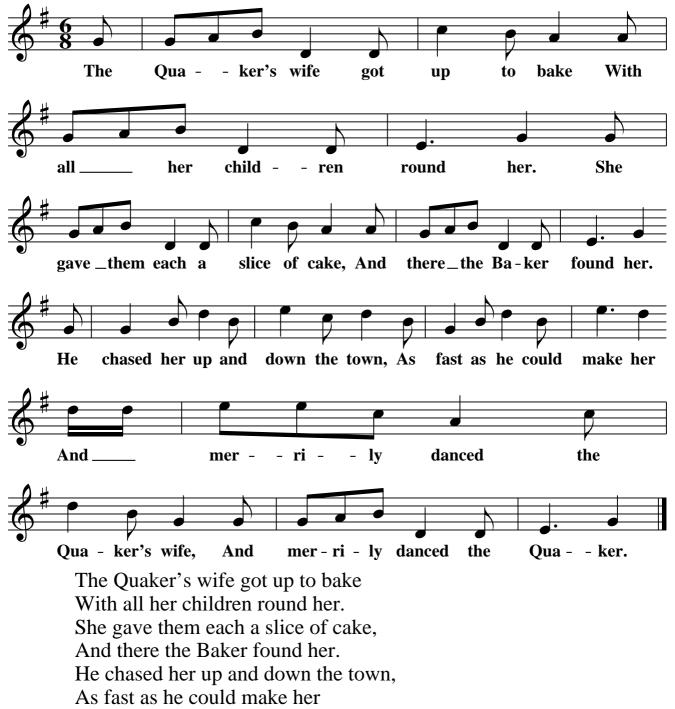
The Quaker's Wife



And merrily danced the Quaker's wife,

And merrily danced the Quaker.

The Quaker's wife came to my door To borrow a market penny, But I'd been had that way before, And said I had not any. And oh she sighed and oh she cried, Then she went up the street O, But the wind it blew her cloak aside, And there was the butcher's meat O!

My Aunty died a week ago And left me all her money. A little black hen, a pig in a pen, And twenty jars of honey. The hen and the pig they danced a jig And knocked against the door O, The honey it came trickling down And stuck their feet to the floor O!