She's Irish' All The Time - song lyrics

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SHE'S IRISH' ALL THE TIME.
Copyright, 1894, by J. Aldrich Libbey.
Written by W. A. Archbold. Composed by Felix McClennon.

I'm going to tell you about my colleen,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish;
A dear little girl from the island of green,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.
Her eyes shine as bright as the stars in the night,
Her exquisite beauty has won my heart quite;
And just to be near her is sweetest delight,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.

Chorus.
She's a true, sweet, trim, neat, dear little Irish girl:
Fair, rare, golden hair, that hangs in a clust'ring curl;
Smile tender, figure slender, and though she has not a dime,
She's the joy of my life and will soon be my wife, and she's Irish all the time.

But my dear little girl is so timid and coy,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish,
Although when I praise her she blushes for joy,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.
We wander together in rapture and bliss,
Though Rosie is shy, quite a secret is this,
Sometimes, if I'm good, I may steal one sweet kiss,
And she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.- Chorus.

On her dear little finger she's wearing a ring,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish;
One morning the church bells will merrily ring,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.
What joy to be married and settled for life,
With dear little Rosie my own darling wife.,
To shield her for aye through the world's bitter strife,
For she's Irish, yes, she's Irish.- Chorus.