

Clarabel Magee - song lyrics

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

CLARABEL MAGEE.

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I've a daughter, Clarabel,
She's a rosebud rich and rare;
"She wears her brother's derby,
And she bangs her own false hair.
Her nose is Graeco-Ronian,
Her chromo you can see;
Just gaze upon the father
Of sweet Clarabel Magee.

Chorus.

Oh, so sweet is Clarabel,-(Break),
Bhe mashes every swell,-(Break),
When she is at a ball,
'Twould bieak your heart to see
How mashers tight to get a dance
With Clarabel Magee.

Oh, she has lot of beaux,
There is now a bitter strife
Between millionaires and aldermen
To get her for a wife.
Says she, I can't marry all!
Says I, then chuck the dice and see
What happy man will win the hand
Of Clarabel Magee. -Chorus.