Little Maude

Verse 1.
Oh where is our dainty, our darling?
She's the daintiest darling of all.
Oh where is her voice on the stairway?
Oh where is her voice in the hall?
The little light steps in the entry,
The silvery laugh in the hall.
Then where is our dainty, our darling?
She's the daintiest darling of all.

Chorus
Little Maude, little Maude,
She's the daintiest darling of all.
Little Maude, little Maude,
She's the dainty, our darling of all.

(Lyrics continued next page)

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Verse 2.
Oh the peaches are ripe in the garden,
And the apricots are ready to fall.
And the blue grapes are ripe in their honey,
And the sun shines against the white wall.
Oh where are those lips so full [of milking]
That look up so pouting and red,
With the dangled of sun's purple clusters
When it hits the bell over our head?

Chorus

Critical Commentary

Editor's notes:
The music of this song is by Joseph Philbrick Webster, and the words are based on a poem by Thomas B. Aldrich (<http://www.pdmusic.org/webster/jpw65lm.txt>). Webster lived from 1819-1875, and also wrote the music to "In the Sweet By and By," "Softly, Lightly, Sweetly Sing," "Brave Men, Behold your Fallen Chief," and "Old Elm Tree" (McNeil 175). The latter is also in the Stratman-Thomas collection.

Sources:

K.G.