Ladle Song

Ladle Song

A rich old miser married me,
His age was threescore ten and three,
While mine was scarcely seventeen,
Oh I wish his face I never had seen!

'Twas late last night when he came home,
And he began to fret and fume
He beat me and he banged me,too
Till my poor limbs were all black and blue.

Early the next morning I arose
And after putting on my clothes
While he lay sleeping on his bed
Oh! I did my ladle break over his head.

Then I began to scold about,
I being courageous, bold and stout
I told him such works I never would have
And then anothewr blow I gave.

Now all young women who intend to marry
Never mind what housing stuff you carry,
And wherever you go, or ehatever you do
Be sure and carry a ladle or two.

Come all youg women who have cross men
And don't know how to govern them
'Twas with my ladle I brought him to
And that is the way you all must do.

From Folk Songs of Old New England, Linscott
Collected from Ella May Wright, who learned it from her father.
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