Clochette - song lyrics

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CLOCHETTE.
By James L. Molloy.

Spinning was young Clochette, came a fond youth to woo;
She was a sad coquette, he was a lover true.
"Clochette, Clochette, you drive me for from you;
Clochette, Clochette, I come to say adieu."

Silent was young Clochette, grieved in her heart was she;
For though a sad coquette, none was so dear as he.
"Clochette, Clochette, I go for love of you;
Oh, speak then, dear Clochette." She only said adieu.

"Let me," he said, "Clochette, this little blossom take;"
Wept then this sad coquette as though her heart would break.
"Clochette, Clochette, I know now you are true;
Clochette, Clochette, we'll never say adieu."