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Tell Me Mary How To Woo Thee

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YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO TILL YOU TRY



Printed by E. Hodges, (from Pitt's), wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.

I'VE been a gay youth in my time,
But thanks to my parents for that,
Whom they were I cannot define,
It's a doubtful affair and that's flat.
I was won at a raffle, no doubt,
So I'm nobody's child by the bye,
So I said to myself look about
You don't know what you can do till you try.

Grim poverty's clutches ne'er dread,
Be resolute—never say die,
Keep constantly going a-head,
You don't know what you can do till you try,

A ragged young scamp 'bout the street,
I was, till one day in her arms,
A lady took me, dress'd so neat,
And greatly admiring my charms,
Said, she'd be my mamma, if I'd quick,
Go with her and live upon pie,
Oh, won't I says I, like a brick,
You don't know what you can do till you try,

So she took home her ready-made child,
And made me a smart looking lad,
So by me "dear mamma" she was styled,
For she was the first I had had.
Of a morning 'fore she was awake,
When sixpennorth of ha'pence high,
Her hard case opp'd for hardbake,
You don't know what you can do till you try.

One day I caught hold of a gun,
And off to the garden I sat,
Determined on having some fun,
If it was but a pop at a cat,

TELL ME MARY HOW TO WOO THEE.

Tried to hit a game cock in the head,
That stood on a greenhouse close by,
Shot my newly found mother instead,
You don't know what you can do till you try,

The loss of my parent I grieved,
Til I found she had left me some cash,
So as soon as the tin I received,
I believe I came out a bit, splash!
With the girls I had many a freak.
For I'd grown big enough, by the bye,
Spent four hundred pounds in a week,
You don't know what you can do till you try,

I lost nothing by cutting a shine.
For one evening I was at a ball,
Introduced to an heiress divine.
Was accepted—my face did it all.
We were married, instanter, egad,
I sowed my wild oats instantly,
And reap'd a nice fortune, my lad,
You don't know what you can do till you try.

We'd married been nearly three years,
And no pledges of love had appear'd,
My spousy was nearly in tears,
We're to have none, says she, I'm afraid
Friends joked us in innocent mirth,
Don't be in a hurry, says I,
The next year she'd three at a birth,
You don't know what you can do till you try.

Of sorrows, (now mark what I say),
No matter how deeply you sup.
The pleasures you'll taste of some day.
Let your motto be, "never give up!"
Through working the oracle well,
From the lowlands I've jump'd to the high
So may you—persevere—who can tell,
You don't know what you can do till you try. Grim Poverty's &c.

TELL ME MARY HOW TO WOO THEE

Tell me Mary, how to woo thee—
Teach my bosom to reveal
All its sorrows, sweet, unto thee—
All the love my heart can feel
Tell me, &c.
No! when joy first brighten'd o'er us,
'Twas not joy illumed her ray;
And when sorrow lies before us,
'Twill not chase our smiles away.
Tell me, &c.

Like the tree no winds can sever
From the ivy round it cast;
The heart that lov'd thee ever,
Loves thee, Mary, to the last.