

# The Angel Of Mulberry Bend - song lyrics

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

The Angel of Mulberry Bend.

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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by G M. Blandford.

We don't put on style in our alley,  
And the boys are not extra polite,  
There's plenty of howling and fighting,  
On our street of a Saturday night.  
But there's one little girl that we're proud of,  
And none of us her would offend.  
She's so good that they call her "an angel,"  
The angel of Mulberry Bend.

Chorus.

She is the Angel of Mulberry Bend, boys,  
She's the pride of the whole blooming place;  
There isn't no bluff, boys, about her,  
You can tell by her "sweet little face  
She's us good as a squad of police, boys;  
if her help to a good cause she'll lend,  
She's as pure as a dove, and I know they love  
The angel of Mulberry Bend.

Our alley is dingy and dirty,  
But she always looks neat and clean;  
She seems like a pretty wild flower  
That you find in the Spring on the green;  
She invites us sometimes of an evening  
An hour at her house to spend,  
And you bet that we all "toe the scratch," boys,  
With the angel of Mulberry Bend.- Chorus.

We bear that next Monday's her birthday,  
And the boys want to do the right thing,  
So they voted some suitable present  
On that day to her they'd like to bring;  
We have talked it all over together.  
And what do you think we will send?  
A corking big bouquet of roses.  
To the angel of Mullberry Bend.- Chorus.