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MY IRISH MOLLY O.

Molly dear and did you hear the news that's
going 'round,
Down in the corner of my heart a loving
place you've found,
And ev'ry time I gaze into your Irish eyes of
blue,
They seem to whisper, darling boy, my love
is all for you.

Molly dear and did you hear I furnished up a
flat,
Three little cozy rooms and bath with wel-
come on the mat,
Ten dollars down and two a week, I'll soon
be out of debt,
It's all complete except they havn't brought
the cradle yet.

CHORUS.

Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet achusla
dear—
I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish Molly,
when you are near,
Spring time, you know is ring time—come
dear, don't be so slow.
Change your name g'wan, be game, begorra
and I'll do the same,
My Irish Molly O.—O.