

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed  
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our  
    creed ;  
We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd the thing at  
    tea,  
And the more we arg'd the question the more we didn't  
    agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow ;  
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was  
    only—How ?  
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had ;  
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke ;  
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.  
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a  
    bowl,  
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup ;  
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up ;  
And so that heaven we arg'd no nearer to us got,  
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as  
    hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way ;  
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say ;  
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,  
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.