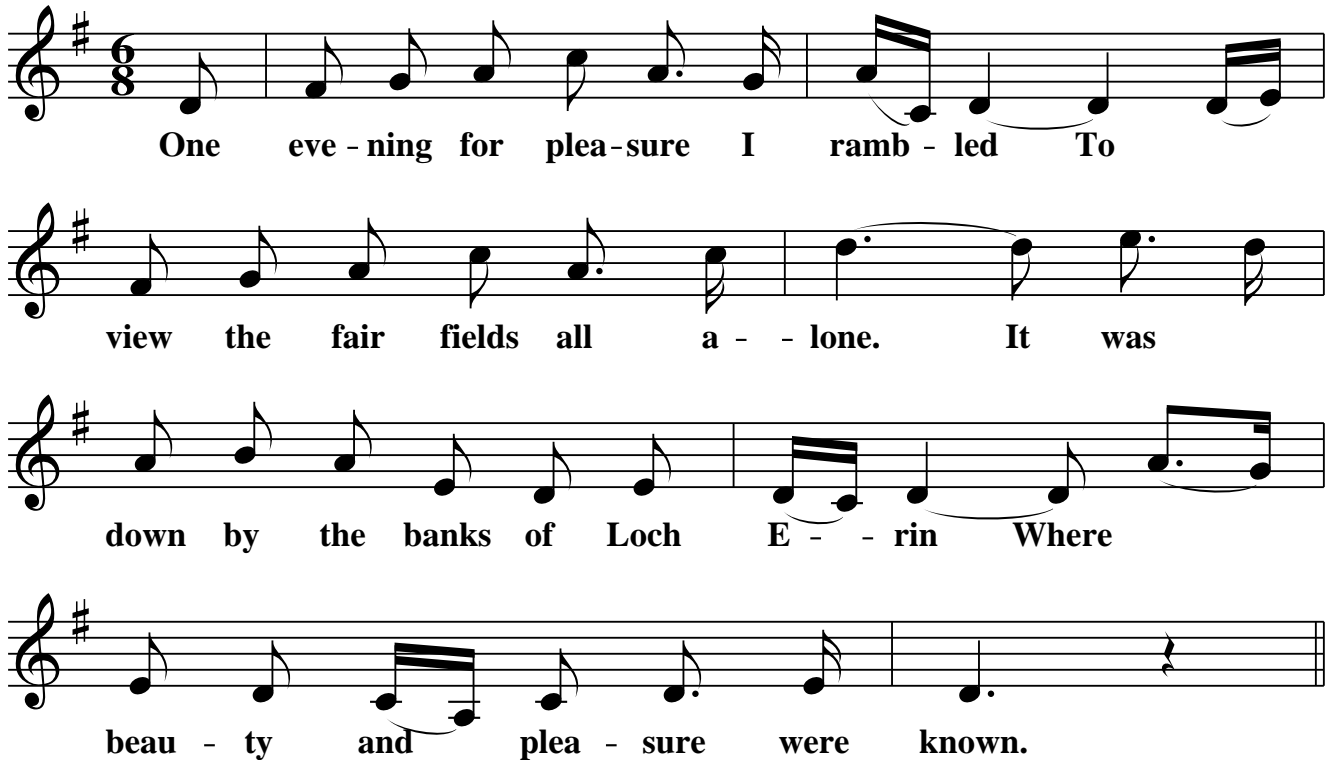


The Star of Belle Isle.



One eve - ning for plea - sure I ramb - led To
view the fair fields all a - - lone. It was
down by the banks of Loch E - - rin Where
beau - ty and plea - sure were known.

One evening for pleasure I rambled
To view the fair fields all alone
It was down by the banks of Loch Erin
Where beauty and pleasure were known.

I spied a fair maid at her labour,
Which caused me to stay for awhile;
I thought her the goddess of beauty,
The blooming bright star of Belle Isle.

I humbled myself to her beauty;
'Fair maiden, where do you belong?
Are you from the heavens descended,
Abiding in Cupid's fair throng?.

'Young man I will tell you a secret,
It's true I'm a maid that is poor,
And to part with my vows and my promises,
'Tis more than my poor heart can endure.

Therefore I'll remain at my service,
And go through all hardships and toil,
And wait for the lad that do love me,
Alone on the banks of Belle Isle.'

'Young maiden I wish not to banter,
It's true I came here in disguise;
I came to fulfil my last promise,
And hoped to give you a surprise.

I own you're the maid I love dearly,
You've been in my heart all the while;
For there's no other damsel in this wide world
Than my blooming bright star of Belle Isle.'