

# There's None Like A Mother, If Ever So Poor - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THERE'S NONE LIKE A MOTHER, IF EVER SO POOR.

You tell me you love me; I fain would believe.  
And will make me your own bride and never deceive;  
You offer to me your heart and your hand,  
And make me the mistress of houses and land.  
I am but a poor girl, the truth I will tell;  
My mother's a widow, in yon cottage doth dwell;  
She who nursed me in sickness, with little in store,  
Now I'll never desert her because she is poor.

You have promised me servants and carriages gay,  
And perhaps, to deceive me and lead me astray;  
For some men they will flatter to destroy a girl's name,  
And soon she's reduced to a sad life of shame,  
And then she's insulted by each passer-by;  
Her life is a burden, she could lay down and die.  
While here I am contented by our own cottage-door;  
There's none like a mother, if ever so poor.

My dear father's words still ring in my ears;  
When dying he bid me my Maker to fear,  
And be kind to my mother-from her never part;  
If I were to leave her, it would break her heart.  
Still, if we were to marry, I should lead a sad life,  
When your friends that are rich knew you'd got a poor wife;  
Your parents might slight me-it has been so before;  
I'll not leave my mother, altho' she is poor.

But if I were your equal, with wealth to command,  
I'd willingly give you my heart and my hand,  
And soothe every sorrow, dispel every care,  
For there's truth in your face-I believe you're sincere.  
If your parents would bless us, and give their consent,  
We would all live together in peace and content;  
Then my poor aged mother should sorrow no more,