

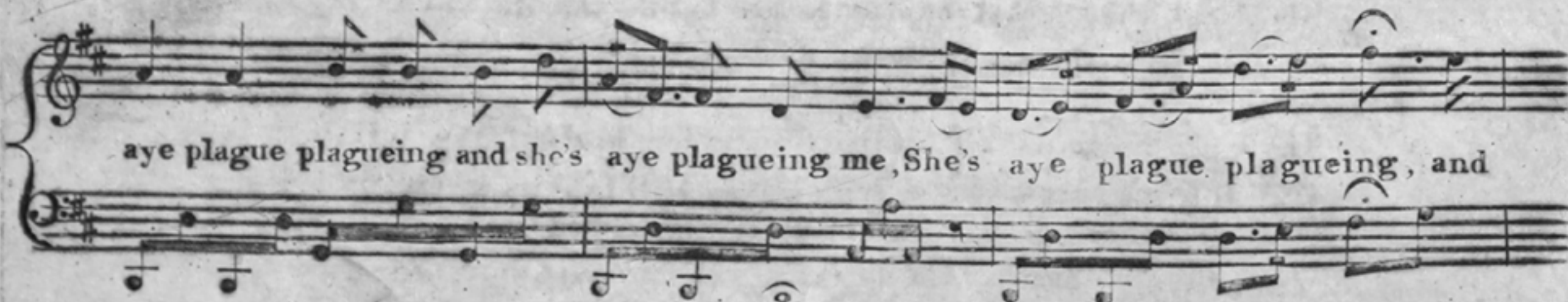
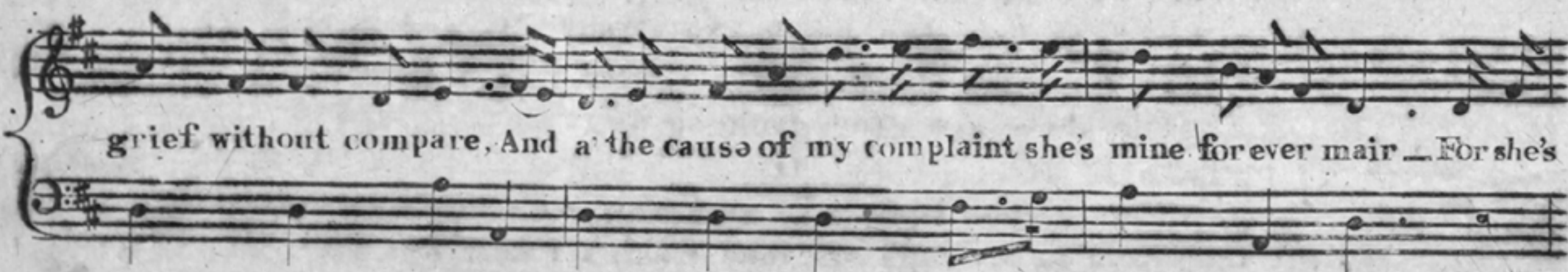
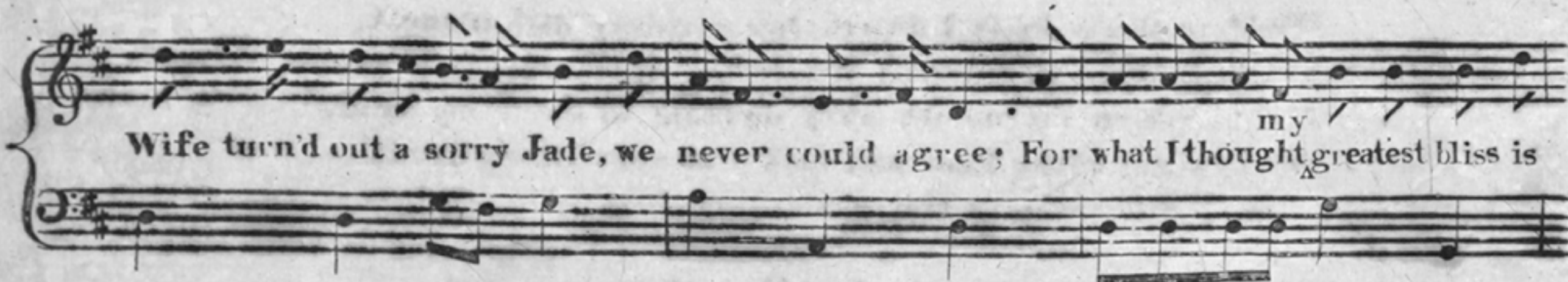
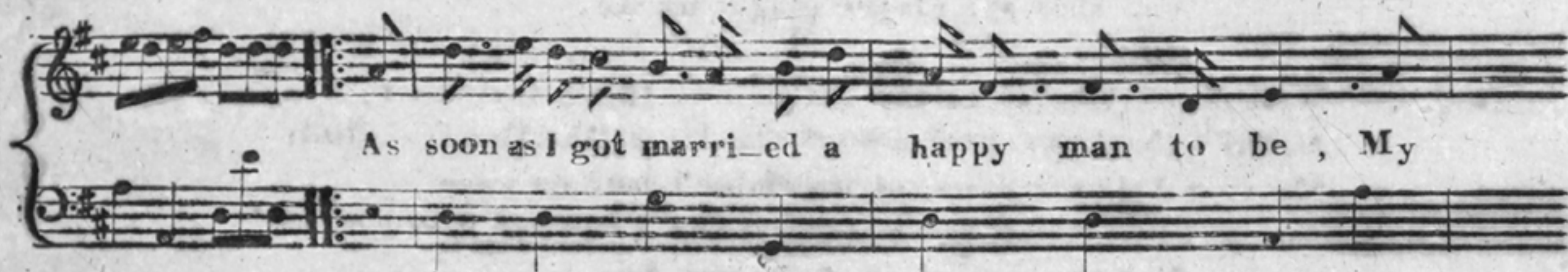
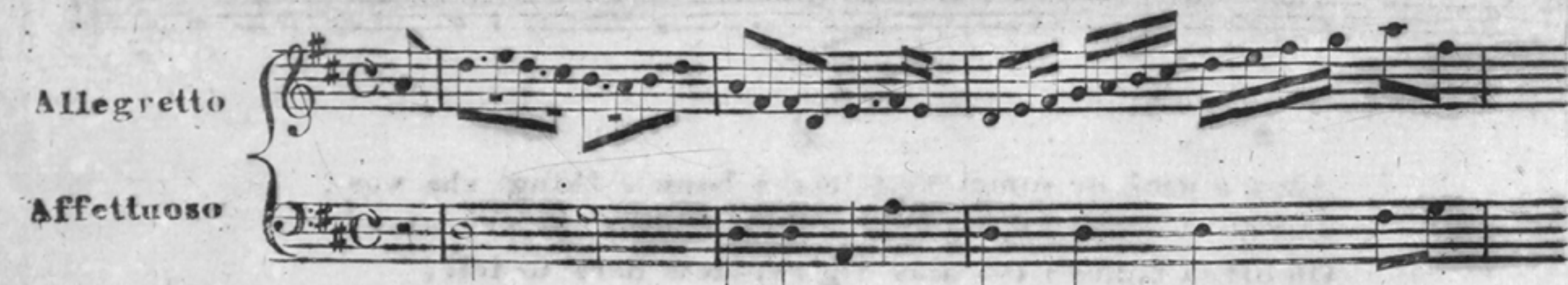
THE ILL WIFE

Price 25 Cents

Printed and Sold at **CARRS** Music Store Baltimore.

Allegretto

Affettuoso



(T I W)
2
1



2

About a week or something less a bonnie thing she was,
But ere the second Sunday came she made me cry alas!
Oh often times I cry alas 'tis needless here to tell,
The weight of it lies all on this the jade she kens hersel.
For she's aye plague plaguing &c.

3

My house I daur na ca' my ain or ony thing that's in't,
And if I chance to speak a word she flees like fire frae flint;
My vera hair I daur na cut my claise I daur na ware
And a' baith claise and siller too she keeps me naked bare.
For she's aye strip stripping &c.

4

Right weel she kens I dearly lo'e a dainty dish o' meat,
She kuks it up sae dirtily the deil a bit I eat;
And if I turn my mouth awry or chanc to shake my head,
She ca's me filthy loon and says I'm vera ill to feed.
For she's aye starve starving &c.

5

When I am for merriment o' then she's very sad,
And when I am for soberness she gang distracted mad;
When I wish to hear her speak she silent sits and dumb,
And when I am for quietness she rattles like a drum.
For she's aye drum drumming &c.

6

Yestreen my neebor Tom and I went out our throats to wet,
She thunner'd in my lug's sae loud I think I hear her yet;
And when her barley hood is on which often is the case,
The first thing that comes to her hands she dashes fa' my face.
For she's aye dash dashing &c.

7

That marriage is a Paradise I've often heard folks tell,
But for my part—first and last—I think its worse na hell—
And yet there is a comfort left a comfort and na' mair,
The pangs o' death will brake the bands and bury a my care.
For she'll soon soon bury, she'll soon bury me,
She'll soon soon bury, and then she'll let me be.



2

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