Pretty Little Dark-blue Eyes - song lyrics

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

Pretty Little Dark-Blue Eyes.
Copyright, 1884, by T. K Hams & Co

There is a girl, a little pearl,
And of her to you I'll sing;
So fair and bright, she brings delight,
To her fondly I will cling;
Her heart, I know, is pure as snow.
And she never frowns or sighs,
Her voice so clear I love to hear.
And .she has such pretty dark blue eyes.

Chorus.
She's the only girl I love.
She's the only girl I price;
She's the darling of my heart,
My pretty little dark-blue eyes.

At night and day she ever gay,
And her laughter, ringing clear,
Makes care depart and glad the heart-
There's sunshine when she's near;
In happy dreams to me she seems
Like an angel from the skies,
While o'er me shine, like stars divine,
Those bewitching little dark-blue eyes.-Chorus.

"When far away from her I stray,
Still her linage dwells with me,
In ev'ry place her rosy face,
Fair and smiling, I can see;
She welcomes me with voice of glee,
To my arms she fondly flies;
Tho' dark the night, like beacon light. .
I can see her pretty dark-blue eyes.-Chorus.
I Left Ireland and Mother Because We Were Poor.

There's a dear spot in Ireland that I long to see,
It's my own native birth-place, and it's heaven to me,
Sure my poor widowed mother lived there till alone;
With my brothers and sisters 'twas a bright happy home.
Shure we hadn't much money, but my own mother dear
To me gave her blessing, bade my heart be good cheer;
Then the shadow of poverty darkened our door,
And I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.

Chorus.
Oh! my thoughts oft go back to that dear little spot,
To my brothers and sisters, and the little thatched cot,
To my poor widowed mother-I'll ne'er see her more,
'Twas a shame, but I left her because we were poor

I will never forget on that bright rosy morn
When old Ireland I left, how my poor heart did mourn,
When my blessed old mother said be of good cheer,
Good-bye, Michael darling-farewell mother dear.
Then my brothers and sisters took me by the hand,
And bade me do right when I left Ireland;
Then I bade them good bye at our cottage door,
And left Ireland and mother because we were poor.-Chorus.

Since leaving old Ireland my poor mother's dead;
God bless and protect him were the last words she said.
And the ring that my father gave, she sent to me-
'Tis a far dearer prize than bright gems could e'er be.
And my brothers And sisters, I wish they were here,
For I'm longing to see them, but they'll come, never fear!

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

I've a neat little cot on America's shore,
Where happy we'll live, yes, although we are poor.-Chorus.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk