

## Unknown

### "Dumb Dumb Dumb"

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Dumb, Dumb, Dumb

There was a bonny blade had married a country maid  
And safely conducted her home, home, home;  
She was neat in every part and she pleased him to the  
heart  
But ah! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and she could hake, she could sew and  
she could make  
She could sweep round the house with a broom,  
broom, broom; She  
could wash and she could wring and do any kind of  
thing, But ah!  
and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he went for to give himself content  
And to cure his good wife of the mum, mum, mum.  
Oh! it is the easiest part that belongs unto my art,  
For to make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb,  
dumb.  
So the doctor be did bring and he cut her chattering  
string  
And her tongue it began for to run, run, run;  
In the morning when she rose she filled the house with  
noise  
And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum.

To the doctor then he goes with his heart all full of woe,  
Saying, " Doctor, you have me undone, undone;  
For my wife she's turned a scold and her tongue she  
cannot hold  
And I'd give all the world she was dumb, dumb, dumb."

"When I did undertake to make thy wife to speak,  
It was a thing easily done, done, done;  
But it's past the art of man, let him do whate'er be can,  
For to make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue,  
tongue."

from Room for Company, Palmer

Note: first published in 1525

@wife @doctor @marriage  
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