

The Lovers Quarrel - song lyrics

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THE LOVERS QUARREL.

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By Carl Millocker.

When the evening's fair, all the world asleep,
Just to meet the air, out I softly creep,
Tho' the night be chill. I am always warm
When I get the thrill of my love's arm.
We had many quarrels, oh, the hateful man;
First time it was nice making up again;
But my heart is sore ever since last night;
I called him a bore, he called me a fright.
Such a bear I don't care ever to meet again;
I shan't cry-no, not I, not a sigh, if I die;
I'll not miss my love's kiss, but he'll miss mine;
Oh, I am sure of that, he will miss mine.

There are finer fish, if I choose to try.
Who would dearly wish on my hook to die.
It provokes me so, when I thought him mine,
Such a catch, you know, to break my line.
But my love, you see, has the sweetest kiss.
Often it gave me such ecstatic bliss;
Now I count them all; he had many charms-
Hark! yes, that's his call, come to my arms;
Hug me tight, darling dear, close to your loving arm,
Sweet to die where I lie, out of breath, squeezed to death.
Hug me light, darling, dear, oh! hug me tight,
From me he'll never fly, now you know why.