

A Silent Maiden - song lyrics

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A SILENT MAIDEN.

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Written and Composed by J. Percy Ashdown.

The proverbial bird was warbling, the sun shone bright above;
'Twas Spring, and as my fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love,
Like each lover in each ballad, I sought the streamlet's side,
When, sitting lone and pensive, a maiden I espied.

Chorus.

And, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, sitting beneath the oak;
her features were fine, her smile was divine, but never a word she spoke.

I murmured then, "I love you!" in most bewitching style;
She only smiled most sweetly, and shook her head the while.
Ha! now, thought I, I see it, my perception is to blame,
The darling's French, I know it, so I softly sighed "Je t'aime."
For, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.

Alas! my hopes were shattered-again she shook her head,
Again she smiled divinely, but not a word she said.
"Elle compris!" I have it, she's Italian I feel sure.
"Io t'amo!" then I whispered-she was silent as before.
But, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.

She's German, next I fancied, "Ich liebe dich!" I cried,
Yet still she never answered, she never even sighed.
I was puzzled-perhaps she's Spanish, so "lo ticara!" I
Then breathed in softest accents, yet she still made no reply.
But, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.

I said these words, "I love you!" In Irish, Scotch and Dutch;
In Russian, Norse and Flemish-did she understand? not much.
At last she took her sunshade and wrote upon the earth:
"I don't know what you're saying, for I'm deaf and dumb from birth."
Yet, oh! she was fair, charmingly fair, etc.