

THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

G D7 G D7
THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER AND HE HAD A LITTLE FARM,
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
AND HE HAD NO HORSE TO CARRY IT ON,
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
SO HE HITCHED UP HIS OXEN AND WENT OUT TO PLOW.
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
ALONG COME THE DEVIL A-CROSSING HIS BROW.
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
OH HOW, MR. DEVIL, WHAT IS IT YOU'LL HAVE?
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
YOUR DARNED OLD SCOLDING WIFE I'LL HAVE.
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
OH NOW, MR. DEVIL, I'LL TELL YOU A PART,
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
YOU MAY HAVE HER WITH ALL OF MY HEART.
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
SO HE THREW THE OLD WOMAN OVER HIS BACK,
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
AND AWAY HE WENT, A-CLICKETY CLACK.
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
WHEN HE ARRIVED AT HIS HALL DOOR,
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
HE THREW THE OLD WOMAN UPON THE FLOOR.
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
ONE LITTLE DEVIL CAME DRAGGING A CHAIN,
G D7 G
SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

G D7 G D7
 SHE UPPED WITH HER FOOT AND SHE KICKED OUT HIS BRAINS.
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 AND ONE LITTLE DEVIL, HE CALLED HER A LIAR,

G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 SHE UPPED WITH HER FOOT AND KICKED NINE IN THE FIRE.
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 ONE LITTLE DEVIL PEEPED OVER THE WALL,
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 CRIED, "TAKE HER BACK, PAPA, SHE'LL KILL US ALL."
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 THE DEVIL, HE BUNDLED HER UP IN A SACK,
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 AND LIKE AN OLD FOOL HE CAME LUGGING HER BACK.
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 SAID HE, "OLD WOMAN, DID YOU FARE VERY WELL?"
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 SAID SHE, "OLD MAN, I FLATTENED ALL HELL."
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE WOMEN?
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.
G D7 G D7
 WON'T HAVE THEM IN HELL, AND THEY CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN.
G D7 G
 SING FOL-DE-ROL, DOL-DE-ROL, DI-DO.

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