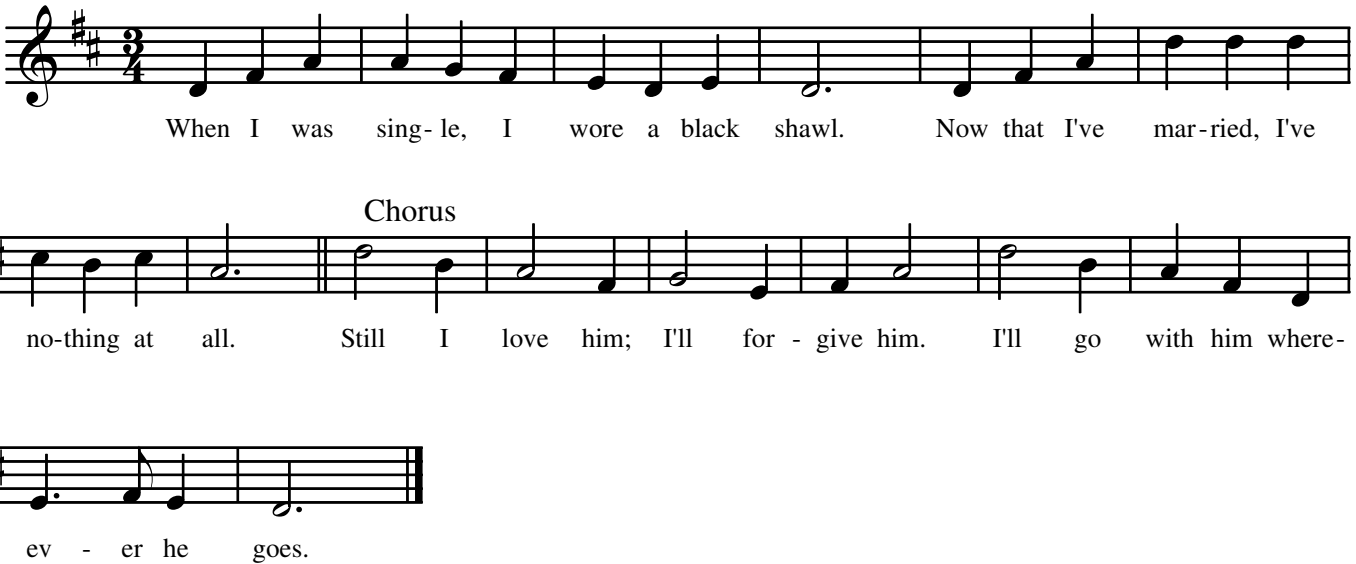


WHEN I WAS SINGLE

Ballad on the Dangers of Marriage

Whistle



When I was sing-le, I wore a black shawl. Now that I've mar-ried, I've

7 Chorus
no-thing at all. Still I love him; I'll for-give him. I'll go with him where-

15
ev-er he goes.

He works in the pityard for twelve bob a week;
He comes home on Saturdays full as a leach.

He stands at the corner and whistles me out,
His hands in his pockets, his shirt hanging out.

He bought me a handkerchief red, white and blue
And then to clean windows he tore it in two.

He took me to the alehouse and bought me some stout;
Before I could drink it he ordered me out.

Oh I like an apple and I like a pear,
And I like a pitman with nice curly hair.