

# The Gal With A Roguish Eye - song lyrics

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

The Gal with a Roguish Eye.

Oh, I think it very pleasant  
To promenade the street,  
And gaze upon the fashions  
Of each pretty girl you meet.  
They've such little hats and bonnets,  
And hoots, (cost nine or ten,)  
Which makes them altogether  
More expensive than the men.

Chorus.

Oh, dear, it makes me feel so shy.  
Whene'er I meet upon the street  
The gal with a roguish eye.  
Oh, dear, it makes me feel so shy.  
Whene'er I meet upon the street  
The gal with a roguish eye.

Among the smiling faces,  
There's one above the rest,  
"Who dresses with the greatest care,  
And of the very best.  
She don't appeal to mind me  
Whene'er she's passing by,  
But drops her veil clear o'er her face,  
To hide her roguish eye.-Chorus.

I went home for consolation  
To ma, the other day,  
And told her all about my love  
With this sweet maiden gay.  
"Good gracious, bless the darling boy!"  
These words my mother said,  
"Why don't you dress up in your best  
And go and spark the maid? "-Chorus.

I mustered all my courage up,  
And called one afternoon,  
And met her father face to face,  
He kicked me from the room.  
He lifted me so neatly  
Clear out into the street.  
And hauled me upon my head.  
Instead of upon my feet.-Chorus.

I regained my scattered senses,  
And began to look about,  
When I heard a voice of sweetness sing,  
"Does mother know you're out?"  
I turned the corner in a rage,  
"Midst laughter, yell And din,  
Determined then to drown myself,  
But found I couldn't swim.-Chorus.