

Molly, That's All - song lyrics

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MOLLY, THAT'S ALL.

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Words and Music by Smith O'Brien.

There's a sweet little girl-yes, a rare little pearl,
And it's really my belief,
Although she has stolen my poor heart away,
I'm in love with this pretty thief;
The boys in the neighborhood where I belong
Are anxious to know her last name;
They bother me daily to tell them,
But I keep them guessing just the same.

Chorus.

Tom says it's Nellie Reilly, and Jim says it's Kate Magee;
Ned says it's Mary Murphy, And so they keep bothering me,
Till the boys all gather around me-Now tell us her name, says Paul;
But I wink my eye, as I make this reply, "Why, it's Molly; that's all."

She's the fairest of all, just plain Molly, that's all;
And, oh, such a lovely girl;
Her pretty dark eyes shine like stars in the sky,
With hair of jet black curl;
When summer comes 'round and the birds sweetly sing,
To the church in the village we'll go,
For she's told me just when we will marry,
And then her last name you shall know.-Chorus.