Clara Bella Brown - song lyrics

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CLARA BELLA BROWN.
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Words and Music by John W. Ransone.

I cannot keep the secret, it's a pleasure to divulge,
Dar's gwine to be a party, I invites yer to indulge:
Dar's gwine to be a weddin', not so very far from town,
And the gal that's gwine to marry, is Miss Clara Bella Brown.

Chorus.
Here I is, Miss Clara Bella, in my bran'-new gown,
I'm de gayest color'd gal dat lives in dis y'here town.
All de Coons dey call on me, from miles and miles aroun';
Black and yaller love Miss Bella, Clara Bella Brown.

He call'd on me last evening, last to woo and coo a bit;
De ring dat he fetch'd to me didn't any digit fit:
From thumb down to small finger was so very fat and round,
Not a ring was found in Tiffny's to fit Clara Bella Brown. - Chorus.