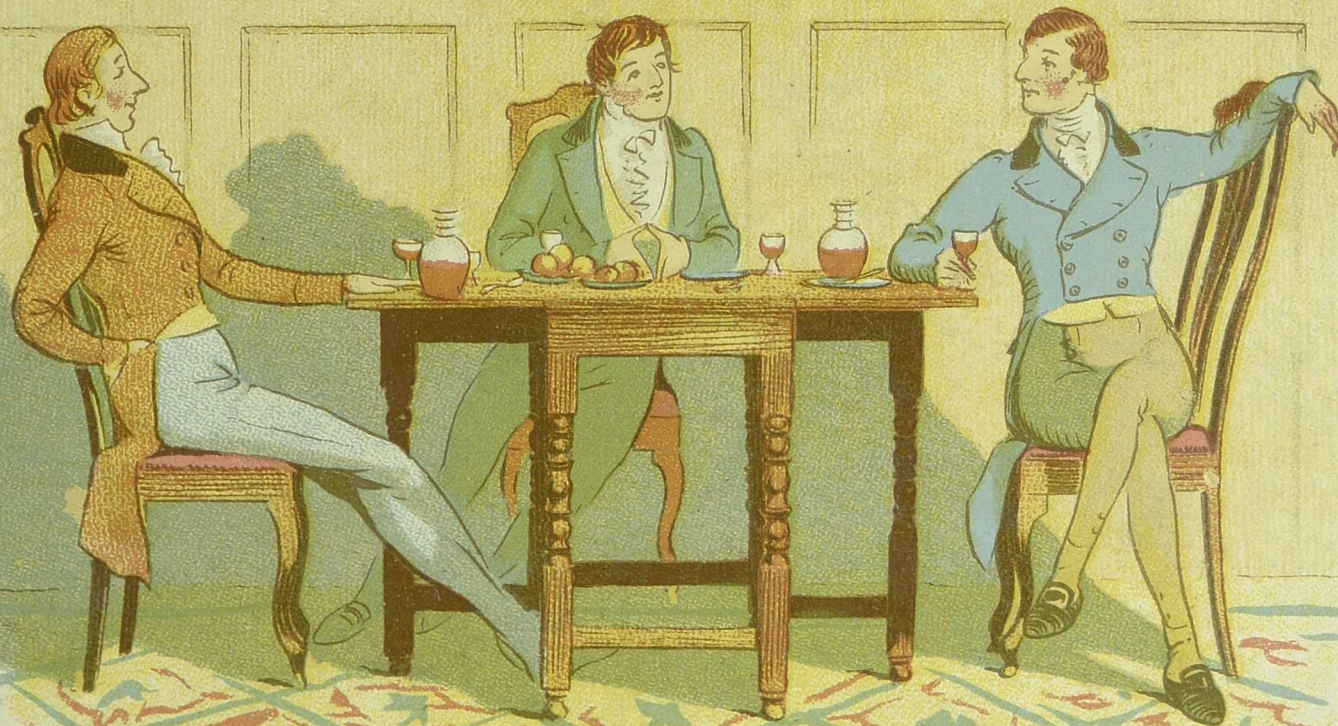


WRITTEN  
BY  
F. E. WEATHERLY.

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
W. J. HODGSON.

THE MEN  
of  
WARE.



PUBLISHED  
BY  
HILDESHEIMER  
AND FAULKNER.

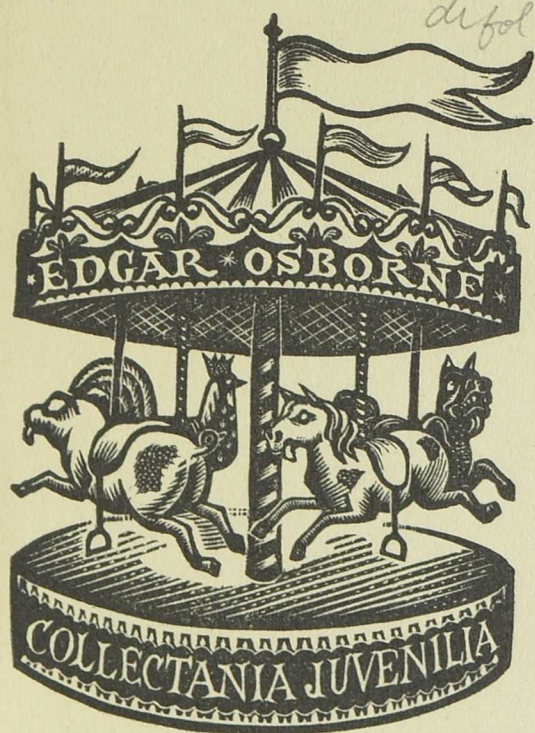
41, LEWIN ST  
E. C.

*Set to Music by J. L. Roedel, and published by Enoch & Son.*



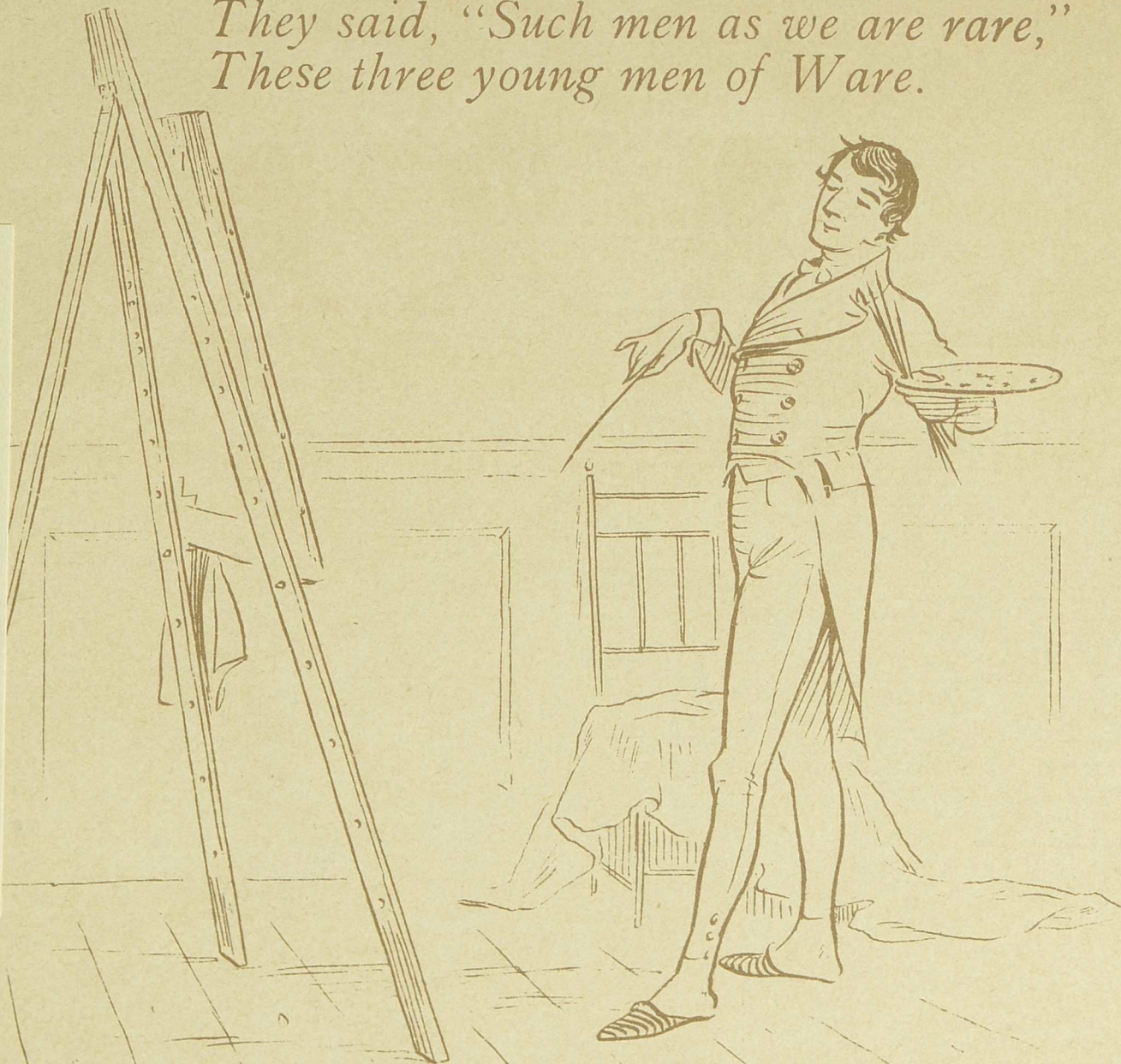
# THE MEN OF WARE.

*There were three young men of Ware,  
They were proud and debonair;  
They said, "Such men as we are rare,"  
These three young men of Ware.*



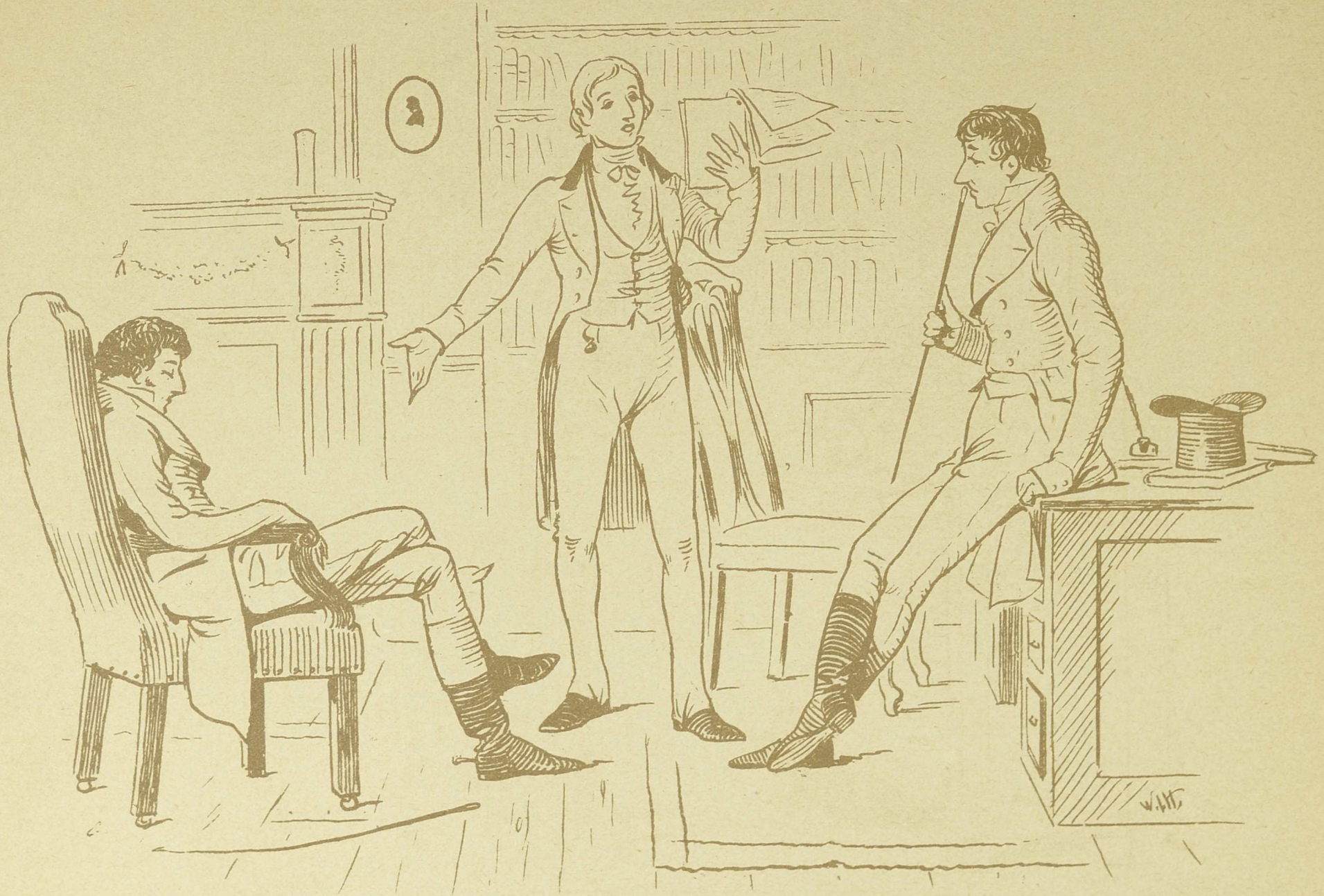
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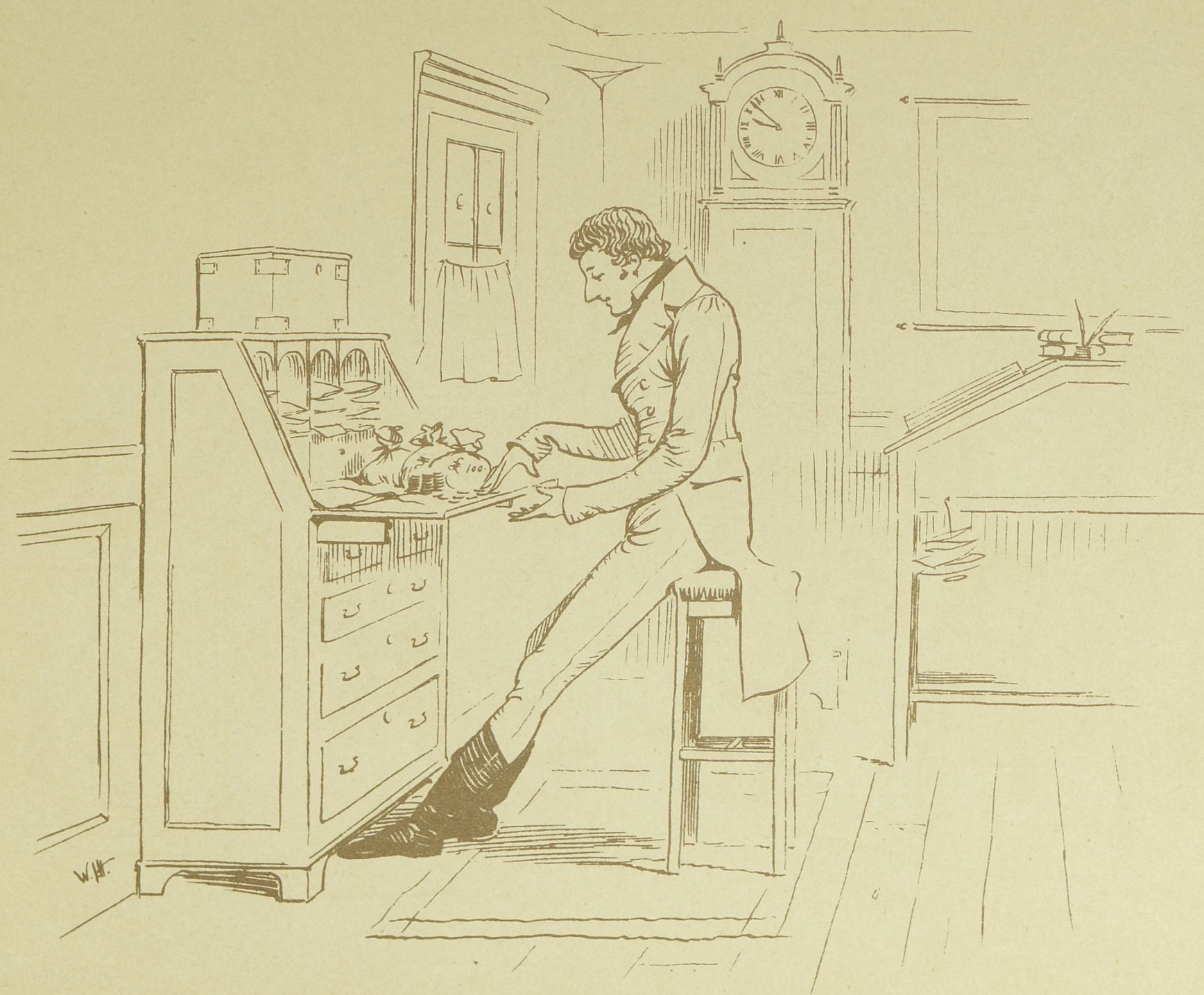


W. J. H.

*The first he was a Son of Art;*



*The second had a Poet's heart;*



*The third he was a Merchant bold,  
Of noble name, and wealth untold.*



WARE  
X MI



*They courted near,*



*They courted far,*



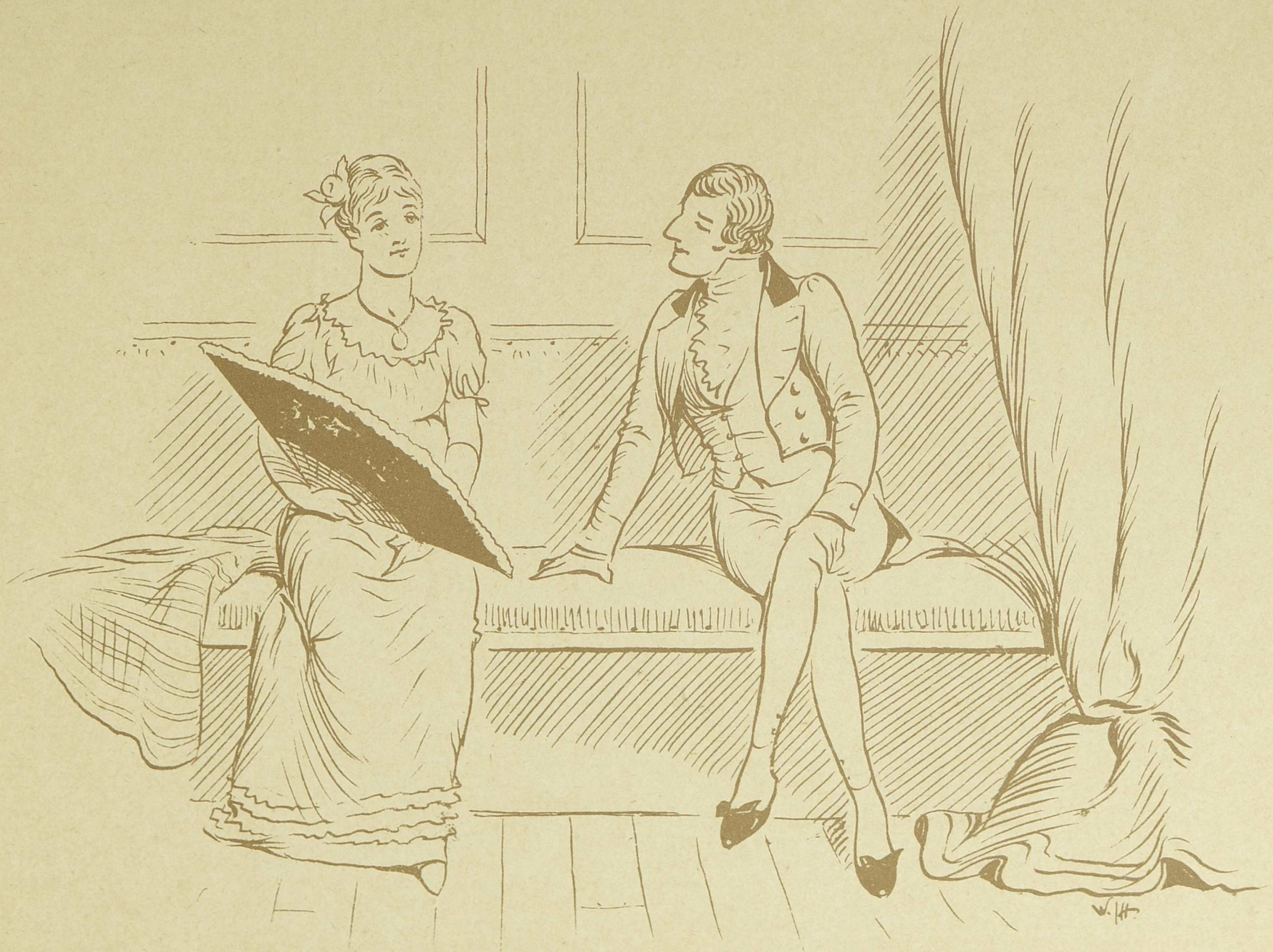
*For oh they were most particular :*





*In married men by no means rare,  
These three old men at Ware.*





*With a most reliant air,  
For they said, "Such men as we are rare,"  
These three young men of Ware.*



*The Poet said, "The wife for me  
Must be a maid of high degree;"*



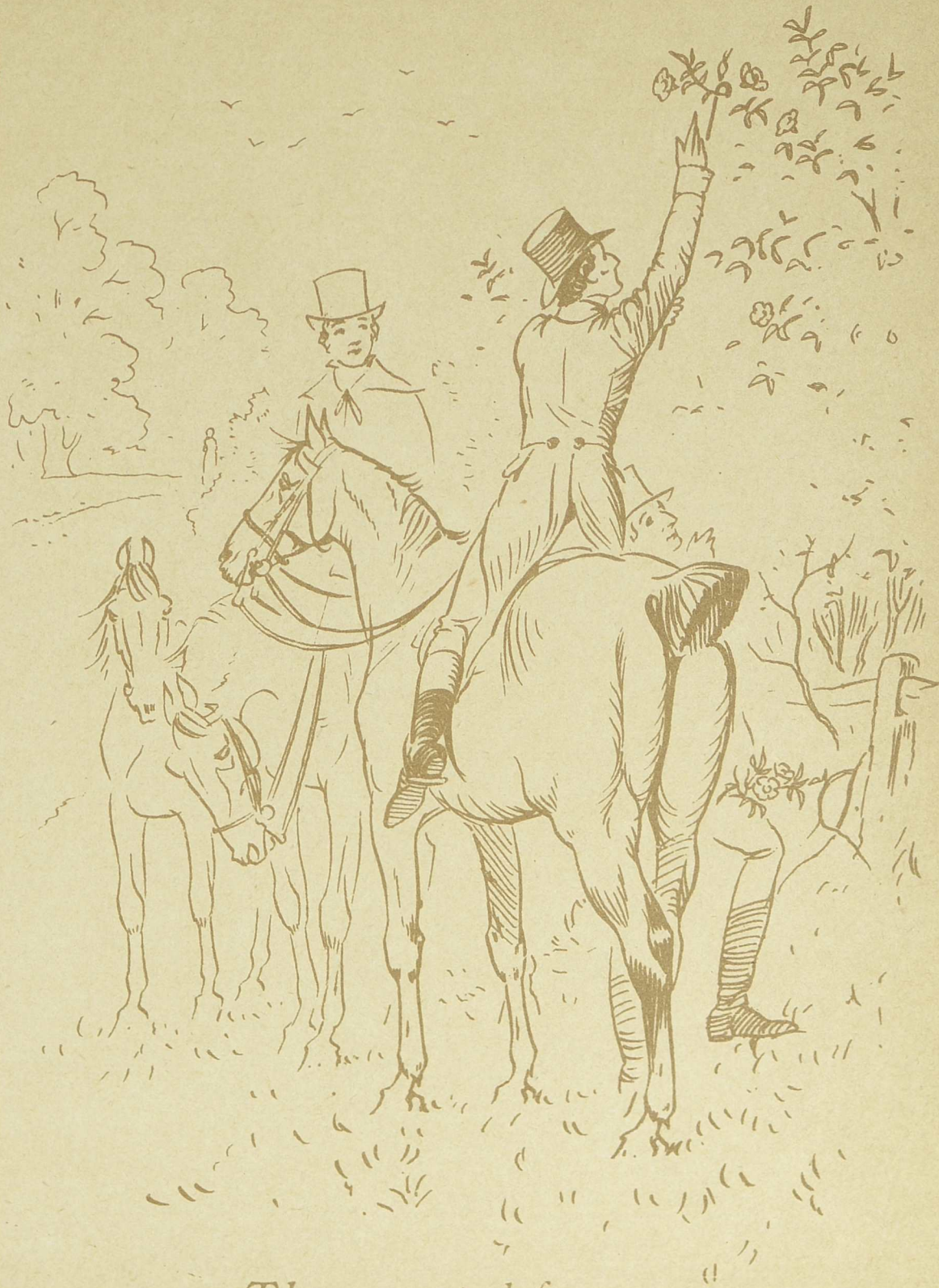
*The Painter said, "The wife that's mine  
Must have a form and face divine;"*



*“While, as for me,” said the Merchant bold,  
“My wife must double my own bright gold.”*



*They courted near,*



*They courted far,*



*For oh they were most particular :*





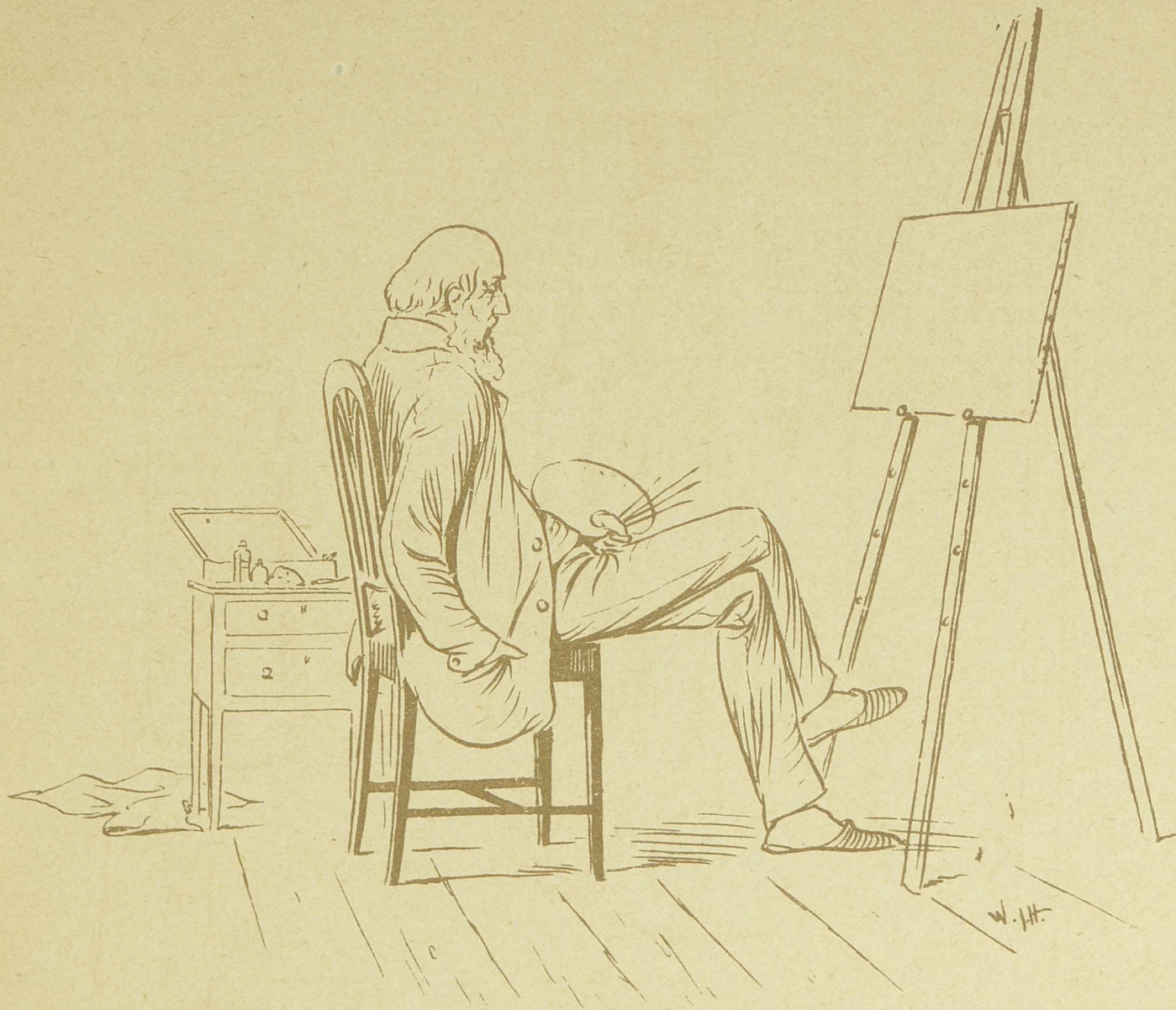
*In married men by no means rare,  
These three old men at Ware.*



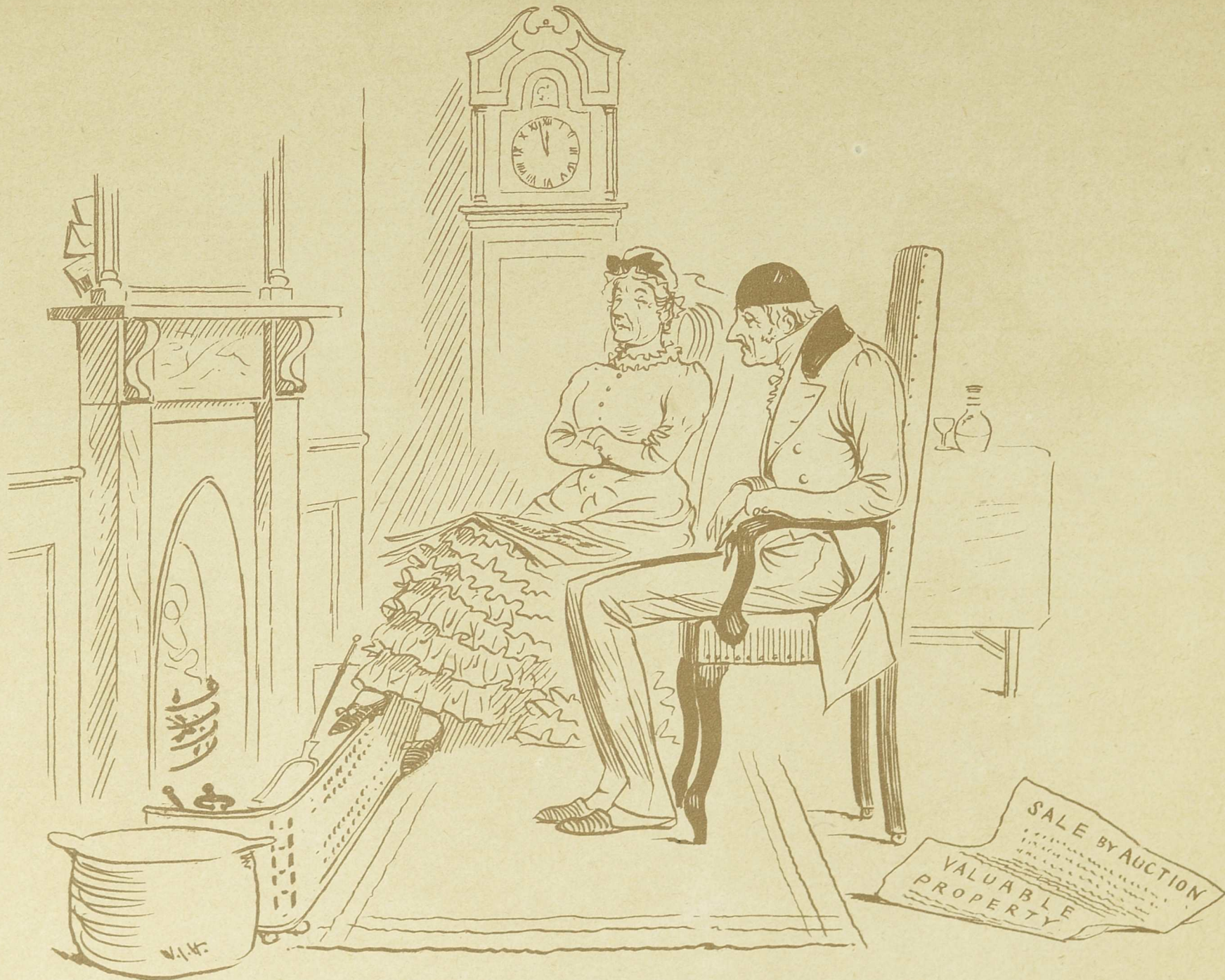




*The Poet writes not a single lay,  
For lays of love, he finds, don't pay;*



*The Painter sits with his palette dry,  
For his wife has a squint in either eye;*



*And most depressed is that Merchant bold,  
For his wife has spent all her husband's gold.*

*There are three old men at Ware,  
Of a mild, dejected air,*



*And the folks do say, who live at Ware,*



*“The better horse is the old gray mare.”*



## THE MEN OF WARE.

There were three young men of Ware,  
They were proud and debonair;  
They said, "Such men as we are rare,"  
These three young men of Ware.  
The first he was a son of art;  
The second had a poet's heart;  
The third he was a merchant bold,  
Of noble name, and wealth untold.  
They courted near, they courted far,  
For oh, they were most particular:  
"Twould never, never do," said they,  
"That such men as we should be thrown away."  
So a-courting they did fare,

With a most reliant air,  
For they said, "Such men as we are rare,"  
These three young men of Ware.  
The poet said, "The wife for me  
Must be a maid of high degree;"  
The painter said, "The wife that's mine  
Must have a form and face divine;"  
"While, as for me," said the merchant bold,  
"My wife must double my own bright gold."  
"For 'twould never, never do," said they,  
"That such men as we should be thrown away."

There are three old men at Ware,

Of mild and melancholy air,  
In married men by no means rare,  
These three old men at Ware.  
The poet writes not a single lay,  
For lays of love, he finds, don't pay;  
The painter sits with his palette dry,  
For his wife has a squint in either eye;  
And most depressed is that merchant bold,  
For his wife has spent all her husband's gold.  
There are three old men at Ware,  
Of a mild, dejected air,  
And the folks do say, who live at Ware,  
"The better horse is the old gray mare."

F. E. Weatherly.

