

10. Risselty Rosselty

This is another old American song full of humor and nonsense.

 C F C
I married a wife in the month of June
G7 C
Risselty risselty now now now
 C F C
I carried her off by the light of the moon
G7 C
Risselty risselty, hey bombosity
G7 C
Nickety nackety, retrico quality
G7 C
Willoughby wolloughby now now now

She combed her hair but once a year...
With every rake she shed a tear...

She swept the floor but once a year...
She swore her broom was much to dear...

She churned the butter in dad's old boot...
And for a dasher she used her foot...

The butter came out a greasily gray...
The cheese took legs and ran away...

She saw a spider and then she screamed...
The trouble was it was in the cream...

The cheese and molasses are on the shelf...
If you want any more verses you can sing them
yourself...