

# The Lovers' Telegraph - song lyrics

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

THE LOVERS' TELEGRAPH.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

When first I went to see my gal,  
We courted in the dark;  
But her father and her mother and cross-eyed brother  
Would listen while we'd spark;  
So I bought the new invention, then,  
And gave them all the laugh;  
'Twas a string with a tin box on each end,  
Called the lovers' telegraph.

Chorus.

Oh! the new invention is awful nice-  
I know 'twould make you laugh  
To hear the very funny things we said  
Through the lovers telegraph.

When next I went to see my gal  
I had very little to say;  
I gave her one end of the new machine,  
And sat about twenty feet away;  
The old folks thought we acted strange,  
And called me a great big calf;  
But they didn't know how the old thing worked  
Through the lovers' telegraph.-Chorus.

Said I, "sweet angel, dost thou know  
I lovest thee the best?"  
The answer came so soft and sweet-  
"Oh! George, pull down your vest!"  
When I asked her if she'd fly with me  
To the land of the wild giraffe?  
She answered back-" How are you fixed?"  
Through the lovers' telegraph.-Chorus.

Love went flying through the string,  
Till her brother found us out;  
And then he whispered to his dad  
What we had been about.  
The old man gently raised his hoof,  
Nearly splitting me in half;  
He busted a hole in my new pants