The Marble Arch - song lyrics

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

THE MARBLE ARCH.

"While strolling near the Marble Arch,
One evening in July,
A maiden fair, with golden hair,
Came tripping lightly by;
The lustre of her diamond eye,
Shone o'er me like a torch.
And in a whisper softly said,
Is this the Marble Arch?

Chorus.
While around her splendid form,
I drew the magic circle,
I press'd her, carress'd her,
My brain was in a whirl-
Yet around her splendid form,
I drew the magic circle,
I kissed her and I called her
A very pretty girl.

I led her to a shady spot,
Beneath a spreading tree,
And taking her by the lily hand,
Fell on my bended knee;
Behold, I cried-Arise, says she-
And before I'd time to speak,
She inflicted one sharp burning smack
Upon my blooming cheek.'-Chorus.

Good night, the said, in accents low,
Then gently squeezed my hand.
My knees began to knock and shake,
For I could hardly stand;
We'll meet again to-morrow night,
And then prepare to march-
Oh, where, says I-she then replied,
Beneath the Marble Arch.-Chorus.

But ever since that very night,
I've never seen my queen,
But I've heard say, she ran away.
With a great fat Horse Marine;
A ring I'll give her when we meet,
But not as you suppose,
I'll never put it on her hand,
But stick it through her nose. - Chorus.