

LAST WEEK I TOOK A WIFE

from *The Forty Thieves*, 1808

M. Kelly

Allegretto

1. Last week I took a wife, And when I first did woo her, I vow'd I'd stick through
 2. My wife with-out her shoes Is hard-ly three feet sev-en, While I, to all men's
 3. When she was gone, good lack, My hair like hogs was bris-tled; I though she'd ne'er come

life Like cob-ler's wax un-to her; But soon we went by some mis-hap To
 views, Am full five feet e-lev-en; So when to take her down some pegs, I
 back, So I went to work and whis-tled: Then let her go, I've got my stall, Which

log-ger-heads to-geth-er, And when my wife be-gan to strap, Why
 drub'd her neat and clev-er, She made a bolt right through my legs, and
 may no rob-bers ri-fle: 'T'would break my heart to lose my awl, To

I be-gan to leath-er. Tol lol de rol lol lol de rol de lol, Why I be-gan to leath-er.
 run a-way for-ev-er, Tol lol de rol lol lol de rol de lol, And run a-way for-ev-er.
 lose my wife's a tri-fle, Tol lol de rol lol lol de rol de lol, To lose my wife's a tri-fle.

D.S. al Fine