Clara Bell - song lyrics

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CLARA BELL.
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Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by H. W. Petrie.

Down at the beach last week, sitting within a nook,
There was a maid so meek, feigning to read a book;
Just as I passed the place my eyes met hers so bright,
Tenderly gazing, such bright hopes raising, we both had loved at eight.

Chorus.
Clara Bell, Clara Bell, is the name of the girl that I love;
Clara Bell, Clara Bell, is as fair as an angel above;
Clara Bell, Clara Bell, from me slyly has stolen my heart;
Clara Bell, Clara Bell, from my darling I never will part.

In the glad month of June, when all with mirth is fanned,
We'll take our honeymoon, happiest in the land;
Nothing can blight our love, care is a thing unknown,
So on forever, never to sever, Clara, my love, my own.- Chorus.