

Husband With No Courage in Him

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As I walked out one summer's day
To view the fields and the leaves a-springing
I saw two maidens standing by
And one of them her hands was wringing
And all of her conversation was
My husband's got no courage in him,

Oh dear, no oh dear, no,
My husband's got no courage in him, oh dear, no

All sorts of meat I do preserve
All sorts of drink that's fitting for him
Both oyster pies and rhubarb too
But nothing will put courage in him

It's seven years I've made his bed
And six of them I've laid agin him
And this morn I rose with my maidenhead
Now that shows he's got no courage in him

Can be heard on A. L. Lloyd "The Foggy Dew" and Paul Clayton
"Unholy Matrimony"
SOF