The Buckskin Bag of Gold

The Buckskin Bag of Gold
(Henry Clay Work)

Last night I met him on the train,
A man with lovely eyes;
And he gave me such a scorching glance
Of sweetly charm'd surprise.
I knew 'twas he the lady meant,
Who once my fortune told,
By his jet black eyes, his grand moustache
And his buckskin bag of gold

cho: Yes! Yes! he is the man
Who does your fortune hold,
He has jet black eyes, a grand moustache
And a buckskin bag of gold.
Tall! Slim! quick as a flash!
And twenty two years old,
He has jet black eyes, a grand moustache
And a buckskin bag of gold!

The dearest man you ever saw
How much I love him now,
And if I should live a thousand years
No other hears my vow.
Like Judas, no, like Jupiter
He looked so brave and bold,
With his jet black eyes, his grand moustache
And his buckskin bag of gold

Sweet boy, bring me The Morning Call
Perchance I'll find his name,
At the Grand Hotel he must have stopped
I wonder when he came.
He must have charmed those Lumpkin girls
So haughty, proud and cold;
By his jet black eyes, his grand moustache
And his buckskin bag of gold

How can I seek a name unknown?
Oh, tell me where he went!
What is this I read! Why Papa's bank
Is robbed of every cent!

The thief, it seems, left town last night
Well, well! I'm nocely sold
He had jet black eyes, his grand moustache
And a buckskin bag of gold

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