Such Were Not Shakespeare's Words - song lyrics

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

Such Were Not Shakespeare's Words
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Words Translated from the German by F. A. Rockar.
Music by Joh Sioly.

oh, fair and gentle rose, her lover said,
With all my heart I love thee, sweetest maid;
Come, place your pretty little hand in mine
And tell me, darling, soon I will be thine.
However plain our modest home may be,
We'll live together quiet, contented, free
For when our hearts shall fondly beat as one.
Peaceful and swift old time will run, yes, yes.

Chorus
Such were not Shakespeare's words, these lines no Byron wrote,
No genius great spoke words so classically;
'Tis but an honest lad who to his love doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.

A son will wander forth the world to see,
His aged mother prays on bended knee,
My dearest boy, thy home do not forsake,
Thy mother's heart for thee will surely break;
Ah! do not leave the dear old fatherland,
To lay thy weary head on foreign strand;
The forest bird who roams, finds not his rest.
But seeks at eve hes tiny nest, yes, yes.

Chorus.
Such were not Shakespeare's words, these lines no Byron wrote.
No genius great spoke words so classically:
'Tis but a mother's love, which to her child doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.

A child, whose mother's life is near Its end,
Seeks trustingly in grief her heavenly friend:
Good Father, don't take my mama away
And I will love thee better every day;
Oh, keep her here, and I will give thee all
My pretty toys, my story-books, my doll;
Yes, I will give you all the pretty things
Which Santa Claus each Christmas brings, yes, yes.

Chorus.
Such were not Shakespeare's words, these Hues no Byron wrote,
No genius great spoke words so classically;
'Tis but a guileless child, who to her God doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.

A beggar in the street- worn, aged and cold-
Entreats with trembling voice: Oh, help the old!
"Good friend," says one who listens to his plea,
Not much I have-I'll share it though with thee;
For soon on me may cold and hunger fall,
And drive me on sweet charity to call;
But there shall He, to whom the ravens cry.
Hear me and help me lest I die, yes, yes.

Chorus.
Such were not Shakespeare's words, these lines no Byron wrote,
No genius great spoke words so classically;
'Tis but a generous heart, which of its faith doth quote,
And yet these words are full of poetry.