

THE WASHING DAY,

A BALLAD FOR WET WEATHER.



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Misericordia
Allegro.

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The sky with clouds was over-cast, The rain began to fall; My wife she whipp'd the children, And rais'd a pretty squall: She

bade me with a frowning look, To get out of her way; Oh! the deuce a bit of comfort's here, Upon a washing day! For 'tis

thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold a-way, The de'il a bit of comfort's here, U-pon a washing day!

con thump et scoldino con Furio



2.

My Kate, she is a bonny wife,
There's none so free from evil
Unless upon a Washing day,
And then she is the devil!
The very kittens on the earth
They dare not even play,
Away they jump with many a bump
Upon the Washing day.
For 'tis thump &c.



3.

I met a friend who ask'd of me,
"How long's poor Kate been dead?"
Lamenting the good creature, gone
And sorry I was wed
To such a scolding vixen, while
He had been far away!
The truth it was, he chanced to come
Upon a Washing day!
When 'tis scrub, scrub &c.



4.

I ask'd him then, to come and dine,
"Come, come," quoth I, "Ods buds!
I'll no denial take, you must;
Tho' Kate be in the suds!"
But what we had to dine upon,
In truth I cannot say,
But I think he'll never come again,
Upon a Washing day!
When 'tis scrub, scrub &c.

5.

On that sad morning, when I rise,
I put a fervent prayer,
To all the Gods, that it may be
Throughout the day quite fair!
That not a Cap or Handkerchief
May in the ditch be laid —
For should it happen so egad,
I get a broken head!
For 'tis thump, thump &c.



6.

Old Homer sang a royal wash,
Down by a chrystal river;
For dabbling in the palace halls
The King permitted never —
On high Olympus, Beauty's queen
Such troubles well may scout,
While Jove and Juno with their train
Put all their washing out!
Ah! happy gods, they fear no sound,
Of thump and scold away;
But smile to view the perils of
A mortal Washing day!





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