

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### On Monday Morning

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On Monday morning I married a wife,  
Thinking to live and a sober life,  
But as she turned out, I'd better been dead,  
The remarkable day that I was wed,  
To me rite fol-lol-liddle-lol-le-day.

On Tuesday morning I goes to the wood,  
I cut a stick both fine and good,  
The finest stick that ever you did see,  
I cut him out of a holly holly tree,  
To me rite fol-lol-liddle-lol-le-day.

On Wednesday morning then home goes I,  
Thinking a battle I must try.  
I beat him about her back and her wig,  
Until I'd a-broke me holly, holly twig,  
To me rite fol-lol-liddle-lol-le-day.

On Thursday morning my poor wife,  
She was sick and like to die,  
If she isn't better tomorrow, you see,  
The devil may have her for all of me,  
To me rite fol-lol-liddle-lol-le-day.

On Friday morning the sun did shine,  
And I walked out in the midst of my prime,  
Oh, the devil he come in, in the mudst of the game,  
And he took her away, both blind and lame,  
To me rite fol-lol-liddle-lol-le-day.

On Saturday morning it's five days past  
My poor wife is dead at last  
The big bell shall ring and the little one shall toll  
And I'll go home like a jolly old soul,  
To me rite fol-lol-liddle-lol-le-day.

On Sunday morning I dined without  
I had ne'er a wife to scold me about  
Here's good luck to my pipe, my bottle and my friend  
And here's good luck to a week's work end.

From Penguin Book of English Folk Songs, Williams and Lloyd  
Collected from W. Alexander, Hants, 1909

Note: A spiritual relation to Had a Wife and Got no Good of Her;  
possible relation to Wife Wrapt in a Wether's Skin. RG