

# My Pretty Sunday Girl - song lyrics

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

MY PRETTY SUNDAY GIRL.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Eduard Holst.

Her cheeks are like the pear-likes' bloom, her eyes are sparkling too;  
She smiles away each thought of gloom; her heart is warm and true  
The birds that warble in the air all sing to praise my pearl;  
You'll never meet one half so sweet as my own Sunday girl  
Oh! she's the rarest, she's the fairest yet;  
So bright And pretty, gay and witty, just " the nicest, neatest;  
My heart's own darling, she's no sad coquette;  
A little cosy home, so rosy, I'll make for my sweetest.  
My Sunday girl, dear Sunday girl  
My rose, my gem, my life my pearl, my love, my joy, my treasure evermore;  
Till life is o'er, she's promised to be mine, my pretty Sunday girl!

Refrain

Oh! she's my own, my pretty Sunday girl;  
Of all the girls she is the fairest pearl;  
She's purer than the dew, so bright and true;  
And from my heart she'll never part, my Sunday girl.

I think of her the whole week long, and, when with joy we meet,  
I Her words are like a pleasant song, they sound to me so sweet;  
We wander where the fields are green, my heart all in a whirl;  
And, oh, her kiss is honey'd bliss, my own dear Sunday girl;  
Oh: she's the neatest And completes! yet;  
She's always smiling, care beguiling, just a dear home blessing;  
How fond the moment when by chance I met  
This sunny fairy, light and airy; joy beyond expressing.  
My Sunday girl, dear Sunday girl!  
My rose, my gem, my life, my pearl, my love, my joy, my treasure evermore;  
Till life is o'er, she's promised to be mine, my pretty Sunday girl.- Refrain.