The Sun's My Only Beau - song lyrics

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THE SUN'S MY ONLY BEAU.
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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

You may sing of your sweetheart in the moon,
I've a better by far than he,
For the moon has a pale and yellow face
And could never make love to me.
Now I have a bean who is jolly and bright,
His smile turns the night into day;
For the sun is my sweetheart, you may guess,
And I'll marry him sure next May.

Chorus.
He's my beau, my only beau;
The sun is my sweetheart, don't you know?
On the sly with no one by,
Oh, you should see him wink his eye;
Ev'ry morn at, break of day
The moon hurries off to get out of his way.
Other sweethearts come and go;
The sun's my only beau.

When a girl is in love she sits and sight,
And she gazes up at the moon;
But a maiden like me who's fancy free
Isn't quite such a silly loon.
You all know that cupid so bashful and shy
Plays mischief with arrow and dart:
So the sun said to me, as the clouds rolled by.
He'd be pleased to be my sweetheart.- Chorus.

Now the sun never changes nor grows cold,
He's a jolly old chap all 'round;
But the moon is a false and fickle flirt.
And there's times when he can't be found.
Each month he gives promise to do what is right,
Like other great men with a pull;
But I'm sorry to say, when not out of sight,
That the moon is 'most always full.- Chorus.