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Darling Mabel

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DARLING MABEL

or The Love Letter.

Sung by LEONARD BARRY.

Joe was in love with sweet Mabel,
And Dame Rumour said he was anxious to wed—
But somehow he never felt able
To speak when his lov'd one was nigh.
He'd blush like a rose when he met her,
And over each word he would stammer absurd
But once in the form of a letter,
He thought for her heart he'd apply ;
So straightway he wrote this business-like note—

Chorus.

“ Darling Mabel, now I'm able
To buy the happy home ;
Since they've raised my screw, love,
I've enough for two, love—
Will you marry ? do not tarry,
Answer 'Yes' or 'No,'—
I conclude with love and kisses,
Yours for ever, Joe.”

Joe, for his sweet Mabel's answer
Would wait on the mat for the postman's rat-tat,
And wonder if she'd say “ I can't, sir,”
Or promise to be his own wife.
He waited six months, and got thinner,
He'd sob and he'd sigh, and would pipe his blue eye,
Would go without breakfast or dinner—
In fact, he felt tired of his life—
In dreams he would quote that letter he wrote :

Chorus :—Darling Mabel, &c.

The sequel I haste to be stating,
For, truth now to tell, Mabel loved him quite well—
Then why did she keep the chap waiting ?
The answer's as plain as can be ;
His life he'd determined to end it,
When in his old coat he discovered the note,
Somehow he'd forgotten to send it ;
He rushed off to Mabel with glee—
Their wedding's to-day, for he found pluck to say—

Chorus :—Darling Mabel, &c.