

Unknown

"Comical Ditty"

Visit "[Comical Ditty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

COMICAL DITTY

Come all you good people, I pray you draw near;
Tolay, fo laddy, fo lay
A comical ditty you shortly shall hear.
Tolay, fo laddy, fo lay

The boys of the country, they try to advance,
By courting the ladies and learning to dance.

Their old rusty stirrups they'll brush and they'll rub;
Their old dirty boots they'll black and they'll scrub.

A gentleman's neat, and their own conceit,
And value those ladies at a very low rate.

I'm done for the lads now, I'll sing for the ladies;
In their own way they 're equally as bad.

They'll dress themselves up; they'll look in the glass,
Saying, "Tee, he, he, he! What a fine bonny lass!"

Just let their old parents be ever so poor,
They must have a little hat with a feather before.

They will dress themselves up, put on a false hair,
And then in the glass like an owl they will stare.

The girls of this country will give the boys a slap;
They are always a-laughing and don't know what at.

They're always a-laughing, in vain to be wise:
They couldn't get married to save their lives.

I think it is time my story should end,
For fear there's some one I might offend.

But if there's any one here that would take offence,
They can go to the devil and seek recompense.

@courtship

from Cox, Folk-Songs of the South

Communicated by Miss L. Lovett in 1917
filename[COMDITTY
SF
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY

Visit [Unknown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.