



Joseph Joseph !

A certain maid I know, is so afraid her beau
Will never ask her, will she name the day
He calls on her each night, and when she dims the light
It's ten to one that you would hear her say

Oh Joseph, Joseph, won't you make your mind up
It's time I knew just how I stand with you
My heart's no clock that I can stop and wind up
Each time we make up after being through

So listen Joseph, Joseph time is fleeting
And here and there my hair is turning grey
My mother has a fear, wedding bells I'll never hear
Joseph, Joseph, won't you name the day