She Couldn't - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SHE COULDN'T.
Copyright, 1892, by Willis Woodward & Co.
Words and Music by Joseph Hart

Of a girl I'll tell to you, and the things she couldn't do-
That is, she couldn't And she wouldn't learn;
And at school she led all classes, and was envied by the lassies,
And for some things she was envious in return.

Chorus.
She could sing, she could play, she could dance from night till day,
She could while the hours away, so it is said;
She could skate, she could paint, she could play the patrou saint,
But she couldn't And she wouldn't make a bed.

She could sing a pretty song, "Miss your mother when she's gone,"
"With all her faults I love," she'd sing alone;
"We were comrades. Jack and I," too; "Marguerite," "Sweet by and bye," too.
But she couldn't sing sweet "Maggie Murphy's home."

Chorus.
She could cook, she could sew, she could play the piano.
She could make a very pretty, dainty frock;
Safety bicycles ride, row or swim against the tide,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't wind the clock.
She couldn't, she wouldn't, she couldn't and she wouldn't even try,
She couldn't, she wouldn't, she said she couldn't, no, not if she died.