

My Moustache Is Growing - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

My Moustache is Growing.
Tune- " Annie of the Vale."

My moustache is growing,
Its genial warmth bestowing,
Its beauty takes the eye of all Chestnut street;
Come forth like a fairy
So stiff and so hairy,
And ramble on my upper lip so neat.

Chorus.
Come, come, come, moustache, come,
Come, ere the dye on you pale;
Oh, come in thy strength, thou marvel of length,
Dear moustache, dear moustache, never fail.

The charms I inherit
Are caused by thy merit,
I hope thy color ne'er will fade away;
The watch-dog is snarling.
For fear, moustache, darling.
The tip end of his tail I'd steal away.-Chorus.