

The Bachelor's Warning

Celtic Thunder

Come hither me boys, well, I'll make some old noise
And I'll tell you of stories would provoke you to ponder
Your station in life, should you e'er take a wife
Who would cause naught but strife and pull all joys asunder.

The boys of the Nation, with great trepidation,
Do swear that they ne'er will consent to be throthed.,
But when out cavorting, imbibing, and courting,
Their senses all dulled, they renege on their oath.
For the face of a blackguard may look worn and haggard,
But full is his soul as he tears on the spree,
He has no distraction to give satisfaction,
It's happy he is to live single and free.

At each wedding feast, as they call in the priest
To invoke marriage blessings, the boys wonder in silence
If God will allow this poor man take a vow
To surrender his will and be doomed to compliance.

For many's the bachelor gets into a match
For the glories of love and connubial bliss,
Too late to discover his wife's not his lover
And he wishes his Missus was still just a Miss.

There was young Packy Hayes, all singin' the praise
Of the wee lass who's father was cursed with the naggin',
We knew if he married himself would be harried,
His songs now lament that his spirits are draggin'.

For the new Mrs. Hayes had a mouth full of nays
That she learned from her mother, a creature displeasin',
Their schemes and their plots tied Packy in knots,
They'd prevent peace from pleasin' his soul any season.

So young men take care if a wedding you dare,
Pick a girl that was raised to take great joy in life.
The woman you wed should delight in your bed,
And not stand on your hand like poor Packy's wife.
And you old ones take warning, lest you be left mourning
That no man will wed or take your daughter's hand,
If you will impart the goodwill of your heart
It's of peace and contentment you'll have full command.