

# I Met Her At The Ball - song lyrics

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I MET HER AT THE BALL.

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Words and Music by D. L. White.

Brightly the lights shone on faces fair,  
Flowers shed their fragrant beauty there;  
Sweet strains of magic swelling, soft and low,  
Thrilled the merry dancers, waltzing to and fro.  
Alone there I lingered while the crowd so gay  
Passed in joyous couples on their circling way;  
One girl among them, with roguish, winning ways,  
Gave me smile for smile when she caught my gaze.

Chorus.

I met her at the ball, waltzed with her first that night,  
Tho' there were charmers around her, none seemed so fair and bright;  
While we were dancing I asked her, "Make me your favored lover?  
When will you answer my question?" "After the dance is over."

When day is closing, after toil is done,  
Often I seek her, my own fair one,  
Watching and wailing there for me alone,  
Sitting at the window of her happy home.  
And just as the church clock strikes the hour of eight,  
She will find me waiting at the garden gate;  
Then she comes to greet me with smiles and fond embrace,  
It calls to mind the first time I saw her face.-Chorus.

When years have glided silently along,  
We still will treasure that music and song;  
Ah! yes, remember whispered words so sweet,  
And recall the promise soon again to meet.  
The world cannot offer dearer joys than ours,  
Life is now a garden filled with rarest flowers,  
For that fair maiden with roguish, winning ways,  
Still gives me smile for smile when she meets my gaze.- Chorus.