

Mine Moder-in-law - song lyrics

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

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

By Charles Follen Adams. From "Dialect Ballads,"

Dhere vae many qveer dings In dla land off der free,
I neffer could quite understand;
Dher peoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blenty droubles, and Into mishaps,
Mitoudt der least bit of a cause;
Und would you pellef it? dhose mean Yangee chaps,
Duty fights mit dheir moder-In-laws!

Shust dink off a vwhite man so vlckid as dot!
Why not gife der oldt lady a show?
Who vus It gits oup, ven der nighdt it vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?
Und dhen In der vinter ven Katrine vas sick,
Und der mornings vas schnowy und raw.
Who made rightd avay oup dot fire so qvick?
Why, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas one off dhose voman's rightds vellers I been,
Dhere vas noding dot's mean ahoudt me;
Vnen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Why, I shust let her run It, you see.
Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks,
(A block off der oldt chip he vaa, yaw!)
Ef she goes for dot chap like some dousand off bricks,
Dot's all rightd! She's mine moder-In-law.

Veek ondt and veek in, Id vas always der same,
Dot vomen vos boss off der house:
Budt, dhen. neffer mindt! I vas glad dot she came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
Und vhen dhere vas vater to get vromn der spring,
Und firevood to shplit up und saw,
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.