

Gobble Song - song lyrics

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

GOBBLE SONG.

Bettina.

I feel whene'er I am by thee,
A soft and gentle agitation.

Pippo.

When very strange, 'tis so with me,
I feel a wild intoxication.
E'er your voice doth by me steal.
My mind is an awful kickle,
And when you look at me I feel
As if some imp my heart did tickle.

Bettina.

I my turkeys love, with my sheep I rove,
And they speak of you, gobble, gobble, gobble.

Pippo.

When they bleat afar-Bah. ah,
Yet more than these you I love.

Bettina.

When they speak of you,
Gobble, gobble, gobble,
Yes, more than sheep that rove,
Gobble, gobble, gobble.

Pippo.

When they bleat afar-Bah, Bah.

Bettina.

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble,
Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble,
Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble,
When in your eyes my glances dwell
All kinds of feeling seem a-mingling.

Pippo.

If when your perfumed hair I smell,
it sets my very nails a-tingling,
Suddenly you by me stand,
I'm like a chicken in a corner,
And if you touch me with your hand,
Tis done, I feel I am "a goner."

Bettina and Pippo

I my turkeys love, with my sheep I rove,
And they speak of you, gobble, gobble, gobble.