

When I was single

Ballad on the Dangers of Marriage

D-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 haning 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.

Normal Overblown

