

FOURTH SERIES.

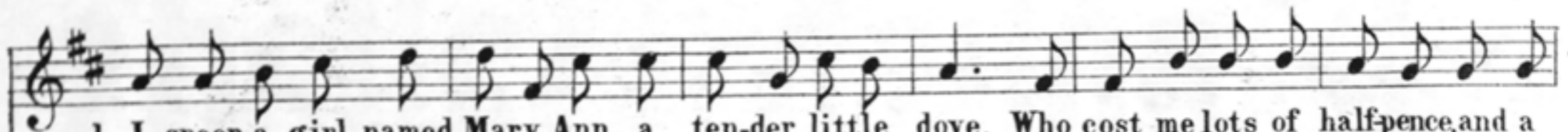
LATEST AND MOST POPULAR
English Ballads.

MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY. Morgan.40	O! HUSH THEE MY BABIE..... Henschel.35
ROBIN'S RETURN..... Gabriel.40	THE POOR SAVOYARD..... Dolby. 50
SPINNING SONG..... Cowen.60	FOREVER AND FOREVER..... Tosti.35
A SUMMER SHOWER..... Marzials.40	THE REASON WHY..... Blumenthal. 40
THE FOUR MARIES..... Kennedy.40	PRAYER GRANTED..... Badarzewska. 30
<u>MARY ANN, ILL TELL YOUR MA.</u> Fox.25	BEN BOLT..... Kneass.35

NEW-YORK
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(NEAR FIFTH AVENUE.)

MARY ANN, I'LL TELL YOUR MA!

FOX.



1. I spoon a girl named Mary Ann, a ten-der little dove, Who cost me lots of half-pence, and a
 2. We went last Whit - sun Monday to the for-est by the rail, We did the thing first class of course, at
 3. We wander'd through the forest glades as happy as could be, We thought from vulgar people there, we
 4. We came a-way dis - gusted, and we quickly made for home, For everywhere we met the cry, no



precious deal of love; She's liv - ing with her mother, as a maiden ought to do. And
 that I nev - er fail; I tipp'd the guard a shilling, or what you might call a "bob," To
 should at least be free; We sought a sweet, se - cluded spot, where none our vows could hear, And
 mat-ter where we'd roam; My Ma - ry Ann de - clared to me she knew those people not, In



looks as straight and pro - per as a saint, or me, or you, But some-how, when I trot her round, no
 lock us in a carriage and pre - serve us from the mob, We sat on downy cushions and the
 whisper'd those soft, sil - ly things, that lovers think so dear. We sat beneath a spreading oak, our
 fact, she said she would not mix with such a vul - gar lot; But on this precious mys - ter - y I



matter where we go, I'm struck with all the people that this maid seems to know; For certain, as my curtains drew for fun, For Polly said her pretty eyes they could not bear the sun, But when we settled loving arms en-twined, While I was fond and foolish, she was gentle, sweet and kind; But just as I my have some little doubt, And almost think that Ma-ry Ann must know her way a - bout, For when we parted

Ma-ry Ann I proudly take a - bout, Some head pops round the corner, and a vulgar voice will shout, - snugly and were just about to go, A head came through the window and a fellow shouted Oh! passion told and sealed it with a kiss, A chap birds nesting up above, so rudely shouted this - at her door, or rather just in-side, A voice came down the staircase, and her little brother cried -

After last Verse. Spoken. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

CHORUS

"Oh! ve - ry well, Ma-ry Ann, I'll tell your Ma! She little thought when you came out you'd go so far; I'm

p 2d time *ff*

sure your mother doesn't know, the girl you are. Mary Ann, Fie! for shame, Yah! yah! yah!" "Oh! Yah!

1. 2.

D.S.