Dashing Away With the Smoothing Iron



Twas on a Tuesday Morning, When I beheld my darling; She looked so neat and charming In every high degree; She looked so neat and nimble, O, A-hanging her linen, O, Dashing away with the smoothing iron, Dashing away with the smoothing iron, She stole my heart away.

Wednesday - "A-starching of her linen,O"

Thursday - "A-ironing of her linen, O"

Friday - "A-folding of her linen-O"

Saturday - "A-airing of her linen-O"

Sunday - "A-wearing of her linen-O"