

# He Stole My Girl With That Tura-lu - song lyrics

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HE STOLE MY GIRL WITH THAT TURA-LU.

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Written and Composed by Jas. B. Marshall A Walter Wolff,

I'se a-lookin' for Jeff Jones,  
The coon who plays that darned old saxophone  
Has stole my girl away, and with him she am flown.  
I'll not say one word till I do come across him,  
And then you'll see a coon a-movin',  
With his saxophone.

Chorus.

Blow, blow on the clarinet; blow, blow on the horn;  
Blow, blow on the saxophone; my heart and girl am gone,  
With that tu-ra-lu with that tu-ra-lum,  
And he stole my girl with that tu-ra-lu,  
With that tu-ra-lu, with that tu-ra-lum,  
And he stole my girl with that tu-ra-lu.

I'll not rest at all  
Till I can play the umpardellarre,  
Just as good us he can, and catch another wench.  
I'll practice all day, all night, and on a Sunday,  
Just for to show that fine-haired nigger  
I've got a little sense.- Chorus.

I play now myself:  
You ought to see those coons a-wingin'.  
When I play upon the umpur at Ephriam's summer dance,  
I catch all the girls, but all the coons am jealous,  
Because I play upon the umpar,  
And put them in a trance.- Chorus.

I've got now a girl  
Who loves to hear the umpardellarre,  
Played by me at night time, in daylight or at morn.  
Lucinda I'll wed, she said-if we should have ten piccaninies.  
They should learn the umpar  
As soon as they were born.- Chorus.