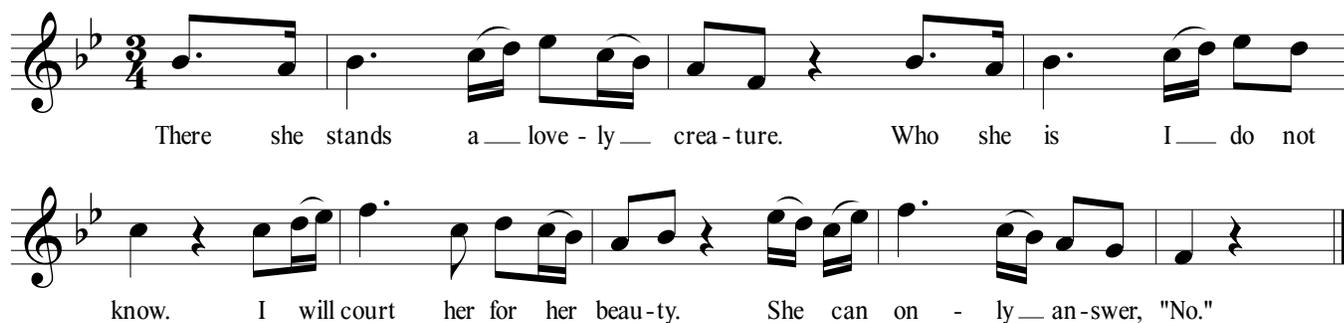


There She Stands a Lovely Creature



There she stands a — love - ly — crea - ture. Who she is I — do not
know. I will court her for her beau - ty. She can on - ly — an - swer, "No."

Madam, I have gold and silver.
Madam, I have houses and land.
Madam, I have ships on the ocean.
All will be at your command.

What care I for gold and silver?
What care I for houses and land?
What care I for ships on the ocean?
All I want is a handsome man.

Handsome man is out of the question.
Handsome man you cannot find.
Handsome man is out of the question.
Cannot be at your command.

Madam, do not stand on beauty;
Youth and beauty fade away
Like a rose that blooms in the morning
And in evening dies away.

When my mother was a little girl, she knew an old lady who was so helplessly crippled by rheumatism that she had completely lost the use of her limbs. Each morning some member of her family would place her in her big rocker and there she would sit all day, rocking and singing old songs and hymns. She sat with her right elbow in the padded arm of her chair, ceaselessly rubbing her thumb back and forth across the first joint of her first finger, as these were the only fingers she could move. Mother said that from hearing this old lady singing them she learned: *The Quaker's Wooing*, *There She Stands A Lovely Creature*, and *Remember the Poor*.