

The Oyster Maid - song lyrics

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THE OYSTER MAID.

My Mary is the fairest maid
Of any in the oyster trade;
She stole the oyster of my heart,
And scalloped it in every part.

All my senses, all my pulses,
My intestines, she convulses;
And when this body turns to dustes,
Oh, then this heart for Molly Bustes.

Oh, Molly', this 'ere heart shall beat for you,
Till every sinner is black and blue;
I'm like a dog in August muzzled,
With love for you I'm quite dumfuzzled.