

Father grumble

There was an old woman, there was an old man
Who never could agree
He said he could do more work in a day
Than she could do in three.

Now said the old woman unto the old man
If this you will allow,
Why you shall stay at home today
An' I'll go follow the plow.

But you must milk the teeny cow
For fear she will go dry,
An' you must feed the little pigs
That lay within the sty.

An' you must watch the speckled hen
For fear she'll go astray,
An' you must wind the bobbin of yarn
That I spun yesterday.

The old woman she picked up the shares
To go an' follow the plow,
The old man he picked up the pail
To milk the teeny cow.

Teeny she winked an' Teeny she blinked
An' Teny curled up her nose,
An' give' the old man such a kick in the face
That the blood streamed down to his toes

Whoa Teeny, haw Teeny,
My good little cow, stand still,
An' if ever I try to milk you again
It'll be against my will.

He went to feed the little pigs
That lay within the sty,
The old sow run up against his legs
An' knocked him ten foot high.

He went to watch the speckled hen
For fear she'd go astray,
An' forgot to wind the bobbin of yarn
That his wife spun yesterday.

He swore by the sun, he swore by the stars
An' the green leaves on the tree,
That his wife could do more work in one day
Than he could do in three!