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PHILAD^a

WASHING DAY.

ALLEGRO.

The sky with clouds was o-ver-cast, The rain began to fall My wife she whipp'd the children, Who rais'd a pretty squall. She

bade me with a frowning look, To get out of her way. Oh! the deuce a bit of comforts here U—pon a washing day!

CHORUS.

For 'tis thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold away Oh the deuce a bit of com-forts here, U—pon a washing day!

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 hearth
 They dare not even play,
 Away they jump, with many a bump
 Upon the Washing day.
 For 'tis thump, thump &c.



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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.



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 can not say!
 But I think he'll never come again
 Upon a Washing day;
 When'tis scrub, scrub, &c.



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!



When'tis scrub, scrub, &c.





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!

