Poor Married Man - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

POOR MARRIED MAN.

Just listen to my doleful ditty,
Poor married man,
And when you've heard it you will pity
Poor married man.
I songht a girl's hand, soon did win it,
Married life did then begin it,
But I. alas! put my foot in it,
Poor married man.

The honeymoon was scarcely ended,
Poor married man,
Prove herself master, soon she then did,
Poor married man.
She is, I cannot help declaring,
Very harsh and over-bearing,
In fact, she is the breeches wearing,
Poor married man.

She with the poker, often beats me,
Poor married man,
And otherwise, each day ill treats me,
Poor married man,
She sets me pots and kettles rubbing!
Gives me such a precious snubbing,
If I refuse to do the scrubbing,
Poor married man.

She makes me wash the plates and dishes,
Poor married man,
And do the slightest thing she wishes,
Poor married man.
My boy of two. who scarce can toddle,
Is quite ancient in the noddle,
He points, and calls me "molly coddle,"
Poor married man.

Six " kids" 'round me each day assemble,
Poor married man,
Not one of them does me resemble!
Poor married man.
To make things worse, my daughter Chloey,"
Hooked it with a chap called Joey,
A seedy cove, by trade a "doughty,"
Poor married man.

The treatment I receive is cruel,
Poor married man,
I feel as weak as water gruel,
Poor married man.
I'd, in the butt, my life cut shorter,
But they last week cut off our water,
Because we didn't pay last quarter,
Poor married man.