Thou Swell

Stacey Kent

Babe, we are well met,
As in a spell met,
I lift my helmet,
Sandy, You're just dandy.
For just this here lad.
You're such a fistfull.
My eyes are mistful,
Are you too wistful to care,
Do say you care to say,
"Come near lad."
You are so graceful,
have you wings?
You have a face full of nice things,
You have no speaking voice, dear,
With ev'ry word it singsThou swell! Thou witty!
Thou sweet! Thou grand!
Wouldst kiss me pretty?
Wouldst hold my hand?
Both thine eyes are cute too,
What they do to me.
Hear me holler I choose a Sweet lollapaloosa in thee.
I'd feel so rich in a hut for two,
Two rooms and a kitchen I'm sure would do,
Give me just a plot of,
Not a lot of land,
And Thou swell! Thou Witty! Thou Grand!Thy words are queer, Sir,
Unto mine ear, Sir,
Yet thou'rt a dear, Sir, to me,
Thou could'st woo me,
Now could'st though try, knight.
I'd murmur "Swell", too,
And like it well too,
More thou wilt tell to Sandy.
Thou art dandy,
Now art though my knight.
Thine arms are martial,
Thou hast grace,
My cheek is partial to they face,
And if they lips grow weary,

Mine are resting place.Thou swell! Thou witty!
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Songwriters
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