

Tom, If You Love Me, Say So - song lyrics

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

Tom, If You Love Me, Say So.
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Dear Tom, my brave, free-hearted lad,
Where'er you go, God bless you;
You'd better speak than wish you had,
If love for me distress you.
To me, they say, your thoughts incline,
And possibly they may so;
Then, once for all, to quiet mine,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

On that sound heart and manly frame
Sits lightly sport or labor;
Good humored, frank, and still the same
To parent, friend, or neighbor.
Then why postpone your love to own
For me from day to day so,
And let me whisper still alone,
Tom, if you love me, say so?

How oft when I was sick, or sad,
With some remembered folly,
The sight of you has made me glad,
And then most melancholy?
Ah! why will thoughts of one so good
Upon my spirit prey so?
By you it should be understood,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

Last Monday at the cricket match
No rival stood before you;
In harvest time, for quick dispatch,
The farmers all adore you;
And evermore your praise they sing,
Though one thing you delay so;
And I sleep nightly murmuring,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

Whate'er of ours you chance to seek,
Almost before you breathe it,
I bring with blushes on my cheek,
And all my soul goes with it.
Why thank me then with voice so low,
And faltering turn away so?
When next you come, before you go,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

When Jasper Wild beside the brook
Resentful 'round us lowered,
I oft recall that lion look
That quelled the savage coward.
Bold words and free you uttered then,
Would they could find their way so;
When these moist so plainly mean,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

My friends, 'tis true, are well to do,
And yours are poor and friendless;
Ah, no, for they are rich in you,
Their happiness is endless.
You never let them shed a tear,
Save that on you they weigh so;
There's one might bring you better cheer,
Tom, if you love me, say so!

My uncle's legacy is all
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For you, Tom, when you choose it;
In better hands it cannot fall,
Or better trained to use it.
I'll wait for years, but let me not,
Nor wooed nor plighted stay so;
Since wealth and worth make even lot,
Tom, if you love me, say so!