

Kitty Tyrrell - song lyrics

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KITTY TYRRELL

You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling,
You're looking as bright as the day,
But whilst on your charms I'm dilating,
You're stealing my poor heart away.
Here, take it and welcome, mavourneen-
Its loss I'm not going to mourn,
But one heart is enough for a body.
So, pray, give me yours in return,
Mavourneen, mavourneen,
So, pray, give me yours in return.

I've built me a snug little cot, darling,
I've pigs and potatoes in store,
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
And, may be, a pound or two more.
It's till very well to have riches,
But I'm such a covetous elf
I can't help sighing for something.
And, darling, that something's yourself,
Mavourneen. mavourneen,
And, darling, that something's yourself.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,
Say yes, and you'll never repent;
But if you would rather be silent,
Your silence I'll take for consent.
That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale;
Now all that I have is your own;
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell.
Next week you will be Kitty Malone,
Mavourneen, acushla;
You'll be my own Mrs. Malone.