Kitty Clyde - song lyrics

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KITTY CLYDE

Oh, who has not seen Kitty Clyde,
She lives at the foot of the hill,
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
That carries her father's old mill.
Oh, who does not love Kitty Clyde?
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheek'd lass,
With a sweet dimpled chin that looks roguish as sin,
With always a smile as you pass.

Chorus.
Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty, my own sweet Kitty Clyde
In a sly little nook by the babbling brook,
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde.

With a basket to put in her fish.
Every morn with a line and a hook,
This sweet little lass, through the tall, heavy garss,
Steals along by the clear running brook.
She throws her fine into the stream,
And trips it along the brook side;
Oh, how I do wish that I was a fish,
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.-Chorus.

How wish that I was a bee,
I'd not gather honey from flowers,
But would steal a dear sip from Kitty's sweet lip,
And make my own hive in her bowers.
Or, if I was some little bird,
I would not build my nest in the air,
But keep close by the side of sweet Kitty Clyde,
And sleep in her soft silken hair. - Chorus.