

# Father grumble

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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!