

Don't Tell Her That You Saw Me - song lyrics

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

Don't Tell Her that You Saw Me.
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Words and Music by Raphael Fassett

In a distant little village there dwells a charming girl,
To me she is the sweetest in the world.
It is but a year or more since I left that village shore,
To seek my fortune in an unknown land.
Adventures wild und bold, were stories that I told
To this little maiden by the sea;
And when by chance one day some men led me astray,
This is the story that I would have told:

Chorus.
Don't tell her that you saw me, down at the city's keep,
Don't tell her that 'twas drink that made me go.
Don't mention it to father, or to my mother dear,
For if you don't I know she'll never know.

Away from home and friends, and in a strange, strange land,
The tempter that has mined many a man,
Secured me in a grasp, from which I found it hard to break,
And run away to home and friends once more.
Long years of weary waiting, and the prayers of those I loved,
Have made the man within me rise above, *.
And now, ere long, the sweetheart I left on distant shores,
Will welcome me forever, evermore.

Chorus.
Don't tell her that you saw me down at the city's keep,
Don't tell her that 'twas drink that made me go.
Don't mention it to father, or to my mother dear,
For if you don't I know she'll never know.