

# Gal What I Calls Mine - song lyrics

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

GAL WHAT I CALLS MINE.

Just around the corner you'll observe  
A snug little green-grocer's shop.  
With the name of Villiam Viggins  
Painted large as life on top;  
Well, that concern belongs to me,  
And the trade I does is fine,  
But I'd sooner part with all I have  
Than that gal what I calls mine.

Chorus.

For I dotes on the ground she walks upon,  
And her two bright eyes that shine,  
I would not take all the money in the bank  
For that gal what I calls mine.

Now where she lives and what's her name  
I don't intend to tell,  
For certain sure she'd soon be quizzed .  
By every noble swell;  
You may see me on a Sunday,  
If the weather it is fine,  
As I take my walk, and on my arm  
Is the gal what I calls mine.-Chorus.

There's servant maids and other maids,  
What's dealers at my store;  
They winks their eyes, so I winks mine  
In fun, but nothing more.  
If a duchess wished to marry me,  
I'd beg leave to decline;  
I'd rather live on bread and cheese  
With the gal what I calls mine.-Chorus.

Twas last Sunday afternoon,  
I plucked up nerve to pop  
The question if she'd have me,  
And my wegebles and shop;  
She didn't say "no! " she didn't say "yes!"  
But she said she'd "drop a line,"  
'Cause so very bashful and so shy  
Is the girl what I calls mine.

Spoken.-I do believe she'd blush herself to death if anybody'd  
let her. But it's a ton of coals to a pint of goose-berries she an-  
swers "yes! " So, if the wegebles should go up a penny or so, it  
will be owing to the matrimonial speculation of this "umble  
hindiwiddle " with the party of the hoppersite sect of which as I  
said before.-Chorus.