

Annie Pixley's Wash-tub Song - song lyrics

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Annie Pixley's "Wash-Tub Song."

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Words by A. C. Gunther. Music by Edgar Selden.

Yes, scrub, scrub, scrub till figers have base-ball joints;
oh, soap, soap, soap till castile my wounds anoints;
Oh, work, work, work at what men call women's chores.
Yes, wash, wash, wash, dad says it is "Providence laws."
Oh, you men, men, men, if you knew how chores wore our life.
You'd think more, more, more of that slave of the house you call wife.
Oh, you men, men, men, if you knew how chores wore our life.
You'd think more, more, more of that slave of the house you call wife.

Yes, wring, wring, wring, my heart beats in throbs of wrath;
Yes, strike, strike, strike like Indians upon the war-path;
Oh, splash, splash, splash till I e'en hate cold water;
I'd swear, swear, swear, but I am a deacon's daughter;
oh, you girls, girls, girls, you must break thro' old-fogy laws;
When you wed, wed, wed, you must make hubby do all the chores.
Oh, you girls, girls, girls, you must break thro' old-fogy laws;
When you wed, wed, wed, you must make hubby do all the chores.

I twist, twist, twist off the buttons and hooks and eyes;
I grin, grin grin till I look like an old, old wife;
I dream, dream, dream of a happy life of bliss,
And I wake, wake, wake to a big hatch of washing like this;
Oh, you boys, boys, boys, don't think that we're anxious to wed,
And slave, slave, slave for calico, water and bread.
Oh, you boys, boys, boys, don't think that we're anxious to wed,
And slave, slave, slave for calico, water and bread.