

THE HOUSEWIFE'S LAMENT

Verse:

Chorus:

1. One day I was walking I heard a complaining,
 And saw an old woman the picture of gloom.
 She gazed at the mud on her doorstep ('twas raining)
 And this was her song as she wielded her broom.

CHORUS:

Oh, life is a toil and love is a trouble,
 Beauty will fade and riches will flee,
 Pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,
 And nothing is as I would wish it to be.

2 There's too much of worryment goes to a bonnet,
 There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt,
 There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,
 There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt.

3. In March it is mud, it is slush in December,
 The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust,
 In fall the leaves litter, in muddy September
 The wallpaper rots and the candlesticks rust.

4. There are worms on the cherries and slugs on the roses,
 And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies,
 The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes
 And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

5. With grease and with grime from corner to centre,
 Forever at war and forever alert,
 No rest for a day lest the enemy enter,
 I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.