The World And His Wife - song lyrics

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.
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by Joseph L. Roeckel

The World first met his wife in May,
Where they were lad and lass,
And fell in love, the gossips say,
As sometimes comes to pass;
And such a sweet And tender bride
There never has been found;
And you'll be happy, the gossips cried,
As long as the world goes round;
And you'll be happy, the gossips cried,
As long as the world goes round.

The World, he loved his little bride,
His little bride, alas!
Was not content or satisfied,
As sometimes comes to pass;
She thought she had a crooked fate,
She fretted and she frowned;
For when she bade her world go straight,
He always would go round.

Forgive me, dear, he said to her,
I cannot bear your blame;
It is my fate, I can't go straight,
But I love you just the same.
And in those loving words of his
Her joy once more she found;
'Tis love, you see, sweet wife, said he,
That makes the world go round;
'Tis love, you see, sweet wife, said he,
That makes the world go round.