

## FARMER'S CURST WIFE

Traditional

There was an old farmer at the foot of the hill  
If he ain't moved away he's a-livin' there still  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

The old devil come to him at the plow one day  
And says, "One of your family,  
I'm gonna take away."  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

"Please don't take my eldest son;  
There's too much farm work's gotta be done!"  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

"Well it's not your oldest son I crave,  
It's your scoldin', old wife  
That keeps you a slave."  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

"Take her! O take her with all of my heart!  
I hope, by golly, that you never do part."  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

He carried her down to the fork of the road,  
And he said, "Old woman,  
You're a hell of a load!"  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

Then he carried her down to the gates of hell  
And said, "Poke up the fire;  
We'll scorch her well!"  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

There were seven little devils  
Draggin' their chains.  
She up with her foot and kicked out their brains.  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

Then twelve little devils were climbin' up higher.  
She picked up the poker; knocked nine in the fire.  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

Then three little devils started to squall,  
Sayin', "Take her back Daddy!  
She'll murder us all!"  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

So he carried her back in a tenth of the time  
Sayin', "Take her back, farmer,  
I'm changing' my mind!"  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

He said, "I've been a devil 'most all of my life.  
But I never knew Hell 'til I met your wife!"  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

She was ten years goin', one coming back  
And she chewed the terbaccer  
That she'd left in the crack.  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

This proves that women are stronger than men.  
They can go to Hell; and come back again.  
Hi-diddle-i, diddle-i-fie, diddle-i, diddle-i-day

**As Sung on Judy Cook's CD "Lincoln's America"**

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