

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Beautiful Mabel Claire

Along the green lanes in the springtime
I gathered the violets blue
Echoing yet with the bee-song
And wet with the morning dew

Gathered them for sweet Mabel
Beautiful Mabel Claire
Clasped in her dainty fingers
And braid in her shining hair

And then when the summer was fairer
For the love of those brown, brown eyes
I gathered the royal roses
Fairer than sunset skies

And then comes dreary November
Making me moan and weep
For closing her brown eyes softly
Dear Mable has gone to sleep

Closing her brown eyes softly
Beautiflu Mabel Claire
No more will I gather the roses
To braid in her shining hair