

The Belle Of Avenue B - song lyrics

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THE BELLE OF AVENUE B.

Tune- "Belle of Tennessee."

Oh, boys, do now have pity and listen unto me,
I tells you of a gal I loved that lived in Avenue B:
Her hair it was so very red, and her name it was Rose,
And she had a carbuncle on the other side of her nose.

Chorus.

Rosa, dearest Rosa, my heart still beats for thee.
The only gal I ever loved, the belle of Avenue B.

When I went up In Avenue B, it grieved my heart full sore,
I see my own dear Roma there a crying at the door;
But I sat down And began to laugh as Rosa said to me:
' big dirty Jake, what troubles you make with me in Avenue B. -Chorus.

My Rosa she don't wear no hoops like other pals around,
B it she wears a big, long dress that sweeps upon the ground;
And when she goes across the street she'll raise it to let you see
A bigger foot than any other gal that lives in Avenue B.- Chorus.

Now I'm sad and dejected, for my Rosa is gone away
On a trip to Blackwell s Island, the Summer months to stay;
But she sent me a letter-she wishes she was here.
Where she could eat the sauerkraut and drink the lager bier.- Chorus.

But Rosa's coming back again in two weeks more, you know,
Tue last time I was up there, 'twas then she told me so;
And when she does come home again, we'll go in the Dutchman's shop,
And we'll eat bologna sausages and drink the brandy snop.-Chorus.

Now Rosa she is mine again, now happy I do be,
I gets up in the mornings then before when I can see;
And first I gets my breakfast, then I takes my hooks and bags,
And I travels around the streets and picks up bones and rags.-Chorus.