

# The Fellow Who Stole My Wife - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Fellow Who Stole My Wife.  
Written and sung by William Carroll.

I'm trying to find the fellow who stole away my wife,  
In jail I'd surely put him, and keep him there for life;  
I'd cut the hair all off his head, I'd fill him full of tacks,  
Then I would tar and feather him, and shave him with an axe.  
Only to catch this villain, only to hear him cry,  
Only to see him stoned to death, or poisoned on rock and rye;  
Only to see him begging, only to hear him sneeze,  
I'd lock him inside an ice chest and there I'd let him freeze.

If I could lay my hands oh him, you bet I'd make him roar,  
I'd tear the clothes all off his back and with him sweep the floor;  
I'd clip the hinges off his ears, I'd hit him with a rock,  
I'd tie a stone around his neck and pitch him off the dock.  
Only to see him drowning in a barrel of boiling soap,  
Only to see him dangling on the end of a good strong rope;  
Only to spoil his ugly mug, only to close his eyes,  
Only to see him kicked to death by mosquitoes and horse flies.  
Oh! where is he now? show him to me?  
It would suit me to a T;  
With the toe of my shoe I'd break him in two-  
The fellow who stole my wife.