

Mabel Gray - song lyrics

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

MABEL GRAY.

Copyright, 1894, by J. W. Wheeler.

Words by P. L. O'Leary. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

When first I met sweet Mabel Cray, 'twas in a country town,
She was as fair as a summer's day, a beauty of renown;
She sang in the little village choir, with voice so sweet and pure;
Her eyes would set your heart on fire, her manner quite demure,
But from the city came a man, he was handsome, young and gay;
With flatt'ring tongue he then begun enticing her away;
He plead with her to go with him and be his own sweet wife,
For with the wealth at his command they'd lead a happy life.

Chorus.

Sweet Mabel Gray, yes our little Mabel Cray,
Charming and young and fair, blue eyes and golden hair,
In one thoughtless moment she threw herself away,
Our innocent, sweet village pet, our darling Mabel Gray.

'Twas on a cold, dark winter's night, the storm did fiercely blow-
Beneath the glare of the city light she lay there in the snow;
A kind policeman took her up, and saw by her wan face
She'd tasted well the bitter cup of mis'ry and disgrace,
While in the station-house that night she fancied she could hear
The old church choir as in the past, the voice of mother dear,
And in delirium she raved, while her spirit passed away,
With no friend near to bless or cheer our darling Mabel Cray.- Chorus.