

Darling Mignonette - song lyrics

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DARLING MIGNONETTE.

You may talk about your fascinating beauties,
Your fashionable blondes and pretty belles,
But the subject of the song I'm going to sing,
Is "par excellence, " the queen of all the swells.
We met, 'twas in a crowd, and then we parted,
And the beauty of her face it haunts me yet:
But as she never told me her name, I cannot tell it,
But I christened her my darling Mignonette.

Chorus.

She's sweeter than the flowers I name her after,
And the beauty of her face it haunts me yet;
There's a band of opera music in her laughter.
And you may know that she's my darling Mignonette.

She glanced at me, a look was all I wanted,
I followed her along the crowded street,
My memory with her vision it was haunted,
As she tripped so lightly on those fairy feet.
The second time she cast her eyes upon me,
She smiled at me, and in a moment more
She rang the bell and faded from my vision,
Then all was dark, for she was there no more.-Chorus.

Next day, in hopes to see my little darling,
I sought her house, 'twas number ninety-four,
When the poodle in the hall commenced a snarling
And barking loudly, chased me from the door;
I ran along the street And he ran after,
And with his teeth he seized my pantaloons,
He hung on while the crowd, convulsed with laughter.
Cried: "That's the chap that stole the silver spoons. " -Chorus.