When Nelly Was Raking The Hay - song lyrics

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When Nelly Was Raking the Hay.
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When Nelly was raking the hay.
So often I think of that day;
Such little bare feet and blue eyes so sweet,
And cheeks like the roses of May.
Oh, nothing with her can compare.
No, I knew that my fate it was there;
So often it seems I see her in my dreams,
My Nelly when raking the hay

What were those words that she whispered to me by the mill stream
Whispered so low like the voice of an angel above me;
Say you'll be mine! tell me now for I love you fondly!
Sny, do you love me? for I ever shall love only you.

Chorus.
When Nelly was raking the hay.
So often I think of that day;
Such little bare feet and blue eyes so sweet;
And cheeks like the roses of Hay,
Oh, nothing with her can compare.
No, I knew that my fate it was there.
So often it seems I see her in my dream-.
My Nelly when raking the hay.

Wait till the harvest is over,
Wait till we've gathered the clover,
Wait till the leaves will be falling.
And our song echoes over the lea.
Say you will come to me, darling.
Come when the dewdrop is falling;
Come to your own Nelly, darling.
Oh, come when the harvest is o'er.-Chorus