

# Up In A Mulberry Tree - song lyrics

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

Up in a Mulberry Tree.

As sung by Miss Annie Pixley.

I'm a daughter of Eve, I would not deceive,

So please to think kindly of me,

I'm not plain to view, but I'm looking at you,

Up in a mulberry tree.

Half-hidden in leaves, one barely perceives

A bonny big baby called me;

A sweet little girl, with her hair all a-curl,

Up in a mulberry tree.

Her small finger-tips are stained, And her lips

Arc purple as purple can be;

'Twould tell tales to kiss such a merry young miss,

Up in a mulberry tree.

I firmly believe is the daughter of Eve,

This dimpled young damsel named me,

Would tempt one with fruit, and then kiss him to boot,

Up in a mulberry tree.