My Irish Colleen - song lyrics

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MY IRISH COLLEEN.
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Written and Composed by George Simpson.

Of all in creation, as firm a foundation,
The truest relation is my sweet Colleen;
On a farm in Kilkenny, sure there is not any
Can churn like my Annie, so sweet and so clean;
The lads 'round that quarter, for miles they have sought her,
But still it's no good, for she loves me too true,
And to part us asunder, it would he a wonder-
In fact, a great blunder, so list, I tell you:

Chorus.
She's rosy and fair, bright golden hair,
Features so clear and sublime;
Her style would amaze, she's lady-like ways,
Shortly she is to be mine.
On our wedding day the pipers will play,
The lads with shamrocks will be seen;
There'll be whiskey, bedad. to make your hearts glad,
And drink the good health of my little Colleen.

Her style is so graceful, with ideas so tasteful,
Far from being wasteful, of that she'll ne'er dream,
But a good-hearted creature, for that is her feature;
Yet naught you can teach her, to college she's been;
The lads raise their cady to this charming lady
Whenever they meet her-she'll bow in return;
They try to decoy her, and thus to annoy her,
Let me catch them by her, this lesson they'll learn:- Chorus.

Now, Boon we shall marry, no longer I'll tarry,
For fear that some Larry or Micky should come,
And Start in to teaze her, with blarney amaze her,
And if that should please her, then I'll be undone;
I don't think that, really, of Annie O'Reilly;
I'd twirl my shillelah, and sport for a fight,
So away with such doubting, all jealousy sconting.
As my love will be pouting when I meet her to-night.- Chorus.