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1903

## My Love is the Poster Maid

Fred H Clifford

*Composer*

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# MY LOVE IS THE POSTER MAID

My Love is the  
Poster Maid

Words and music by  
Fred H. Clifford

Yp Me.  
000736  
cli.

VP 1903  
M

# MY LOVE IS

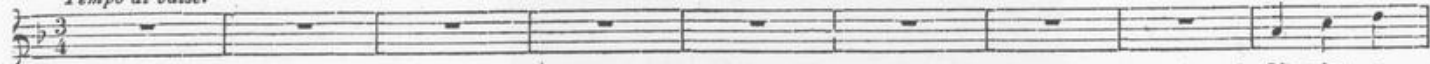
WORDS and MUSIC

BY

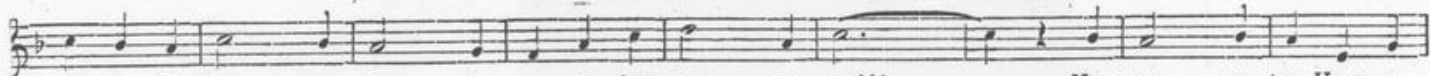
THE

FRED H. CLIFFORD

*Tempo di valse.*



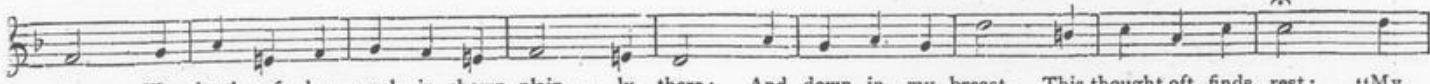
1. Oh, what a
2. Day af - ter
3. All thro' the



won - der - ful charm - er is the up - to - date post - er maid! . . . Her eyes so true Have a  
day, as I wend my way, I meet with this maid - en fair. . . . I seek her eye As I'm  
night I am haunt - ed by sweet tho'ts of my post - er maid. . . . In fond em-brace Her ma -



pur - ple hue Of deep - est and rich - est shade. . . . They hold me en-tranced by their stead - fast  
pass - ing by, And hope for a twin - kle there. . . . Her mar - vel - lous fig - ure is draped com -  
gen - ta face Close up to mine own is laid. . . . In fan - cy, the swish of her skirts I



stare; The depth of her soul is shown plain - ly there; And down in my breast, This thought oft finds rest: "My  
plete In gaud - i - est rai-ment from head to feet; There's no one can show More style, as I know, Than  
hear; 'Tis sweet - est of mu - sic up - on mine ear And, sleep-ing or not, I cher-ish the thought That



MUSIC

# THE POSTER MAID

FORD

love is the post - er maid. . . . Vi - o - let lips has she; . . . . Hair like the  
my love, the post - er maid. . . .  
my love's the post - er maid. . . .

deep blue sea, . . . . Dear lit - tle cheeks that blush in brown when trib - utes of love are  
paid. . . . Dash - ing and bold she stands . . . . Toy - ing her pea - green hands; . . . .

Won - drous - ly fair, None can com - pare With my love, the post - - er maid. . . . .

8 va.