

# Jones's Girl - song lyrics

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JONES'S GIRL.

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Words by A. J. Montague. Music by L. H. Ascherfeld.

I'm deep in love with Jones's girl, so winsome, neat and small,  
Tho' mamma tells me I should wed some lady stout and tall;  
But, ah, they overawe me so, that really I should drop  
If they but cast their gaze on me when I took heart to pop;  
But Jones's girl is such a mite, and smiles on me so sweet,  
And greets me with such pleasant words whene'er we chance to meet;  
Her presence does not frighten me, or set my head a-whirl,  
Altho' my heart beats pit-a-pat when I see Jones's girl.

Chorus.

She's just the size that suits me best,  
Her eyes look into mine;  
Her sweet, red lips just reach my own,  
Which you'll admit is fine;  
She blushes when I take her hand,  
And tell her she's my pearl,  
So I'll let my mamma's pets alone,  
And spoon with Jones's girl.

She can't weigh over ninety pounds, but, ah! each pound to me  
Is dearer than earth's proudest queen that rules beyond the sea;  
I would not give one gracious smile that beams from her fond eyes  
For all the tall and stately girls that mamma seems to prize.  
She does not have to stoop for me whene'er it is my bliss  
To meet her 'neath the maple trees and snatch a lover's kiss;  
And when I pop and ask her to forever be my pearl,  
I know I shall not feel afraid of old man Jones's girl.- Chorus.