

Lovely Lady - song lyrics

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LOVELY LADY.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwlg Englaender.

Lovely lady, charming guest,
Fairer never maid could be:
And I've just one alight request,
"Prithee, do not marry me!"
Few might see you and depart
From your beauty fancy free;
But, I beg you, break my heart.
And refuse to marry me.

Pierette.-'Tis, indeed, a strange request.
Honors - Yes, it sounds that way, no doubt.
Pierette.-But, 'tis prettily expressed.
Honors.-Oh, I know what I'm about.
Pieretts-Should I to my father go,
Saying you would fain be free.
He'd demand at once to know
Why I should not marry thee.
Tell me, then, some reason, pray.
Wherefore I should set thee free;
For indeed, the truth to say,
I prefer to marry thee.
Honors.-T have reasons of the best, dear?
Pierette.- Surely I am not to blame.
Honors.-Qualities that you detest, dear.
Pierette.-wont you catalogue the same?
Honors.-I'm a regular Lothario,
I'd surely make you jealous.
Pierette-Perhaps I could reform you,
I would try!
Honors.-In gambling, with the dice or cards,
I'm always very zealous,
Pierette -Perhaps you may learn better by and by!
Honors.-I'd snub my wife's relations all,
Especially her mother.
Pierette -I haven't any mother.
So I've got you there I
Honors.-And biggest reason of the lot.
You see I love another.
Pierette.-And who that other is,
I think that I am quite aware.
I'd surely win your heart
If we were married.
I'd sing to you,
I'd sing the live-long day,
Such snugs as this:
Honors-What song?
Pierette. - Let heavens be bluer
Than e'er they were before.
And let the birds sing more sweetly far
Than in the days of yore,
For I have found him,
I've found him, my love-
Oh, at last, he is mine, be is mine.