

# My Love She Is A Fairy Queen - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MY LOVE SHE IS A FAIRY QUEEN

My love she is a fairy queen-  
About her face no paint is seen;  
Her pretty foot is very small,  
But very large is her waterfall;  
Her ankle too, so plump and fat,  
It makes my heart go pit-a-pat;  
Were I a bee upon her lip,  
I'd stay all day and sip and sip.

Chorus.

Oh, she never flirts-she's no coquette;  
She never scolds, nor does she fret;  
She some on style, And full of fun;  
"You bet your life," she's number one.

I took her to a show one night,  
I almost knew 'twould please her quite:  
And as we sat in the parquette,  
How nice I felt I scarce can say;  
The bell it rang, the curtain rose;  
A man came out in spangled clothes,  
Entrancing me with dashing style,  
While to my love he gave a smile.-Chorus.

To see my love next day I went-  
To pop the question was my intent;  
Alas! poor me, I felt quite sore  
To hear she'd gone in a coach and four;  
Her mother squealed and I did squall;  
She'd took her trunk and waterfall;  
I seized my hat-to the show I ran,  
But she'd eloped with a circus man.-Chorus.