

# I Never Tell Tales Out Of School - song lyrics

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

I Never Tell Tales Out of School.  
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By Joe Hart.

I hate a girl who's always telling everything she hears,  
And watches just what people say or do;  
I know a lot of things, but then, of course, I wouldn't tell-  
That is, except in confidence to you;  
When Bridget broke the bric-a-brac, and the porter came home tight,  
And the cook gave things and told the boy to run;  
And the housekeeper sat in the parlor with her beau last night,  
I told the landlord, oh! my! there was fun.

Chorus.  
But I never tell a thing that I might see or hear,  
So don't you mention what I've said just now.  
For if you do, I'm sure that they'd be awful mad,  
And that would get me into such a row;  
'Twas funny when papa kissed our new servant girl,  
I wonder if he does it as a rule,  
But, of course, I wouldn't mention it to anyone else,  
For I never tell tales out of school.

I never will forget one day when Mary, on the sly,  
Gave a policeman some cold lunch and wine.  
And when mamma came home that night, I told her just for fun.  
Oh! my! but she just raised an awful time;  
When brother John fell in the pond and spoiled his Sunday clothes.  
And James he broke the brand-new entry lamp;  
And the butcher hugged our hired girl until she couldn't breathe,  
When I said "yum yum," "oh! my! how they did scamp.- Chorus.