

# U-pi-dee - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

U-PI-DEE.

U-pi-dee lives in the dell  
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,  
They call her the flower Bell,  
Tral-la-la-la-la;  
She's fond of flowers, that I know,  
They always blows where'er she goes.  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, Upi-da,  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dce-i, da, yah,  
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

U-pi-dee sings like a bird,  
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,  
You'd think so if her voice you heard,  
Tral-la-la-la-la;  
Now just between you and me,  
She sings like a bird on a tree.  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,  
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

U-pi-dee, you are my love,  
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la;  
She's like the stars that dwell above,  
Tral-la-la-la-la;  
I'd like to be that star called Mars,  
Then, U-pi-dee, we'd be pa's and ma's.  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,  
Yah, yah, yah, yah!

U-pi-dee, how I love you,  
Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,  
None knows our love but us two,  
Tral-la-la-la-la;  
I don't like two, 'tis not the fun,  
So marry me, then two'll be one.  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,  
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee-i, da, yah,  
Yah, yah, yah, yah!