

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## When I Was a Young Man (2)

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I was a young man, I was a rover,  
Nothing could satisfy me but a wife  
Soon as I reached the age of twenty,  
Weary was I of the single life

The very first year me wife I married,  
Out of her company I could not stray  
Her voice as sweet as a lark or a linnet,  
Or the song of the nightingale at break of day

Now she's fairly altered her meaning,  
Now she`s fairly changed her tune  
Nothing but scolding comes from her mouth  
A poor man's labor's never done

The very first year me wife I married,  
Scarce could I get one half hours sleep  
With her two knees she rubbed my shins,  
Says husband dear put down your feet

The baby cried, she bitterly scolded,  
Out of the door I was forced for to run  
Without trousers, hat or a waistcoat,  
A poor man's labor is never done

I went up to the top of the hill,  
To view my sheep that had all gone astray  
When I came back she was lying in her bed,  
At twelve o'clock on a summer's day

When I came back both wet and weary,  
Weary and wet now where could I run  
She was lying in her bed, the fire right beside her,  
Says young man is the kettle on

I'll go home to my aged mother,  
She'll be sitting all alone  
Says there's plenty young women to be had,  
Why should I be tied to one

All young men that is to marry,  
Don't, they'll grieve you evermore

Death, o death come take my wife,  
And then my troubles will all be o'er

AJS