

The Summer Girl - song lyrics

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THE SUMMER GIRL.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

She's the jauntiest of creatures, she's the daintiest of misses,
With her pretty patent-leathers, or her alligator ties,
With her eyes inviting glances, And her lips inviting kisses.
As she wanders by the ocean or strolls under country skies.

She's a captivating dresser and her parasols are stunning;
Her fads will take your breath away; her hats are dreams of style.
She is not so very bookish, but with repartee And punning
She can set the servants laughing and make even dudelets smile.

She has no attacks of talent; she is not a stage-struck maiden-
She is wholly free from hobbies And she dreams of no "career."
She is mostly gay and happy-never sad or care-beladen-
Though she sometimes sighs a little if a gentleman is near.

She's a sturdy little walker, and she braves all kind of weather,
And when the ruin or log or mist drive rival crimps a wreck.
Her fluffy hair goes curling like a kinked-up ostrich feather
Around her ears and forehead And the white nape of her neck.

She is like a fish in water, she can handle reins and racket.
From head to toe and fingertips she's thoroughly alive;
When she goes promenading in a most distracting jacket.
The rustle 'round her feet suggests how laundresses may thrive.

She can dare the wind and sunshine in the most bravado manner.
And after hours' of sailing she has merely cheeks of rose;
Old Sol himself seems smitten, And, at most, will only tan her,
Though to everybody else he give a danger-signal nose.

She's a trifle sentimental, and she's fond of admiration,
And she sometimes flirts a little in the season's giddy whirl;
But win her if you can, sir, she may prove your life's salvation,
For an angel masquerading off' is she-the summer girl.