

## Berlin Irving

# "If You Don't Want My Peaches (You'd Better Stop Sh"

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(9 May 1914)

[1st verse:]

Mary Snow had a beau  
Who was bashful and shy  
She simply couldn't make the boy propose  
No matter how she'd try  
Mary grew tired of waiting  
So she called her beau one side  
While he stood there biting his fingernails  
Mary cried:

[chorus:]

If you don't want my peaches  
You'd better stop shaking my tree

Let me say that you're mighty slow  
You're as cold as an Eskimo

There's a thousand others waiting  
Waiting to propose to me

So, if you don't want my peaches  
You'd better stop shaking my tree

[2nd verse]

Mary's Pa and her Ma  
Soon came into the room  
They took a look at Mary's beau and cried  
"You ought to be a groom  
Of course, it's none of our bus'ness  
But she'd make a lovely bride"  
He just answered "I'll think it over" but Mary cried:

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