



A NEW SONG,
Sung by Mr. WILLSON,
In the DUENNA.

IF a daughter you have, she's the plague
of your Life,
No peace shall you know tho' you've buried
your wife,
At twenty she mocks at the duty you've
taught her,
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Sighing and Whining!
Dying and Pining!
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in her teens, they have wit
to perplex us,
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;
While each still rejects the fair futer you've
brought her,
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
Wrangling and jangling!
Flouting and panting!
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

