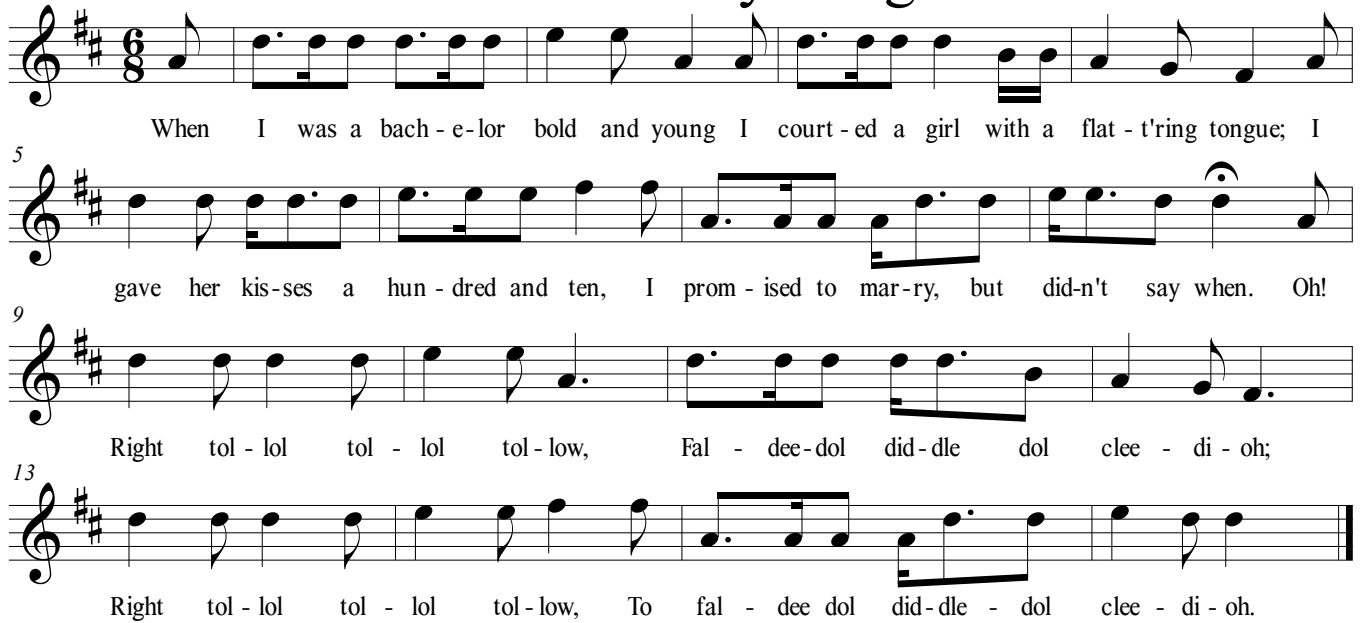


The Hickory Twig



When I was a bach - e - lor bold and young I court - ed a girl with a flat - t'ring tongue; I
5 gave her kis - ses a hun - dred and ten, I prom - ised to mar - ry, but did - n't say when. Oh!
9 Right tol - lol tol - lol tol - low, Fal - dee - dol did - dle dol clee - di - oh;
13 Right tol - lol tol - lol tol - low, To fal - dee dol did - dle - dol clee - di - oh.

Last Monday morning I married a wife,
Hoping to lead a better life;
But to my surprise I found it not so,
And all my pleasure was turned to woe.
Chorus

Last Tuesday morning to my surprise,
A little before the sun did rise;
She took the broom-stick give me more
Than ever I had in my life before.
Chorus

Last Wednesday morning I went to the woods
To get some hickories to make her good;
As I passed by the thicket so green
I cut me the toughest that ever was
seen.
Chorus

Last Thursday I laid the hickories by
Resolved that on Friday I would them try;
Then if she's no better as better may be
The devil may take her and keep her for me.
Chorus