

Washing-day - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

WASHING-DAY.

The sky with clouds was overcast, the rain began to fall,
My wife she whipped the children, who raised 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.

Chorus.

For 'tis thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold away.
Oh, the deuce a bit of comfort's here upon a washing-day.

My Kate she is a bonny wife, there's none so free from evil.
Except 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 a washing day.
For 'tis thump, thump, &c

I met a friend, who asked 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.
For 'tis thump, thump, &c

I asked him then to stay and dine; come, come, quoth I, odds buds
I'll no denial take, you must, though 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 any.
For 'tis thump, thump, &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.
For 'tis thump, thump, etc

Old Homer sang a royal wash down by a crystal river.
For dabbing 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 peril of a mortal washing-day.