

It's All Owing To Molly - song lyrics

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IT'S ALL OWING TO MOLLY.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

I once was as gay and light-hearted a fellow
As you in this wide world could e'er hope to see;
But now I'm as sad as a strain on the 'cello,
Played molto maestoso in minorest key;
I moan and I groan, and I've turned a prime pessimist,
Nothing can please me, but everything pains;
I mope and I grope, And there's come, I confess,
A mist over the article known as my brains,
And it's all owing to Molly,
The maid I had hoped to call wife;
Her cruel behavior, like blows of a pavior,
Has ruined, forever, my life.

As fair as an angel by Raphael painted,
I drank of love's nectar until my head swam,
But found, when too late, that by treachery tainted,
Her saccharine smile was a soul-sick'ning sham;
Her whiles and her smiles, made from hope's rosy planicle.
Fair as an Eden, the future appear;
But, now, on my brow are care's diameter cynical,
Life's a Sahara, simoom-swept And sere,
And it's all owing to Molly,
I'm plunged in a gulf of despair;
with sorrow and trouble, life's rainbow-hued bubble
Has burst into emptiest air.

She smiled on my suit from the very beginning,
That red-letter day our acquaintance began;
For six weeks of happiness I had my inning,
And love In a course of lubricity ran:
All care fled in air and I basked in beatitude;
Fool that I was to imagine her true;
To-day I'm a prey to the basest ingratitude,
Yearning for rest 'math the shade of the yew,
And it's all owing to Molly
My misery's cup overflows;
Grown sadder and wiser, oh, how I despise her,
The source of my manifold woes.