

That's My Girl - song lyrics

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THAT'S MY GIRL.

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All! that's my girl who sitteth yonder,
Within a mansion o'er the way,
And as I muse and silent ponder,
Each weary care is lead astray.
Her queenly form I see before me,
Her gentle eyes with beauty gleam,-
And do I sleep, or am I waking,
Her face doth haunt me like a dream.
Ah! that's my girl who sitteth yonder,
The summer sun shines thro' her hair;
And ev'ry night and ev'ry hour
I breathe a silent tender prayer.

Chorus.

Ah! that's my girl who sitteth over yonder.
Dreaming the happy, the happy hours away;
Sweet sunny days, oh! linger with her ever,
And shelter my darling, my loved one for aye!

Ah! that's my girl, I see her yonder,
With queenly gait she cometh nigh,
A lovely maid in comely raiment,
And with a lustrous tender eye.
No wealth of robe nor jewel'd garment
Bedecks her form of nature's mould,
Her beauty rare, her auburn ringlets
Outvie the wealth of gold untold.
Ah! she's my girl who cometh yonder,
So sweet and grand beyond degree;
And do I dream, or am I waking,
There's not a one so fair as she.-Chorus.