

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

With your bewitching eyes and your proud curving  
nose,  
Faith a beauty you are from your head to your toes.

### III.

Sure your neck is so fair, and so slender your waist,  
If I didn't embrace you, I'd be a "rale baste."  
But then you'd cry out: "Don't you dare, Phil  
Dwyer!  
And your face gets so red that 'twould set things on  
fire;  
Still you look so attractive, and charming, and gay,  
That I think you an angel that just chanced this way.

### IV.

Compared to your voice, sure the nightingales  
scream;  
While your smile brings more cheer, than the sun's  
brightest beam,  
And when you are dancing they all stop and stare;  
Though your toes touch the floor, you're nine-tenths  
in the air:  
But the squeeze of your hand—true as heaven above,  
I'm no longer myself, I'm just one lump of love.

### V.

Faith our hearts they are both in a terrible stew,  
If you love me as much as I think I love you;  
Sure nothing but smiles on you ever will beam,  
And the rest of our lives will be one happy dream;  
For 'twould grieve earth and heaven the knot to undo,  
Of that marriage bond, that made one of us two.