

Grace O'moore - song lyrics

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GRACE O'MOORE.

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Words and Music by Max S. Witt.

I know a dear little maiden whose name is Grace,
She has a pretty, bewitching, sweet, smiling face;
When you have seen her, you all with me will agree,
That ne'er before have you seen such a queen as she;
She's pure as the lilies, modest in form and face.
Who could not love her, my own little dark-eyed Grace.

Chorus.

Grace O'Moore is the girl I love, true to me she is as the stars above,
If you roam this wide world o'er, not a girl can equal her, my Grace O'Moore.
Yes, she has promised my own little wife to be,
That makes me happy, for no greater boon to me;
Her truest love I have won, I can proudly say,
And to the future I now look without dismay;
Though skies may o'ershadow, boding ill winds and rain,
We will be happy, for sunshine must come again.- Chorus.