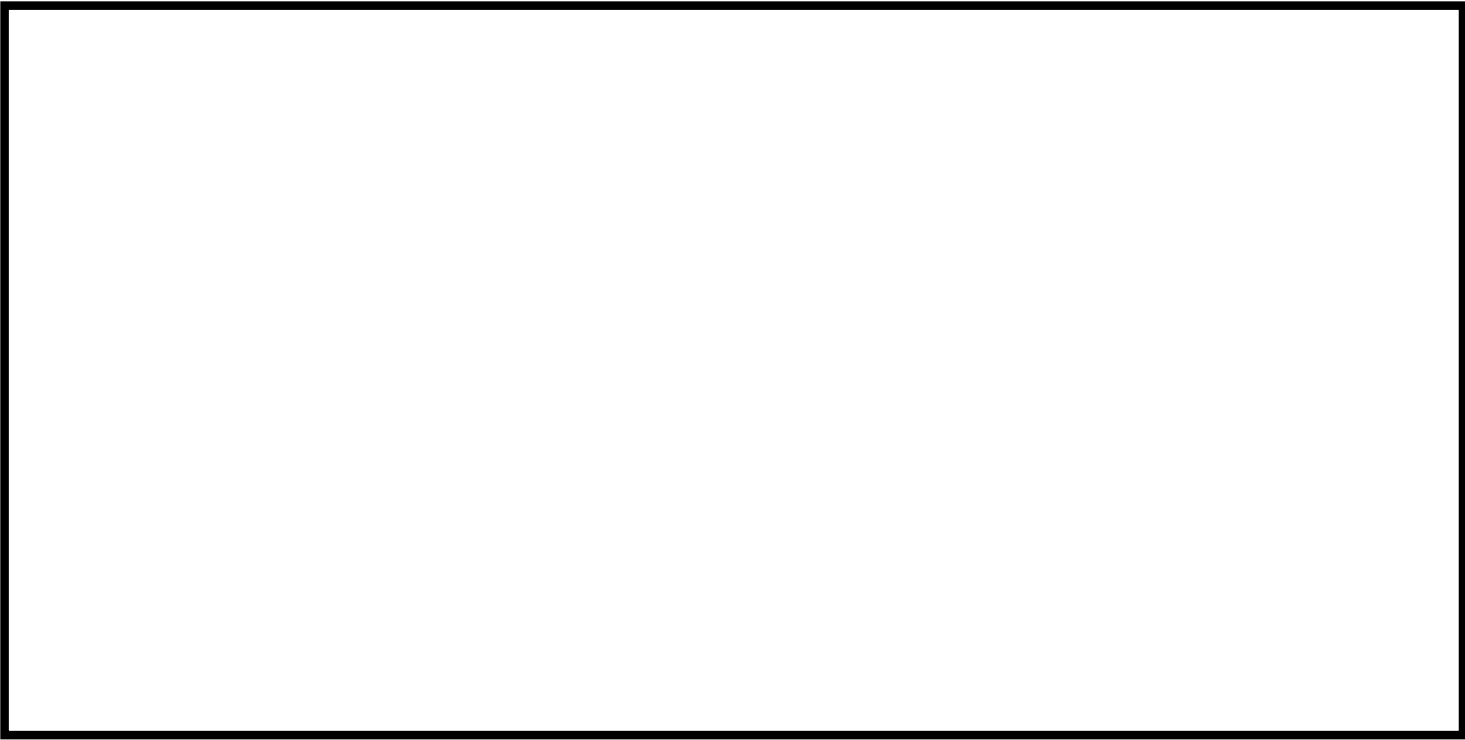



FATHER

GRUMBLE

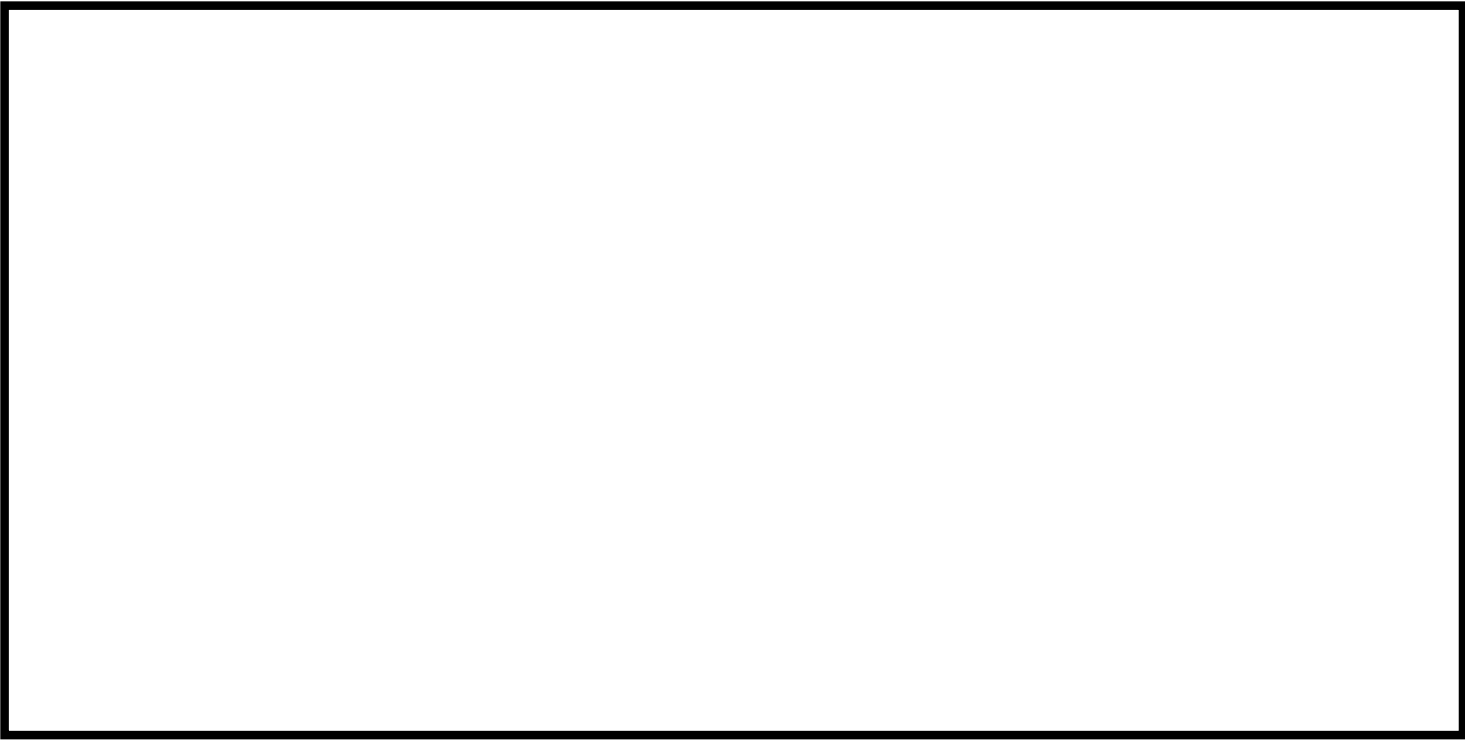
There was an old man that lived in the wood, as you can plainly see  
who said he could do more work in a day than his wife could do in three  
"If that be so," the old woman said "why this you must allow;  
You shall do my work for a day, while I go drive the plow."




"But you must milk the tiny cow, for fear she should go dry  
And you must feed the little pigs that are within the sty  
And you must watch the bracket hen, lest she should lay astray  
And you must wind the reel of yarn that I spun yesterday."



The old woman took the staff in her hand and went to drive the plow  
The old man took the pail in his hand and he went to milk the cow  
But Tiny hitched and Tiny flinched, and Tiny cocked her nose  
And Tiny gave the old man such a kick that the blood ran down to his toes.



"Twas hey my good cow, and ho my good cow, and now my good cow, stand still!  
If I ever milk this cow again, 'twill be against my will."  
And when he milked the tiny cow for fear she should go dry  
Why then he fed the little pigs that were within the sty.



And then he watched the bracket hen lest she should lay astray  
But he forgot the reel of yarn his wife spun yesterday  
He swore by all the leaves on the tree and all the stars in Heaven  
That his wife could do more work in a day than he could do in seven