Her Name Was Mary Wood, But Mary Wouldn't - song lyrics

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Her Name Was Mary Wood, but Mary Wouldn't. Copyright, 1897, by Louis Haas. Words by Andrew Sterling. Music by Chas. Robinson.

Once there lived a little maiden, modest, bashful, and so good, In a quiet little village, and her name was Mary Wood:
All the village lads adored her, but more eager than the rest, Johnny Jones and little Willie, each to win her did his best.
One night little Willie brought her for a stroll outside the town.
When of walking both grew weary, just to rest a bit, sat down;
Willie placed his arms around her, Mary blush'd as maiden should.
When he whispered something to her, and he asked her if she would.

Chorus.

Of course, she understood, but said she couldn't;
Willie said if she would try, she'd learn to like him bye and bye,
He told her of the pleasure and the joy;
But Mary said she wouldn't dare to do &,
For if she did, perhaps some day she'd rue it;
Mary soon began to pout, so Willie had to go without.
Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't kiss the boy.

Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't.

Little Willie's love grew hopeless, and he went off in despair, Johnny Jones he came a-wooing for to win this maiden fair; And to prove his fond affection bought her presents by the score, Till one summer's day he met her standing at her cottage door. Loving words to her were spoken, in a soft and tender tone, And he told her of a present he had bought for her alone; And he said if she would take him to some quiet neighborhood, He would teach her how to use it if she'd promise that she would.

Chorus.

Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't,
Tho' Johnny said she could, she said she couldn't:
Johnny said if she would mount, if she fell off it wouldn't count,
He told her how delightful she would feel;
But Mary said she wouldn't dare to do it.
For if she did, perhaps some day she'd rue it:
Mary said she'd like to ride, but really didn't care to stride.
Her name was Mary Wood, but Mary wouldn't ride the wheel.