## **Molly Aroon - song lyrics**

## American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MOLLY AROON.

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Sweet jewel, my heart has gone out of my kapin',
An' I'm wantin' it back wid a slice of your own,
For I drame through the night, when I ought to be slapin',
Of the purtiest girl in the County Tyrone.
'Tis yourself an' you know it, more shame you won't show it,
But I'll 'list, by my faith, for a dashin' dragoon
If you don't quit your jokin' that's more than provokin',
An' pity my love for you, Molly aroon.

There's Shusey Magee, drinks her day out of chaney; Her father, the drover, has money in store; An' Kitty McKenna, that plays a payanna.

An' troth, if I liked, I could name many more; But little I care for themselves or their riches; An' the music you'd make wid your noggin And spoon Would be sweeter to me if I slept in the ditches, An' scraped the same pot wid you, Molly aroon.

Och, Molly, achorra, don't kill me wid sorrow, I am 'wake on me feet wid the weight of my woes; My hohldin's neglected, an' famine expected, My plow in the meadow a roost for the crows; An' little it mutters, my poor heart in tatthers. For a corpse on the boord I'll be stretched for you soon, Or wid ribbons all flyin', I'll laugh while you're cryln', Then wed where you will cruel Molly aroon.

I've a heart true and thender, to love you forever, Five cows and a cowit, And a guinea to spare; Not to mention my faction, the sowl of a ruction, Mavrone! can't they scatter the fun of a fair; But long-legged Mullen and crooked-eyed Cullen, They brag of your smiles, but I'll alther their tune. For there's murdher a-brewin', an' all of your doin' I'm losin' my sowl for you, Molly aroon.

But I don't care a rap If I never see glory,
He's not In shoe-leather who'll take you from me;
An' for all your sweet schamin', the end of the story
Will tell in my favor, a colleen machree;
For I know in your heart there's a spark for me burnin'
No schamin' can smother, so whisper, aroon,
'Tis a fortnight to Lent, and you'll never repent
If they call us next Sunday, sweet Molly aroon.