

Dorothy - song lyrics

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DOROTHY.

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Words by T. H. Phelps. Music by W. C. Schrader.

They tell me 'tis foolish to prate of love in the sweet and olden way;
They say I should sing of loftier things, for love has had his day,
But when Dorothy comes I cannot choose,
I must follow her though the world I lose;
My very soul pours forth in song
When dainty Dorothy trips along.

'Tis all very well to say to me that Browning's noble strain
Rises and swells with the tide of thought, or throbs with the pulse of pain;
But, if Dorothy once had crossed his path,
Her radiance such a witchery hath.
That across the world would not seem long,
To follow Dorothy with his song.