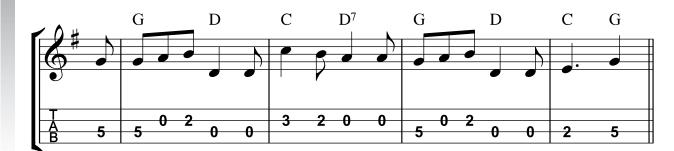
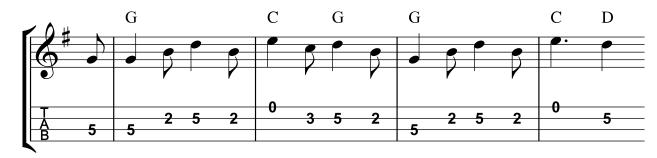
## Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

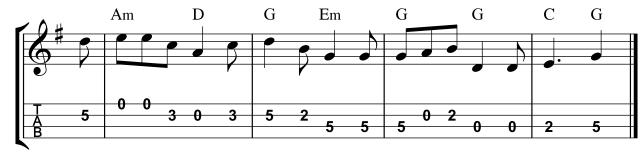
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## The Quaker's Wife

The Quaker's wife got up to bake With all her children round her, She gave them each a slice of cake And there the Baker found her. He chased her up and down the town, As fast as he could make her, And merrily danced the Quaker's wife And merrily danced the Quaker.

The Quaker's wife came to my door To borrow a market penny, But I'd been had that way before, And said I hadn't any, And oh she sighed and oh she cried,

Then she went up the street O,
But the wind it blew her cloak aside,
And there was the butcher's meat O!

My Aunty died a week ago
And left me all her money.
A little black hen, a pig in a pen, And
twenty jars of honey.
The hen and the pig they depend a jig

The hen and the pig they danced a jig And knocked against the door O, The honey it came trickling down And stuck their feet to the floor O!





Quaker's Wife