

## Domestic

### Steeleye Span

A jolly Shoemaker was Hobbs, John Hobbs  
A jolly Shoemaker John Hobbs  
He married Miss Carter  
No lady was smarter  
But he caught a tartar  
Did Hobbs, John Hobbs  
But he caught a tartar, did Hobbs

He took her to market did Hobbs, John Hobbs  
He took her to market John Hobbs  
She made such a ruction  
He threatened destruction  
Or sell her by auction  
Would Hobbs, John Hobbs  
He's sell her by auction , would Hobbs

"Who'll buy a wife?", said Hobbs, John Hobbs  
"A very good wife" said Hobbs  
But somehow they tell us  
These wife dealing fellows  
Were most of them sellers, like Hobbs, John Hobbs  
They're most of them sellers, like Hobbs

"Bring me a rope" said Hobbs, John Hobbs  
"A very strong rope" said Hobbs  
I'll not stand to wrangle  
Myself I will strangle  
He hung dingle dangle did Hobbs, John Hobbs  
He hung dingle dangle, did Hobbs

Down his wife cut him, did Hobbs, Jane Hobbs  
Down his wife cut him, Jane Hobbs  
With a few hubble-bubbles  
They settled their troubles  
Like most married couples, John Hobbs, Jane Hobbs  
Like most married couples, the Hobbs

As I walked out one May morning  
To view the fields and the leaves a springing  
I saw two maidens standing by  
And one of them her hands was ringing  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh

All sorts of vitals I did provide  
All sorts of meats that's fitting for him

Oyster pie and rhubarb too  
But nothing will put courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh

My husband can dance and caper and sing  
And do anything that's fitting for him  
But he cannot do the thing I want

Because he has no courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh

My husband's admired wherever he goes  
And everyone looks well upon him  
With his handsome features and well shaped leg  
But still he's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh

Every night when I goes to bed  
I lie and throw my leg right o'er him  
And my hand I clap between his thighs  
But I can't put any courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh

Seven long years I've made his bed  
And every night I've lain beside him  
But this morning I rose with my maidenhead  
For nothing will put courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh

I wish my husband he was dead  
And in his grave I'd quickly lay him  
And then I'd try another one  
That's got a bit of courage in him  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh  
Oh dear oh, oh dear oh  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear oh