

Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma - song lyrics

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Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma

I spoon a girl named Mary Ann, a tender little dove,
Who cost me lots of halfpence, and a precious deal of love;
She's living with her mother, as a maiden ought to do,
And looks as straight and proper as a saint, or me. or you.
But somehow when I trot her round, no matter where we go,
I'm struck with all the people that this maiden seems to know;
For certain, as my Mary Ann I proudly take about,
Some head pops round the corner, and a vulgar voice will shout:

Chorus.

"Oh! very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma,
She little (bought when you came out, you'd go so far,
I'm sure your mother doesn't know the girl you are,
Mary Ann, fie! for shame, yah! yah! yah! oh! yah!"

We went last Whitsun Monday to the forest by the rail.
We did the thing first class, of course, at that I never fail;
I tipp'd the guard a shilling, or what you might call a bob,
To lock us in a carriage and preserve us from the mob.
We sat on downy cushions, and the curtains drew for fun,
For Polly said her pretty eyes they could not bear the sun;
But when we settled snugly and were just about to go,
A head came through the Window and a fellow shouted-Oh!
Oh, very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma, &c.

We wandered through the forest glades, as happy as could lie,
We thought from vulgar people there, we should at least lie free;
We sought a sweet secluded spot, where none our vows could hear,
And whisper'd those soft, silly things, that lovers think so dear.
We sat beneath a spreading oak. our loving arms entwined,
While I was fond and foolish, she was gentle, sweet and kind;
But just as my passion told, and sealed it with a kiss,
A chap, birds-nesting up above, so rudely shouted this:-
Oh! very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma, &c.

We came away disgusted, and we quickly made for home, >
For everywhere we met the cry, no matter where we'd roam;
My Mary Ann declared to me she knew those people not.
In fact, she said she would not mix with such a vulgar lot.
But on this precious mystery I have some little doubt,
And almost think that "Mary Ann must know her way aliout.
For when we parted at her door, or rather, just inside,
A voice came down the staircase, and her little brother cried:-
Spoken-"Oh! oh! oh!"
Oh! very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma, &c.