

My Clara - song lyrics

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MY CLARA.

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Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

Down in a valley a gardener dwells, renting the roses and daisies,
He has a daughter, the fairest of belles, sweet as the violets there.
I first beheld her one morning in May, walking 'mid flowery mazes;
My admiration compelled me to say, "Of flowers, you are the most fair."

Refrain.

Clara, my Clara, fairer than roses and rarer,
Always neat, demure And sweet, and true as true can be;
Sweet are the flowers, growing in beautiful bowers,
Ev'ry posey is fair to see, but Clara is fairer to me.

Daily I visit the garden since then, courting my beautiful Clara,
And I am brimful of happiness when we tell of love that is true.
When e'er each beauteous flower I see, gracefully I will compare her,
Her dreamy eyes she will fix upon me, and answer the same unto you.-Cho.