

SWEET OLIVE DETLOR

*Her winnin' ways are many as the sand upon the shore,
Her heart it is as faithfu' as the needle to the pole,
The sparkle o' her e'e is as bright as twinklin' star,
The dew that fa's frae Heav'n is na purer than her
soul.*

*She's modest as the daisy that blooms on yonder lea,
Her nature is as lovin' as heart o' turtle-dove.
Oh, happy is the swain who gains her sunny smile,
And thrice happy is he who gains her heart's deep love.*

Then come and join in the chorus, my boys, etc.