An Irish Lads Wooing - song lyrics

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AN IRISH LADS WOOING.
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By Andrew Mack.

Oh! would you know how Irish lads make love
At home in Erin's isle beyond the sea?
Tenderly they woo, I will prove to you.
If your heart will only beat for me;
Your eyes are like the stars that shine above;
Your voice recalls the dove that softly coos;
Heaven I've attained when your love I've gained-
That is how an Irish laddie woos.

Refrain.
Dear lass, in my Irish heart such love into life doth start,
That your very name sets my heart aflame-may we never, never part.

Chorus.
See the moon, with his shining ray-" How they love! "he seems to say;
And the stars, with their twinkling eyes.
Are repeating his words through the boundless skies;
Gentle night, with her languid air, bids the waking day beware.
Lest the sun, with its morning gleam.
Should sever the thread of our blissful dream.

Oh! have you seen the ivy and the oak?
How fondly to the oak the ivy clings;
I the oak will he, if you'll cling to me,
Then we'll know what joy attachment brings;
Your love to me is like a tender cloak,
That shelters from the storms that rage above;
With you by my side, 'neath your love I'll hide-
That is how an Irish lad makes love. -Refrain & Chorus.