My Bewitching Nell - song lyrics

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MY BEWITCHING NELL.
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Look yonder, where the laughing babbling brook
Skips o'er the pebbles like a fairy,
There stands a little cot, a lovely nook,
The finest on the prairie,
The shades of evening linger when they meet,
To weave a spell around this bower,
Where dwells a blue-eyed maiden, pure and sweet,
The fairest prairie flower;
I love her, I love her, my secret I must tell.
My bewitching Nell.

Around the lattice creeps the blushing rose,
The ivy to the wall is clinging,
Beneath the roof the birds, in sweet repose,
Their songs of love are singing:
I see the blushing roses come and go,
I feel the twining ivy tremble,
I hear the lays of love, I see the glow
That can no more dissemble;
She loves me, she loves me, my secret I must tell,
My bewitching Nell

The little stars are twinkling on their way,
The moon moves on in silent splendor.
The zephyrs with ray darling's ringlets play,
And whisper words so tender;
I watch the zephyrs in their airy flight,
I kiss those golden, flowing tresses,
I see two little stars so pure and bright,
My love her love confesses,
I'm happy, I'm happy, no words my joy can tell,
My bewitching Nell.