Molly Flynn - song lyrics

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MOLLY FLYNN.
Written and composed by J. F. Mitchell for Maggie Cline.

I love the neatest gossoon that your two eyes ever saw,
But my mother says she will never become his mother-in-law;
She says that Johnny is a man who'll never make his mark,
So every night the poor boy comes to sing when it is dark:

Chorus.
Molly, Molly, my darlin', Molly Flynn,
Molly, Molly, get up and let me in;
Open wide the window and just pop out your head,
And tell me in a whisper has your mother gone to bed?

In hail or rain, in frost or snow, my Johnny will be found,
It makes me cry to know that I can never ask him round;
I won't be treated like a child, with Johnny I will skip,
Then he won't have cause to say when on our wedding trip:-Cho.