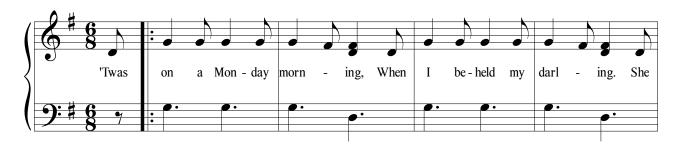
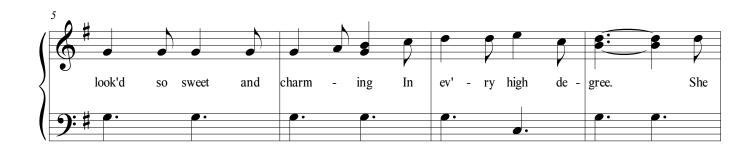
Dashing Away With the Smoothing Iron

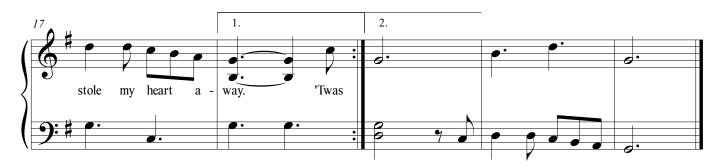
traditional English arranged by Eleanor Gow











'Twas on a Tuesday morning,
When I beheld my darling.
She look'd so neat and charming,
In ev'ry high degree.
She look'd so neat and nimble, oh!
A hanging of her linen,oh!
Dashing away with the smoothing ir'n!
Dashing away with the smoothing ir'n!
She stole my heart away.

Wednesday - A starching of her linen, oh!

Thursday - A ir'ning of her linen, oh!

Friday - A folding of her linen, oh!

Saturday - A airing of her linen, oh!

Sunday - A wearing of her linen, oh!