

# Listen To My Tale Of Woe - song lyrics

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

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.  
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A little peach in an orchard grew,  
Listen to my tale of woe;  
A little peach of emerald hue.  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew.  
It grew, it grew,  
Listen to my tale of woe.  
One day in passing the orchard through,  
Listen to my tale of woe,  
That little peach dawned on the view  
Of Johnny Jones and his sister, Sue,  
Them two, them two,  
Listen to my tale of woe.

Chorus.  
Hard trials for them two,  
Johnny Jones and his sister, Sue,  
And the peach of emerald hue.  
That grew, that grew.  
Listen to my tale of woe.

Now up at the peach a club they threw.  
Listen to my tale of woe;  
Down from the stem on which it grew  
Fell the little peach of emerald hue,  
Poor John, poor Sue,  
Listen to my tale of woe.  
Now she took a bite and John a chew,  
Listen to my tale of woe,  
And then the trouble began to brew,  
A trouble that the doctor couldn't subdue.  
Too true, too true,  
Listen to my tale of woe.-Chorus.

Under the turf where the daisies grew.  
Listen to my tale of woe.  
They planted John and his sister, Sue,  
And their little souls to the angels flew.  
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,  
Listen to my tale of woe.  
But what of the peach of emerald hue.  
Listen to my tale of woe,  
That was warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
All! well, its mission on earth is through.  
Adieu, adieu,  
Listen to my tale of woe.-Chorus.