

Jealous, Sweetheart?

A STEP on the walk she's waiting to hear—
Waiting—waiting—
There's a frown on her face—pouting 'tis clear,
Ah, someone is late in coming I fear.
All lovers are very fickle, my dear,
Waiting, waiting!

Only last week he was praising up Nell—
Praising—praising—
Saying her voice was clear as a bell,
Thinking her fairer, and who is to tell
All that he said as they walked through the dell?
Praising, praising!

Perhaps he is with her this summer night—
Who knows? Who knows?
Perhaps he is holding her hand so white,
Perhaps he is watching her eyes so bright,
Perhaps he is wooing with all his might,
Who knows? Who knows?