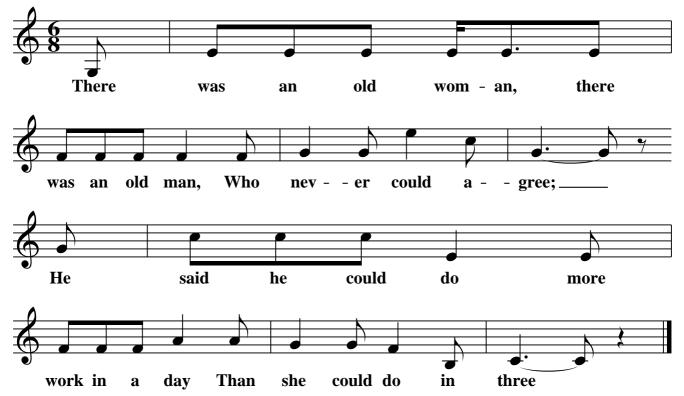
Father Grumble



There was an old woman, there was an old man, Who never could agree;
He said he could do more work in a day
Than she could do in three.

Now said the old woman unto the old man, "If this you will allow, Why, you shall stay at home today An' I'll go follow the plow.

"But you must milk the teeny cow For fear she will go dry, An' you must feed the little pigs That lay within the sty.

"An' you must watch the speckled hen For fear she'll go astray, An' you must wind the bobbin of yarn That I spun yesterday." The old woman she picked up the shares To go an' follow the plow;
The old man he picked up the pail
To milk the teeny cow.

Tenny she winked an' Teeny she blinked An' Teeny curled up her nose, An' give the old man such a kick in the face That the blood streamed down to his toes.

"Whoa, Teeny, haw, Teeny, My good little cow, stand still, An' if ever I try to milk you again It'll be against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs That lay within the sty; The old sow run up against his legs An' knocked him ten foot high.

He went to watch the speckled hen For fear she'd go astray, An' forgot to wind the bobbin of yarn That his wife spun yesterday.

He swore by the sun, he swore by the stars, An' the green leaves on the tree, That his wife could do more work in a day Than he could do in three!