

The Mabel Waltz - song lyrics

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THE MABEL WALTZ.

Tune-"The Naval Waltz."

I once did know a pretty girl, she dressed so very neat;
She used to run a sewing-machine down in Chatham Street.
Her eyes were bright, complexion light, her cheeks were like the rose;
She'd a dimple chin and pouting lips, and a beautiful turn-up nose.
I never can forget the night I met her at a ball;
'Twas a fancy nop, a dollar a head, up at Irving nail.
Chorus.
She looked so neat, I never thought she ever would prove false;
Her step was light as the bounding fawn, dancing the Mabel Waltz.

I often met her after that, of tender things we talked;
And every Sunday out of two I'd take her out to walk.
I bought her lots of diamonds at a dollar-jewelry store,
And also bought her a new silk dress, which every day she wore;
In buying presents for that girl, I all my money spent.
Until I found myself dead-broke, and I hadn't got a cent.- Chorus.

And then I thought 'twas getting time the question for to pop.
I went, one day, dressed in my best, straight down to the shop;
She didn't come; I asked the cause, and learned from one Miss Brown,
My charmer had, that very day, just gone out of town.
Judge my feelings when Miss Brown these cruel words let slip:
"It's my opinion she's gone off upon her wedding trip." -Chorus.

And when a year had passed away, at a window I did see
My fair, but false one, sitting with a baby on her knee.
I quickly marched into the house, and, there, what met my view
'Twas a tall policeman, six feet high, he was her husband, too.
He collared me, and then commenced a series of assaults
I never chasseyed it so fast before, while dancing the Mabel Waltz.-Cho.