

Little Maid Of Arcadee - song lyrics

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LITTLE MAID OF ARCADEE.

Words by W. & Gilbert Music by Arthur S. Sullivan.

Little maid of Arcadee
Sat upon cousin Robin's knee,
Thought in face and form and limb
Nobody could equal him;
He was rich and she was fair,
Truth, they made a pretty pair;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee:
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee,
Happy maid of Arcadee.

Moments sped as moments will,
Rapidly enough, until
After, say a month or two,
Robin did as Robins do;
Fickle as the month of May,
Jilted her and ran away,
Wretched little maiden she;
Doleful maid of Arcadee,
Doleful maid or Arcadee.
To her little home she crept,
There she sat her down and wept,
Maiden wept as maidens will,
Grew so thin and pale and ill;
Till another came to woo,
Then again the roses grew;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy maid of Arcadee,
Happy maid of Arcadee.