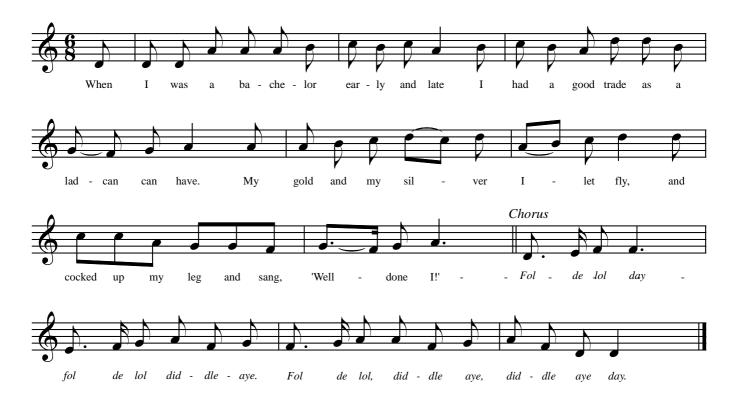
## The Holly Twig - Mr Hilton



When I was a bachelor early and late
I had as good trade as a lad can have.
My gold and my silver I let fly,
and cocked up my leg and sang, 'Well done I!'

Chorus Fol de lol day, fol de lol diddle aye. Fol de lol diddle aye, diddle aye day.

- On Monday morning I married a wife, thinking to lead a sober life; I wished in my heart I had been dead before I enjoyed her maidenhead.
- 3 So on Tuesday morning I went to the wood, thinking to do my wife some good; I cut off a twig of holly so green, as fine a twig as ever was seen.
- 4 So on Wednesday morning I hung it to dry, and on Thursday morning I did it try; I laid on her back and I laid on her wig, until I'd broken my holly twig.

- 5 On Friday morning to my surprise, a little before the sun did rise, she opened her mouth and began to roar, and I thought in my heart that she ne'er give o'er.
- 6
  On Saturday morning she began her game;
  I beat her till she was blind and lame.
  The devil came in at the height of the game,
  and stole her away both blind and lame.
- So on Sunday noon I dined in state without a scolding wife or a howling mate. Now I'm enjoying my bottle and friend, and what do you think of my jolly weekend?