

Smoothing Iron, The

'Twas on the Monday morning,
When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming,
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble-Oh!
Washing her linen-Oh!
Dashing away with a smoothing iron,
She stole my hear away.

'Twas on the Tuesday morning,
When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming,
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble-Oh!
Shaking her linen-Oh!
Dashing away with a smoothing iron,
She stole my hear away.

'Twas on the Wednesday morning,
When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming,
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble-Oh!
Drying her linen-Oh!
Dashing away with a smoothing iron,
She stole my hear away.

'Twas on the Thursday morning,
When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming,
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble-Oh!
Airing her linen-Oh!
Dashing away with a smoothing iron,
She stole my hear away.

'Twas on the Friday morning,
When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming,
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble-Oh!
Ironing her linen-Oh!
Dashing away with a smoothing iron,
She stole my hear away.

'Twas on the Saturday morning,
When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming,
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble-Oh!
Folding her linen-Oh!
Dashing away with a smoothing iron,
She stole my hear away.

'Twas on the Sunday morning,

When I beheld my darling.
She looked so neat and charming,
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble-Oh!
Wearing her linen-Oh!
Dashing away with a smoothing iron,
She stole my hear away.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.