

Wayward Wife *(J. Meneely)*

As my mother's only daughter, I was doused with holy water
And told to pawn my rosary if the future was in doubt.
When Ma she died, God save her, and in the grave they laid her,
'Twas time to seek my fortune, so to the pawn shop I set out.
Now seeing such a comely lass, the broker there did make a pass. (And)
Thinking matrimony might provide an easy life,
I thought about what could evolve and worked to harden his resolve.
He rose to the occasion and Himself took me to wife.

CHORUS:

Fol-di-rol-di-riddly-rye
Fol-di-rol-di-ray
Fol-di-rol-di-riddly-rye
Fol-di-rol-di-ray

With a ring upon my finger, I was inclined to linger—
At least until a better opportunity should knock.
One day in walks a sailor fresh off a Yankee whaler.
With a wink he pawns his pocket watch and heads back to the dock.
With feelings quite immodest and some gold inside my bodice,
I nabbed that sailor's pocket watch, lookin' forward to some fun.
No sooner had I left the store, my sailor spied me at the door.
Gallantly he took my arm, and we set off at a run.

CHORUS

He led me to a tavern where the better sort would never dare
To enter in to anything that smacked of honest trade.
And there we both made merry a'tipplin' on the sherry,
Until the lookout hollered that it looked to be a raid.
We all went helter-skelter seeking any kind of shelter,
When no other but Himself it was came bursting through the door.
With references off-color, he described my sailor's mother,
Which had to mean that he was keen on settling the score.

CHORUS

My sailor with a nimble twist did clutch some iron in his fist

And faced Himself undaunted as he hollered, "Better run!"
Though all was topsy-turvy, Himself was rather nervy.
'Twas clear he meant to stand his ground, and besides—he had a gun.
My sailor with a jaundiced eye decided things had gone awry,
And diving out the window, he took off for points unknown.
But Himself was on a bender, so he shot the poor bartender.
When they hauled him off to jail, I was left quite on my own.

CHORUS

Now sure worse things could happen to a girl who might be grapplin'
With the question of her future and what next she ought to do.
With gold inside my pocket and a ship there at the dock, it
Seemed that sailing to America might be the prudent move.
On landing here in Baltimore, I opened up a chandlery store
And though the matrons mutter that I'm but the wayward wife,
I'm happy to be sporting when the sailors come a'courting,
And at every chance, I raise a glass and I drink to the single life.

CHORUS