

Every Boy Has Quarreled With His First Sweetheart - song lyrics

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Every Boy Has Quarreled with His First Sweetheart.
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Words and Music by Chas. B. Lawlor and James W. Blake.

Every one can picture, when he was young and gay,
A certain pretty little girl with whom he used to play;
She just thought the world of him; he always took her part;
But every boy has quarreled with his first sweetheart.

Chorus.

My first sweetheart, why did we part? whose fault was it, yours or mine?
Parted, Just like many others, in the golden summer time;
Over some game or toy, when we were girl and boy,
We quarreled and we parted in the sweet long ago.

We quarreled and we parted, each took different ways;
We sometimes meet, since we've grown up, and talk of other days;
But, looking backward on the scene, there's one thing we enjoy,
The mem'ry of those hours when a girl and boy.- Chorus.