

Mollie - song lyrics

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MOLLIE.

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By Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch.

Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
The whisp'ring winds that pass her by, but woo her day and night.
To steal from off her ruby lips love's offerings or delight;
To steal from off her ruby lips love's offerings of delight.
Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
Her modest praises speak? her modest praises speak? her praises speak?

The grass and leaflets greener grow when pressed beneath her feet;
They are so small and fairy like, so graceful and so neat.
And in her voice there rings a charm that gladdens all around-
It tones the music of the heart, and in her own it's found;
It tones the music of the heart, and in her own it's found.
Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
Her modest praises speak? her modest praises speak? her praises speak?

And in her little dimpled hand, so dapper and so white,
You trace the lines of promised bliss, And thrill with pure delight;
And band And foot and voice and heart are all, yes, all mine own;
Her eyes the fond assurance speak-therein my treasure's shown!
Her eyes the fond assurance speak-therein my treasure's shown!
Oh! saw you not the blushing morn light up my Mollie's cheek?
And heard you not "The Hermit Bird" her modest praises speak?
Her modest praises speak? her modest praises speak? her praises speak?