

# Those Girls At The School - song lyrics

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

THOSE GIRLS AT THE SCHOOL.

Written and Composed by Harry Nicholls.

My name's Charlie Mash, and I've just come from school,  
With the heart-ache and blues, and the tear in my eye;  
I've had a good hiding, they've called me a spoon;  
If I wasn't afraid, for two pins I would die.  
For not far from ours is a school for young Indies,  
Who giggle and simper whenever we meet;  
I love them all madly and wildly and fondly.  
Those girls at the school at the end of the street.

Spoken-The first one I spoke to was a Scotch girl. I offered her my heart  
and a bun. She took the bun and said, the heart she couldn't be fashed with;  
and in a voice reminding me of the sound of bagpipes said:

Chorus.

Eh, mon, buy caller herrin',  
Ye ken I've no lo' for yersel' at a',  
I'm brawly, thank ye for speerin,  
Dinna ye fash yersel!', hoot awa.

Though crushed and defeated in this my first love,  
I thought it was nonsense to give way to grief,  
So I swore to possess a young thing they called "Frenchy,"  
And fancied at last my poor heart found relief.  
I couldn't write French, though I sent her a billy.  
Nor knew what it meant when I murmured toot sweet.  
But I made up my mind to ran over to Parry  
With this girl from the school at the end of the street.

Spoken-But she said:

Chorus.

"Vive la more or less si voo voolly,  
Tray be hang ke voolly voo,  
Ally voos ong la square de Leicester,  
Parley voo francy, wee mossoo."

Some would have been with these failures disheartened,  
Have shunned such a world so unkind, so untrue,  
And wailed some time before trying another,  
But I-no-I loved, and I didn't care who;  
And soon I saw one whom I thought I had conquered,  
Who made my pulse throb and my heart wildly beat,  
Who robbed me of sleep and my fondness for pudding-  
A girl at the school at the end of the street.

Spoken-She was German, and when I told her I loved her, she said:

Chorus.

"Yah! Nein! Sausage-polony!  
Ist has so? Sauerkraut, mynheer!  
Ich liebe dich; vere is my poodle?  
Gracious goot gootness! larger bier!"

Thus heartsick and lonely, with love unrequited,  
I silently dashed from my eye the salt tear,  
And couldn't eat more than nine buns after dinner.  
And, after six bottles, I loathed ginger beer.  
But love's flame was kindled once more in my bosom;  
I swore that I never would suffer defeat;  
So I offered my heart and my hand and three ha'pence  
To another young girl at the end of the street.

Spoken-She was Irish, and exclaimed:

Chorus.

"Here's another injustice to Ireland!

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Erin, my country, my heart bleeds for you;  
I'll knock corners of ye, you spalpeen Mavourneen.  
Be gorral by jabers! bedad and huroo!"

How sad that a fond heart like mine should be pining  
For some one to love who would love in return!  
Make any one happy, this life's only object, .  
But nobody seems for this object to yearn.  
I tempt them with jumbles and arrowroot biscuits,  
And apples and nuts down my trouser secrete;  
My sweets they've accepted, but me they've rejected,  
Those girls at the school at the end of the street.

Spokes-The next I proposed to was Rachel Emmanuel When I asked her  
if she'd be mine, she said:

Chorus.

"Oh! s'help me, ain't he got guiver?  
I'll tell my brothers Ike, Manny and Mo;  
Jumping Moses! and ain't got no ooftish,  
Go and sell lemons, fried fish, and old 'clo."