

Love In A Toy-shop - song lyrics

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LOVE IN A TOY-SHOP.

By Fred Leslie.

Think not that love is ours alone, as by my tale you'll see
That sawdust equals flesh and bone, in holding hearts as free.
My tale is of a big-boy doll, whose blue eyes all did admire,
Miss Dolly standing at a stall some two or three doors higher.

Chorus.

But she longed for better society,
He content in lower grade;
She was marked eight shillings, he bat four,
And that a great difference made.

No wand'ring 'neath the trees cool shade, her waxen hands to squeeze;
Their home ancestral, an arcade where music swelled the breeze.
The humming-tops they loved to hear, as the cuckoo chimed the hour
With in "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, " so dear, beneath their glassy bower.

Chorus.

But she longed for higher society,
He content in lower grade;
But she could say "Mamma," he only "Pa,"
And that a great difference made.

So time went on, but they stood there until the dawn of Summer
Brought dolls from Paris, fresh and fair, including a "French Drummer."
Soon did the Frenchman gain her love, he danced and bowed politely,
But a pop-gun sent his soul above to the top shelf, "damaged slightly." -Cho.

Alas! a cruel, hot scorching sun poured in on his complexion,
And he could feel his flaxen locks parting from their connection;
The glow of health his cheeks once bore had faded past detection,
And his eyes of blue hue had sunk from the glue, and he died in deep dejection.

Chorus.

Then he moved to higher society,
She a great mistake had made;
For armless and legless, with one eye knocked out,
On the fire, died a wretched old maid.