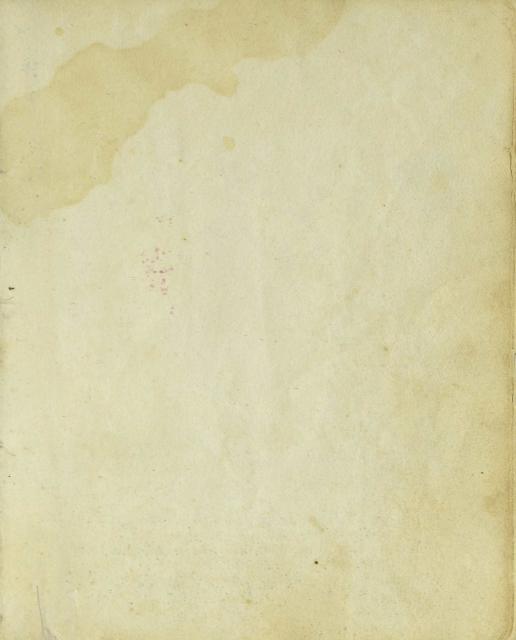
Published Nov. 20-1814, by J. Harris corner of S. Pauls.





There was a lad livd on a hill
Jerry alone Jerry alone
There was a Lad livd on a hill
Jerry alone livd he,
There was a Lad livd on a hill
And a Lady down by the Mill,
Kitty M. Carey she was his deary
Kitty M. Carey was she



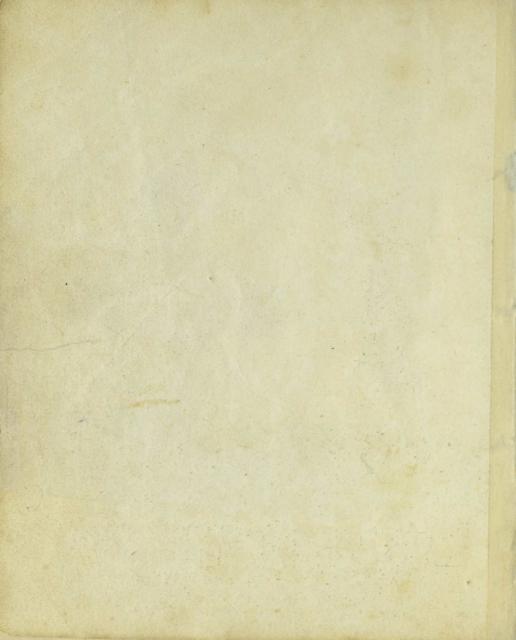


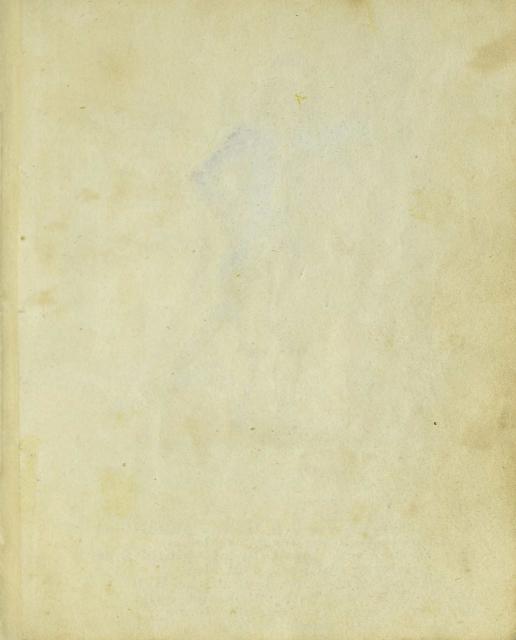
When he saw her first she was curling her Wig Jerry alone Jerry alone When he saw her first she was curling her Wig Peeping Jerry was he.

When he saw her first she was emling her Wig And it pleased her so that she daned a Jig. Kitty M. Carey, vain little Carey Proud of her Wig was she.



This Lad he went to his Mother and cryd Jerry alone Jerry alone
This Lad he went to his Mother and cryd Blubbering Jerry was he.
Pray let me try to make her my Bride
In my foraging Cap and my Sword by my side
I'll say Kitty Carey you are my deary
Can you object to me?





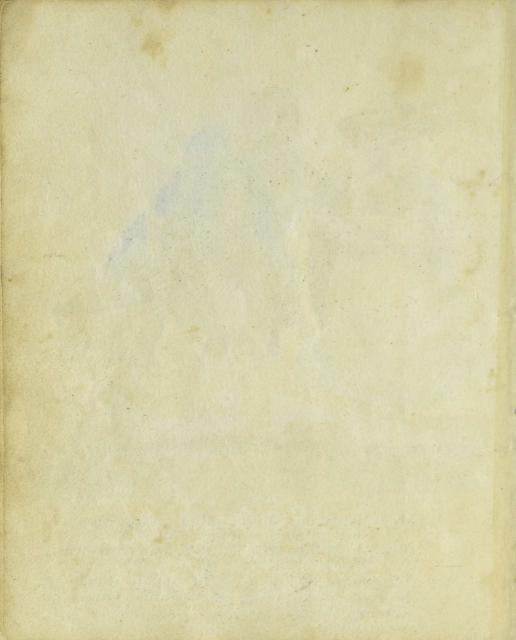


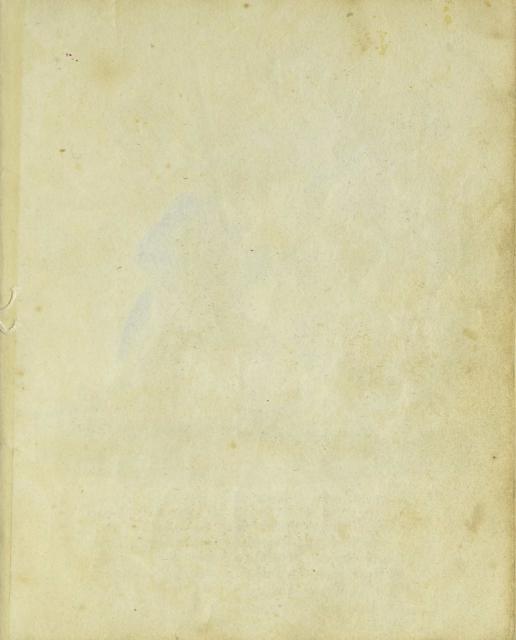
His Mother was moved by his pitiful face
Jerry go down Jerry go down
His Mother was moved by his pitiful face
And Jerry go down said she.
So away he went to the door of the Hall
And there he did both knock and call,
Kitty M. Carey you are my deary
Prithee come down to me.



Miss Kitty his dear walkd stately down
Jerry alone Jerry alone
Miss Kitty his dear walkd stately down
Jerry alone saw she.

Miss Kitty his dear walkd stately down
In a sarsenet cloak and a calico Gown,
Kitty Mc Carey his pretty deary
Alamode Kitty was she.



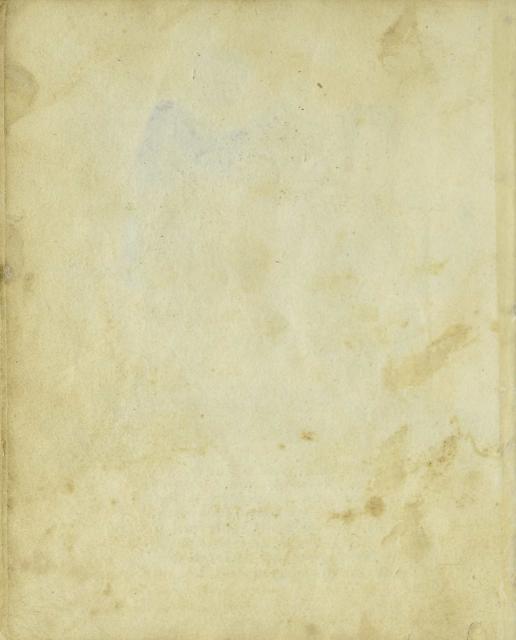




I am come Miss for to see
Jerry was bold Jerry was bold
I am come Miss for to see
Jerry spoke bold to she.
I am come Miss for to see
If that you can fancy me
You are my fancy
Parlez-vous François?
Allez-vous - en said she.

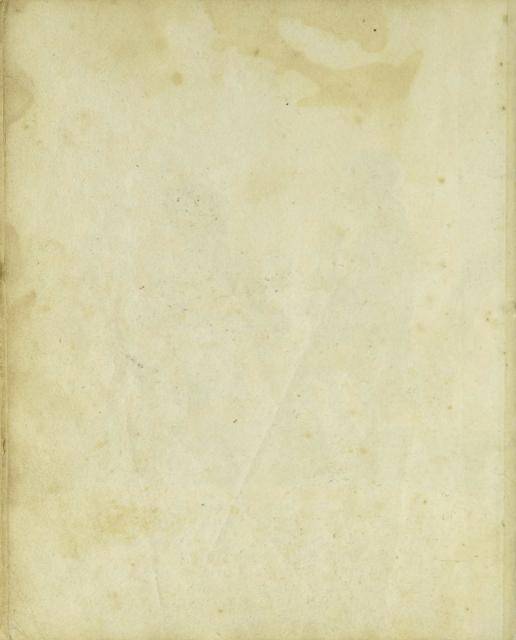


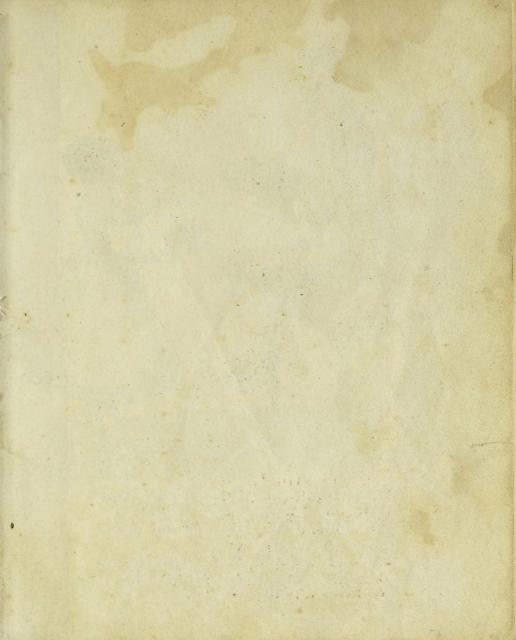
For I can give you no answer to that
Jerry go home Jerry go home
I can give you no answer to that
So Jerry go home faid she
But I'll take off my Cloak and my Hat
And then I'll ask my Uncle Matt.
Kitty M. Carey my little deary
I will not go home said he.





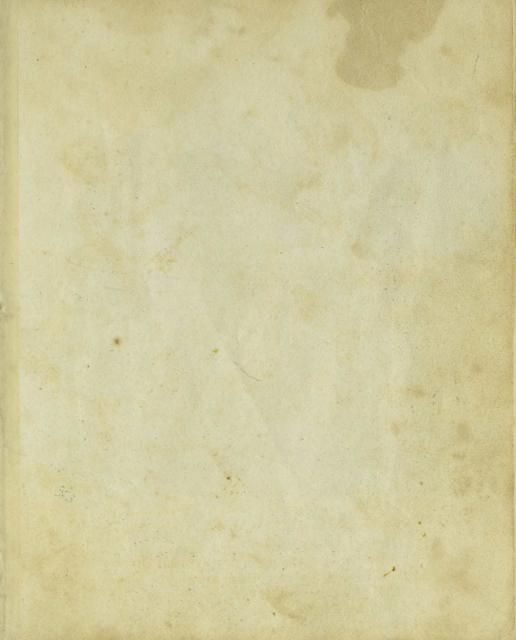
If you won't go home come in and dine Jerry alone Jerry alone,
If you won't go home come in and dine Jerry come dine with me;
And you shall have a Turkey and chine A Bowl of Punch and a bottle of Wine.
Oh! rare Miss Carey _ Jolly Miss Carey Jovial Miss Kitty was she.







At length old sturdy Mat came home
Jerry employ'd Jerry employ'd
At length old sturdy Mat came home
Busy Jerry was he.
At length old sturdy Mat came home
Saying who's been here since I've been gone?
Kitty M. Carey my little deary
Kitty my Love tell me.

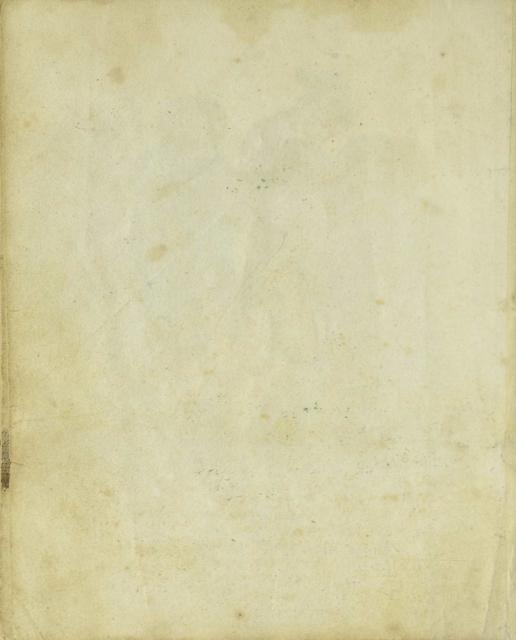




No one but this fine Gentleman Jerry ashamd Jerry ashamd No one but this fine Gentleman Jerry alone you see. No one but this fine Gentleman May I have him if I can? Uncle my deary your Kitty Carey Has a great mind to he.

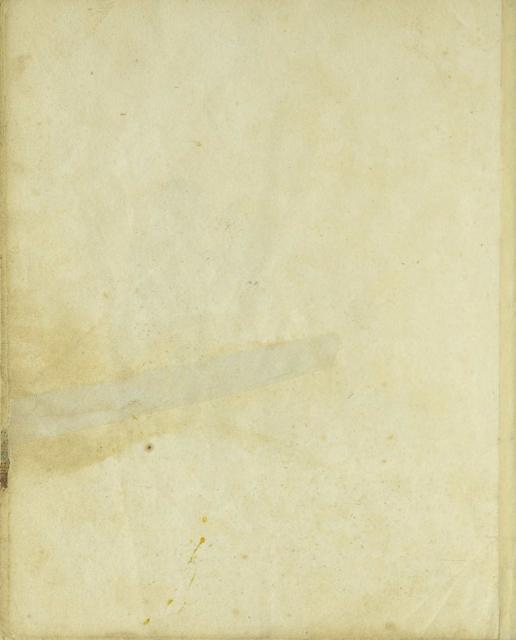


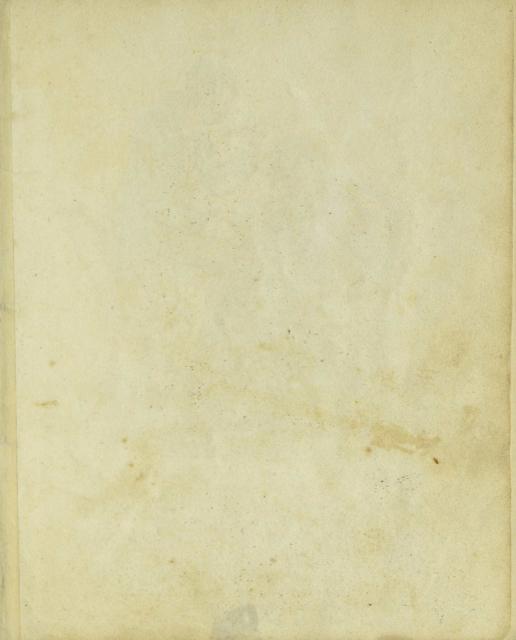
Old Uncle Mat gave his consent
Jerry was glad Jerry was glad
Old Uncle Mat gave his consent
That they should married be.
Old Uncle Mat gave his consent
And so away to Church they went
Kitty M. Carey — Jerry O' Leary
What a sweet pair are we!!





And when M^{rs} Leary was brought to bed Jerry Papa, Jerry Papa,
And when M^{rs} Leary was brought to bed,
Jerry went up to see
His fine little boy with two eyes in his head,
One was green, the other was red,
Oh Kitty my deary _ Master O'Leary
What a sweet babe was he!!







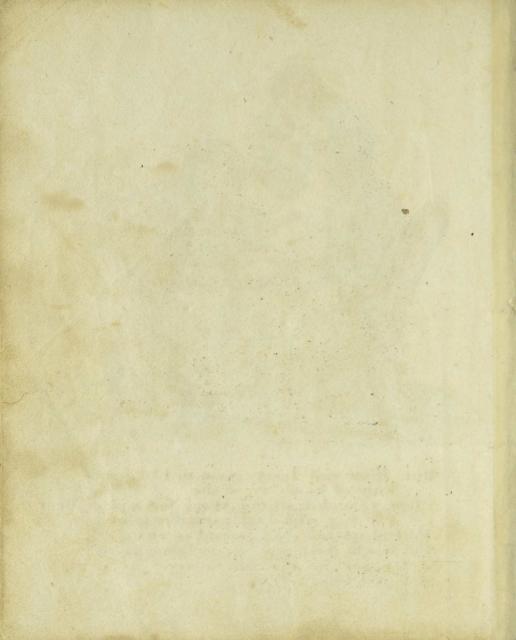
For when he was sleepy he took a Nap Jerry my Son Jerry my Son For when he was sleepy he took a Nap

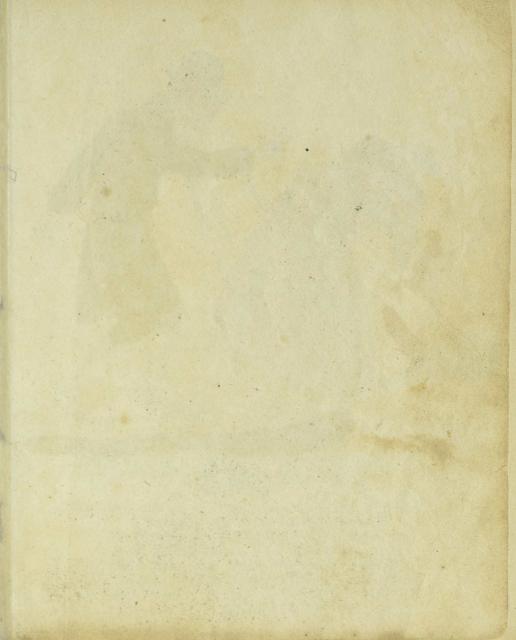
So pretty on Nurse's knee,

For when he was sleepy he took a Nap And cryd and squall'd when he wanted pap Mrs O'Leary look at your deary What a wise child is he!



But Kitty and Jerry grew tird of home
Kitty of he, Jerry of she
They search'd all the Maps for a place where to r
For they wish'd on a ramble to be
Old Ireland both had a mind to see
And thought they'd pop over to Donaghadee
M's O Leary she was quite weary
Sick of the Sea was she.







And Jerry was sick of his sweet little Wife
Jerry alone Jerry alone
Jerry was sick of his dear little Wife
And wish'd he alone could be;
So he told her the Sea was not very deep
And popped her in when she went up to peep.
Oh! fye M. Leary, where is your deary?

____ Just gone a bathing said he.

