

Minnie Clyde - song lyrics

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MINNIE CLYDE.

Oh! long have I sung of sweet Kitty Clyde,
Who lived at the foot of the hill;
And though that sweet pretty bird has flown,
Another is living there still.
She's blithe and gay, as the robin that sings
On the trees by the old mill side;
And if ever I loved a girl in my life,
'Tis the charming, sweet Minnie Clyde.

Chorus.

Oh! Minnie Clyde, she is my pride,
And sure I am no jester;
For if ever I loved a girl in my life,
'Tis Minnie, Kitty Clyde's sister.

I think her eyes are brighter than Kitty's,
The dimple in her-chin is deeper;
I would be imprisoned the rest of my life,
With Minnie Clyde for my keeper.
In the festive throng, she sings a sweet song.
With the lowly alike she is meek;
Her eyes are the windows of her soul,
Through which Minnie's heart would speak.-Chorus.

Oh! blest are the hearts that live in the cot,
That stands at the foot of the hill;
Oh! sweet are the songs that echo in the glen,
By the murmur of the moss-covered mill.
The birds all chant their notes to Minnie,
The angels above have caressed her;
But you have the angels, and I have the birds,
And I'll have Kitty Clyde's sister.-Chorus.