The Organ Grinder - song lyrics
American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

You see before you a young man,
Who mourns both night and day,
For the loss of a pretty girl named Fan,
Who has stolen his heart away;
She said she loved me faithfully,
And vowed we ne'er would part,
But she's gone away with an organ man,
And broke this poor heart, heart, heart

Chorus.
Bo I mourns for the loss of the girl I love,
I don't know where to rind her.
She's gone away from her turtle-dove,
With a nasty organ-grinder.

At a twelve-roomed house In Canonbury Square,
She lived as a kitchen-maid.
Six pounds a year and all she could eat
Was the salary she got paid.
Oh, how often down those area steps,
I've crept like an old Tom-cat,
And after having a good blow-out,
I've filled my poor old hat, hat, hat.
But I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c.

Out of all the servants in the square,
She used to take the shine;
She'd a delicate turn in her ankle,
And a great big crinoline;
When she used to clean the front door-steps,
How the chaps they used to stare,
And throw sheep's eyes and heave big sighs,
Which made me tear my hair, hair, hair.
But I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c.

Now I soon began to notice
That whenever I passed that way,
There was always an organ-grinder there,
A grinding 'Old Dog Tray.'
He'd grind and ground, until he found
He couldn't grind any more;
And when they told him to move on,
He'd go and grind next door.
But I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c

Now one day "Fan" asked this organ man
To play her "Uncle Sam,"
She gave him coppers in return.
And a plate of "cold roast lamb"
Then he told her he was of noble blood,
And would be a marquis one fine day;
That with him she eloped away-that day.
So I mourns for the loss of the girl, &c.

Well, the last I heard of the happy pair,
'Twas down in Pimlico;
The fellow was a grinding on his instrument of torture,
And Fan played the obi banjo;"
But to mourn any more for a girl like that,
I should only be a dunce;
So I'll think no more of Fan and her organ man,
But hope they'll get six months-

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk
Spoken—With hard labor, for disturbing Mr. Babbage in his
skyectific pursuits and mental miscalculations.

Chorus.
So no more I'll mourn for the girl I loved,
And no more I'll try to find her,
She may go and be blewed for what I care,
Yes. and so may her organ-grinder.

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