

Lovely Isabella, Won't You Tell A Fellow - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

LOVELY ISABELLA, WON'T YOU TELL A FELLOW?

Copyright, 1896, by Davo Marion & Co

Words and Music by Walter Dauphin.

There's a lovely little girl,
Who is living Up the street,
And her name is Isabella,
But she's going to marry soon,
And before there's many moons,
She will change it for another;
She has pretty little curls,
And her teeth are white as pear's.
Tom, they say, is Bella's fellow.
And, of course, he's not to blame
Wanting her to change her name;
As he sings this strain so mellow:

Chorus.

Lovely Isabella, tell a fellow: Isabel, won't you tell a fellow?
Only say you will be mine, my pleadings not in vain, lovely Isabella;
Isabella, won't you tell a fellow: Isabel, won't you tell a fellow?
Only say you will be mine, my pleadings not in vain, lovely Isabella.

She has given her consent,
For her heart he quickly won,
Did this handsome, dashing fellow,
Just because the verse he sang
Had a very catchy twang,
And the words were soft and mellow,
All his letters read this way:
"Bella, won't you name the day?"
For he did not like to tell her
That he wished it would be soon,
But she's named a day in June,
Has our lovely Isabella. Chorus.