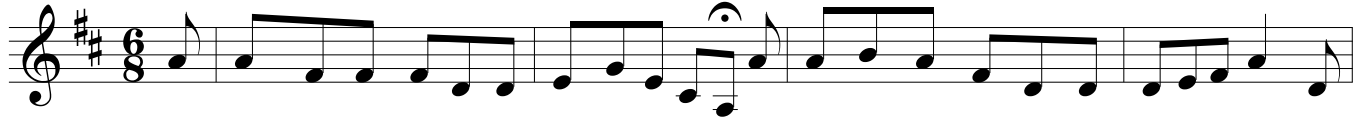


# The Mother-in-law



Kind friends, if you'll lis-ten I'll sing you a dit-ty A - bout the worst wo-man that ev-er I saw, And



when you do hear it you'll think it a pi - ty That ev - er I had such a moth - er - in - law.



My life is all trou-bles, I can-not live hap-py, If I op-en my mouth she will shoot off her jaw. I would



soon-er by sent off to jail or to con-gress, Than to live all my life with my moth-er-in-law.

Whatever I do, she is always fault finding,  
Wherever I go, she is sure to be there,  
And if I don't do everything that she tells me,  
She'll quick help herself to a lock of my hair.

(Chorus)

Now she's got the notion that she is good lookin';  
She's the worst lookin' woman that ever I seen.  
The other day she sat down to have her picture taken  
And the very first glance, sure she broke the machine.

(Chorus)

Now she is so homely she frightens the children,  
You ought to once see her walk out on the street,  
Her mouth is as big as a crack in a punkin,  
A hump on her back and such awful great feet.

(Chorus)

I told her once, when I married her daughter  
I did not intend the whole family to wed;  
She quickly picked up a pail of cold water  
And taking good aim, she let fly at my head.

(Chorus)

They say they have got some good marksmen in England,  
Their shots are so fine there is sometimes a draw,  
But I bet you ten dollars there's none that can equal  
That ironclad gun bullet, my mother-in-law.

(Chorus)