

Molly The Rose Of Mayo - song lyrics

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MOLLY THE ROSE OF MAYO.

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Written by H. A. Duffy. Composed by J. M. Harrison.

There's a neat little village in County Mayo,
And a girl I know, yes, a girl I know,
A sweet little colleen, in order to meet,
Sure, long miles I'd go, aye, long miles I'd go;
She's got damask cheeks, and a bright winning smile,
No lady of fortune can beat her for style,
To get her we've wandered for many a mile-
I call her the rose of Mayo.

Chorus.

She's not so short, she's not so tall, she stands about so high,
With hair as black as a raven's wing, and a dark and roguish eye;
She's not too shy, or yet too fly; she'e simple as can be;
Such a sweet little, neat little, gay Irish lass, and she's all the world to me.

I have told her the story that never grows old,
'Neath starlit skies, 'neath starlit skies, r
And I've watched the red blush mount her delicate cheeks,
Tho' she feigned surprise, tho' she feigned surprise;
My eyes often wandered to her slender waist,
And the" she demurred, faith, the chance I embraced,
Which means that my arm very quickly I placed
'Round Molly, the rose of Mayo.- Chorus.

I have gazed in her face, and I've kissed her sweet line,
In the same old way, in the same old way,
While the fond, trusting look in her eyes told of love
That will live for aye, that will live for aye:
And long ere the robins will nest in the spring,
You'll hear, in our village, the wedding bells ring,
When, prouder than Lord Mayor or any great king,
I'll marry the rose of Mayo.- Chorus.