

Don't You Know - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DON'T YOU KNOW?

Words by T. Malcolm Watson. Music by Wilford Morgan.

Whither away my rustic lass, whither in such swift haste?
Nay, sir, I pray you, let me pass, for time I have none to waste;
The sun's going down in the West, don't you know?
The birds flying home to their rest, don't you know?
And night will be here, too quickly I fear.
So, sir, you must please let me go, don't you know?
Yes sir, you must please let me go.

How can I go if you hold my hand fast in your own, as now?
While, heedless of threats, you laughingly stand right in my path, I vow;
How rumor "would wag her wise head, don't you know?
With many a "Just as I said, " don't you know?
Were she to be told of conduct so bold;
So, sir, you must please let me go, don't you know?
Yes, sir, you must please let me go.

"Not till I've paid the toll, " you say, and what may the toll then bet
"A kiss! "Ah, no! I decline to pay such an extravagant fee;
But, if you should take it by force, don't you know?
I'd protest, as a matter of course, don't you know?
Then none could opine the blame to be mine.
For, otherwise, how could I go, don't you know?
Since you, sirrah, would have it so.