

I know a girl, I know a lady.  
Hair as gold, smile as pearls,  
Eyes as joy, and a heart indescribable.  
The sort to never forget.  
Met, we did, in cheap chapel chairs,  
Golden haired and angel faced,  
I assumed her shallow,  
My ignorant folly.  
Assigned to listen to God,  
I confess I didn't expect much.  
Yet from her lips,  
He's never ceased to speak.  
I know a girl, I know a lady.  
Hair as gold, smile as pearls.  
Unfolding her paper,  
I saw His writing.  
And ever since I've known I was loved.  
She's a lively one, you must give her that.  
And she's a lovely one, you must admit.  
To see just her face,  
Leaves shallow men in ignorant folly.

I heard that day a message,  
For a golden heart,  
In a diamond lady.  
That the creator of heaven,  
This God for earth,  
Longed for her to hear,  
His laughter.  
You may think it was shallow,  
But twood be your ignorant folly.  
For a smile as pearls in laughter,  
Is more beautiful than I can say.  
I now a girl, I know a lady.  
With a golden heart, and eyes as joy.  
Who reminds me so oft,  
Of the love I forget is afforded.  
Soft and tender are her hands,  
When she holds those who weep.  
And lovely is her face,  
When she sings of grace amazing.

I know a girl, I know a lady.

I know a golden heart,  
I know a spirit of wonder.  
I know a girl, I know a lady,  
And I think you should know,  
Her name is Amy.