

Beautiful Dreamer (Stephen Foster)

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelie;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

There Are Plenty of Fish in The Sea (Stephen Foster)

A lady tossed her curls
At all who came to woo;
She laughed to scorn the vows,
From hearts through false or true,
While merrily she sang;
And cared all day for naught,
There are plenty of fish in the sea,
As good as ever were caught,
There are plenty of fish in the sea,
As good as ever were caught.
Upon their lightning wings
The merry years did glide,
A careless life she led.
And was not yet a bride;
Still as of old she sang
Though few to win her sought,
There are plenty of fish in the sea,
As good as ever were caught.
At length the lady grew
Exceedingly alarmed,
For beaux had grown quite shy
Her face no longer charmed.
And now she sadly sings
The lesson time has taught
There are plenty of fish in the sea,
But, oh, they're hard to be caught.