Heather Dale, The Farmer's Curst Wife

There was an old farmer, lived o'er the hill
If he aint moved on, he's living there still
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
The devil came to him one day
Said, one of your kin, I'm gonna take away
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
singing
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day

Oh, please don't take my only son
There's work on the farm, that's gotta be done
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
But you can have my nagging wife
I swear by god, she's the curse of my life
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
singing
fie fie diddle die
fie fie diddl-ie day

So they marched on down to the gates of hell
He said, kick on the fire, boys, we'll roast her well
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
Out came a little demon with a spit and chain
That she upped with her foot and she knocked out his brain
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
singing
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day

Out came a dozen demons then a dozen more
But when she was done they was flat on the floor
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
So all those little demons went scrambling up the wall
Saying take her back, daddy, she'll murder us all
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
singing
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day

So the farmer woke up and he looked out the crack
And he saw that devil bringing her back
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
Here's your wife both sound and well
If I kept her any longer she'd've tore up hell
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
singing
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day

The old man jumped and he bit his tongue
Then he ran for the hills in a flat out run
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day

He was heard to yell, as he ran o'er the hill
If the devil won't have her, 'be damned if I will
singing
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
singing
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie day
singing
-fie fie diddle die
-fie fie diddl-ie diddl-ie day