

MY OLD WIFE AND I.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

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In playful style.

1. I merrily sing from morn till night, And misery I de - fy;..... And I've a wife who with de-light sings just as hap-py as I..... She

is the com-fort of.. my life, My dar - ling and my pride,.. For twen - ty years to-gether, my boys, We've travel'd it side by side.....

Chorus.

Round goes the world,.. Trou - ble I de - fy;..... Jogging a - long to - geth-er, my boys, My dear old wife and I.....

2 When homeward I'm returning—why
She'll greet me with a smile;
Her dear old face beams with delight,
In such a happy style.
"Sit down by the fireside,"
She'll say, "and take your tea."
She laughs and jokes on t'other side,
A picture boys to see.—*Chorus.*

3 In winter, when the snow is down,
She'll meet me at the door
With "Come in, lad, and warm yourself,
You must be cold, I'm sure."
She brings my slippers, warm and dry,
And lays them by my side;
I never could find her equal, though
I search the world so wide.—*Chorus.*

4 I smoke my pipe and sing my song,
Content to stay at home,
As happy as the day is long,
And ne'er inclined to roam.
There's many talk of single bliss,
And for their freedom sigh,
But that will never be the case
With my old wife and I.—*Chorus.*