

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE MATCHMAKING MOTHER.**  
My daughter's good points,  
My son's bad ones,  
My mother's love and care,  
My father's hard work,  
My husband's honest labor,  
All these I like;  
All these by magic stirs;  
And none so resembles her  
But people think them twins.

My sweet daughter—spoke her spouse;  
She's quite a pretty wife;

And she loves me well in her way,

For we had such a life!

She never had a quiet summer—

Her heart was her heart;

And my sweet darling's just the same—

They're indeed a happy pair.

Her husband has given my hand,

While two look in his eyes,

And she's won my heart,

With all my credit now.

To make her a domestic wife

I've sold all my skin;

And my spouse is domestic, too—

My system was the same.

Now, do you know, I've often thought

The oldest of the two,

But I may speak out.)

What can I say? You brought my spouse up;

With your credit now.

She never had a quiet summer—

Her heart was her heart;

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