The Whistling Wife - song lyrics

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THE WHISTLING WIFE.
Written by Harry Randall and A. S. Ellis. Arranged by John S. Baker.

You've heard about the latest fad that fills us with amaze,
I mean that silly fashion called the female whistling craze;
My wife is fairly on the job, although it's so absurd!
And all day long, to my dismay, she whistles like a bird.

Chorus.
You should hear her whistling, drives me mad with her whistling,
she starts it in the evening, and don't leave off till dawn;
You should hear her whistling different kinds of whistling,
She whistles "Yankee Doodle "and the "Dead March in Saul!"

She never calls me by my name, but treats me like a dog,
For now she always whistles me, as if I were a dog;
Last Sunday night we went to church, And I with shame turned red,
For when the people sang the hymns she whistled 'em instead!-Chorus.

She's known at all the pubs around, for she wets her whistle now,
And if I want my meals at home, it don't come off somehow;
I have to whistle for my grub, and chirrup for a sip,
And they say we are the loveliest pair that ever "cocked a lip! "-Chorus.