Southern lyric: Sweet Beulah Rowe

Jeff McLemore
A SOUTHERN LYRIC.

Oh, have you seen Sweet Beulah Rowe
That bonnie blue-eyed maiden!
Whose cheeks are like the morning's glow
Whose lips are honey-laden!
To know her is to know the queen
Of earth's divinest treasures;
Her look gives color to each scene,
Her words are music's measures.

The birds that carol from the trees
Are chanting her sweet praises;
Where'er she goes each passing breeze
Sings love to blushing daisies.
The rose seems sweeter when she views
Its petals all unfolding,
And lighter fall the evening dews
When she is there beholding.

The violets smile when she is near,
And whisper at her coming;
The whirling bee forgets its fear
And gentler grows its humming.
The night-in-gale sings low and sweet,
The stars more soft are beaming,
And angels guard her blissful retreat
When she is sweetly dreaming.

Who would not love Sweet Beulah Rowe,
That bonnie blue-eyed maiden!
Whose cheeks are like the morning's glow,
Whose lips are honey-laden!
There's magic in her pensive charm,
And sunshine in her glances;
Her presence drives away all harm
And gilds our sweetest fancies.

Jeff. McLemore.