

EVER SO POOR

You told me you love me I fondly will believe
And will make me your own bride and never deceive
You offer me your heart and your hand
And will make me mistress of home and of land

You promised me servants and carriages so gay
As to deceive me and lead me away
When some will flatter destroy a girl's name
And soon they're reduced to a sad life of shame

When each one does insult them as they pass them by
And life is a burden they could lay down and die
Still if we was to marry I should lead a sad life
When your rich parents knew you'd got a poor wife

Your parents might slight me it has been so before
I'll ne'er leave my mother be (she) ever so poor
But your parents would bless us and give their consent
We'll both live together in sweet (peace) and content

My poor aged mother will sorrow no more
There's none like a mother benever so poor

Ever so poor

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own bride and never de-ceive you offered to me your
heart and your hand and will make me the mistress of house and of land