

Angling - song lyrics

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ANGLING.

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Words by Bennett G. Pettee. Music by Will Nutting.

The pines, across a forest stream, where angling was my only aim.
Without a thought of higher game, held more for me than my life's dream;
And what they held I'll tell you true, us landing then a spotted trout,
My gaze went up at childish shout, and saw four eyes, two brown, two blue.

Chorus.

Blue eyes exclaimed. "Oh! ain't that fine?"
But brown eyes hold my vision fast;
My "first-sight" love is found at last,
And now to work to make her mine.
I always thought my love quite dead,
But now its springs, though buried deep,
Are rising up with mighty leap,
By cupid's nectar fed.

And then I angled with a will; my life a bait to line I threw;
My skill was paid with love most true-I caught her with ecstatic thrill,
And soon two souls, with much to say, were sitting close beside that stream;
Our eyes with loving glances beam, and then we set the wedding day.- Chorus.