

The Only Girl That I Could Love - song lyrics

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The Only Girl that I Could Love.
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Words and Music by Richard R. Hanch.

In three cozy little rooms, in a tenement down town,
There dwells the only girl that I adore;
She supports her aged mother and a little crippled brother
By working in a great big dry-goods store;
She's pretty as a picture, with a wealth of golden hair;
In all this world there's not a girl with her beauty can compare,
And she is just its good and true us an angel from above,
But, best of all, she is the only girl that I could love.

Chorus.
She is the only girl that I could ever love,
Pure as the falling snow, gentle as a dove;
She loves but me, I know; she's often told me so;
With her us my own, this world I'd scorn, she's the girl I love.

It was just two years ago she was in society,
One day her father failed, and soon he died,
Then because she would not marry an old man for his gold,
Her friends of those days coldly pass her by;
She promised me last Sunday that she would be my bride;
This world will be a paradise, with my Irene by my side,
We'll have a little cottage, and I vow by stars above,
That I will always faithful be to her, the girl I love.- Chorus.