

### My Girl She's Airy: Fragment

My girl she's airy, she's buxom and gay;  
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in May;  
A touch of her lips it ravishes quite:  
She's always good natur'd, good humour'd, and free;  
She dances, she glances, she smiles upon me;  
I never am happy when out of her sight.