

Only A Girl - song lyrics

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ONLY A GIRL.

By Ruth Hall.

I hear a sharp ring on the frosty way,
And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray;
And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight.
Ah! out and away, ere the sun is high.
While the early clouds are all rose and pearl,
And the air like a wine that is bright and dry;
And I'm-only a girl.

I think of the hollows where leaves lie dead,
Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky;
Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead,
And the low, lush meadows he rattles by.
I look on the road with its dusty track,
Where the wind gusts meet to whistle and whir
And-ves' I may look for his coming back;
For I'm only a girl.

I may watch and wait all day for the ring
Of his pretty playthings glistening steel;
And, dressed in my gayest, may sit and sing
Over my work till I hear the wheel:
then I shall see the eyes o' my lad,
And he a check and drooping curl;
And-well, yes-perhaps-I'm a little glad
That I'm only a girl.