

# Get Thee Gone, Girl - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

GET THEE GONE, GIRL.

As I was a reading the paper last night,  
I saw there a story that I will recite,  
It's about a young damsel got stuck on a clerk,  
She bothered him daily while he was at work.  
Oh, this gal she would watch him and on him keep an eye,  
She swore she would have him or with him she'd die;  
When she went to embrace him he'd yelp loud and strong,  
Get thee gone, girl, get thee gone, girl,  
But the girl wouldn't get thee gone.

Oh, she tortured him hourly and stuck just like glue,  
He wasted away and his clothes he fell through;  
He rented a barnyard And slept in a shed,  
And this girl she hung till his reason had fled.  
Now she'd crawled thro\* a knot hole and roost by his side,  
With a hank of blue ribbon his ankles she tied,  
When he awoke from his slumbers like a hero did say,  
Get thee away, girl, get thee away, girl,  
But the girl wouldn't get thee away.

Oh, she followed him around, and one evening he died  
He opened his mug and he let his breath slide,  
In an alley way they have laid him to take his last sleep.  
Where the torn cats do fid it and the bull dogs do eat.  
Oh, she dressed herself up in a new Sunday coat.  
With some whitewash his age on a shovel she wrote,  
Now she gets boiling full, and the boys all do shout,  
Get thee out. girl, get thee out, girl.  
But the girl don't get thee out.