

# Wash Me, Mother Dear - song lyrics

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

WASH ME, MOTHER DEAR.

As sung by the great Wood Family.

Do you think I'm asking much of you, my mother?  
I have been without a collar for a week;  
That I have only one, it's true, my mother,  
For which you must admit I fondly seek.  
I know 'twas looking rather black, my mother,  
Black and shiny, mother, as your own gelosh;  
But I long to have that collar back, my mother.  
Oh, when may I expect it from the wash?

Chorus.

Oh, when may I expect it, oh, when may I expect if,  
Expect it from the wash, my mother, dear?  
From the wash, my mother, wash, my mother, wash, my mother,  
Expect it from the wash, my mother, dear?

I went to school this morning early, mother,  
The board inspector came to see us, dear;  
He's plain and tall, and rather burly, mother,  
I knew my lessons well, and I had no fear.  
But soon he found I had no collar, mother.  
And suggested that my face required a rub;  
He boxed my ears and made me holler, mother,  
And said I looked an awful little scrub.

CHORUS.

He said I looked a scrub, he said I looked like a scrub,  
An awful little scrub, my mother, dear;  
Like a scrub, my mother, scrub, my mother, scrub, my mother,  
Like an awful" little scrub, my mother, dear.

I cannot stand it anymore, my mother.  
My little heart is well nigh rent in twain;  
I must confess my grief is sore, my mother,  
I'm young too young, to bear such abject pain.  
My observation is not slow, my mother,  
The sneers of vulgar boys will surely cease;  
When my garment do not show, my mother,  
Such patches and such holes, and spots of grease.

Chorus.

Such patches and such holes, such patches and such holes,  
Such holes and spots of grease, my mother, dear;  
Spots of grease, my mother, grease, my mother,  
Such holes and spots of grease, my mother, dear.

I think I'll take a situation, mother,  
My uncle has a fishing smack, you know;  
He offers me some occupation, mother,  
On board, if you will only let me go.  
I shall rid me of unruly shrimps, my mother,  
In fifteen years perhaps I may come back;  
I'll learn the lobsters and the shrimps, my mother,  
To boil on board my uncles fishing smack.

Chorus.

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

To boil on board my uncle's, on board to boil, my uncle's.  
My uncle's fishing smack, my mother, dear;  
Fishing smack, my mother, smack, my mother, boil my uncle's.  
Boil my uncle's, fishing smack, my mother, dear.