

My Maggie - song lyrics

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MY MAGGIE.

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Written, and sung by W. J. Scanlan,
in his new drama, "Myles Aroon."

Don't be trying to tease me
With your aggravating way,
Saying that I don't love you,
That you wish me far away;
I dream of you when sleeping,
Awake I call you mine,
You're queen of all my thoughts, love,
My heart and soul are thine.
To take you gently in my arms,
And kiss those lips so sweet,
As flower meets flower in fond embrace,
As birds the poets greet;
What king could be more happy,
In his world of pomp than I?
What star of light to me so bright
As Maggie's roguish eye.

Refrain.

Give to me my Maggie, and her little roguish eye,
You may have your ladies, so haughty And high;
Give to me the flowers from my little Maggie's breast,
You may have your ladies, their jewels And the rest.

I'd not give my Maggie
For the queen and all her throne,
Maggie's heart is more to me
Than wealth or stately home;
What mine contains a jewel,
In this or foreign land,
So rare or pure as Maggie's heart,
So mountain-like and grand?
You, ladies grand, of high degree,
Who try to reach the sky.
With up-turned heads and haughty mein,
Who look as if they'd fly;
What place have they with Maggie,
In her simple, modest home,
Where nature's always smiling,
Where weary ones oft roam?-Refrain.