

# Pretty Little Flora - song lyrics

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

PRETTY LITTLE FLORA.

I sing of pretty Flora, a gem behind the bar,  
At the Bird in Highbury you'll find my guiding star,  
She is the sweetest treasure, all round, near or far,  
And to speak the truth, I adore her!  
Swells Mock, like little flies, around a treacle pot,  
And want to steal my fair one, and don't care a jot,  
.They chaff and drink just to look large, and fancy they're A1,  
But they have not half a chance with little Flora.

Chorus.  
Pretty little Flora serves behind the bar  
Basses, bitter ales and porter;  
I stand there all the day, and cannot keep away,  
It breaks my heart to leave my little Flora.

How I love little Flora, and for hours there I stand,  
The proudest of the proud, the grandest of the grand.  
And soon I'll place the gold ring on her tiny hand,  
Yet I keep my eye on all who stand before her;  
When swells they pass a joke, she says: " Sir, don't be rude."  
And popping on a frown, declare they do intrude:  
Then turning round she looks at me as just to say:  
"Ah! George, you have the heart of little Flora. " -Chorus.

I could cat pretty Flora, my love is so sincere,  
She wants no "Rachel " touch, her skin it is so fair,  
Her eyes are full of fire, and you should see her hair,  
In a brooch she carries me before her;  
We've named the happy day, and so I'm right for life,  
If all she says be true, she'll prove a charming wife,  
So am I not a lucky dog my rivals to defeat,  
And drive off to church with little Flora.- Chorus.  
Is There No Message Here For Me?  
Copyright, 1887, by T. B. Harms & Co.

"No message here for me? "she murmured pleadingly,  
'Twas a mother who was waiting for her boy;  
She sadly turned away, the tears began to stray  
Down the cheeks that once were bright with hope and joy  
A ship had come at last, through every stormy blast,  
For a message from her boy with love came she;  
Within the station there her heart had breathed a prayer,  
As she asked: "Is there no message here for me?"

Chorus.  
Click! click! click! the words they come and go,  
With messages of sorrow and glee!  
Click! click! click! oh, sad are those who wait.  
While they ask: "Is there no message here for me?"

She dried each falling tear, that mother proud and dear;  
He is coming home, she murmured, though 'tis late,  
I know a word of joy he'll send, my darling boy;  
So with hopeful heart I'll think of him and wait;  
The shades of twilight fell, but nothing came to tell  
Any tidings from her boy who braved the sea,  
Till over the wire sped these words: "Your son is dead!"  
When she asked: "Is there no message here for me?" -Chorus.