

Finette - song lyrics

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FINETTE.

Words by Sadie. Music by J. L. Molloy.

Finette was young, and Finette was fair,
And never a lover had she:
Finette she cried in her young despair,
'Twere better we never should be.
For the dance will go, and it irks me so
Here by the lonely tree.

Gerome was hale, but Gerome was pale,
For a lover he fain would be;
And he did not know, though they told him so,
That the maiden he chose was free.
So Gerome he stood in the dusky wood,
And a sorrowful wight was he.

Finette she said as she raised her head, "Somebody watches for me;"
Gerome he said with a lofty head, "My lady is looking for me."
So Gerome came one and Finette came two, two little steps half way;
Gerome he sigh'd and Finette she cried, but never a tear shed they.
The dance is done and the game is won-merrily ends the day.