

Give To Me The Girl Who Loves Her Mother - song lyrics

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GIVE TO ME THE GIRL WHO LOVES HER MOTHER.

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Words by Ren. shields. Music by Geo. Evans.

A jolly lot of fellows sat within a cozy room,
Telling of the girls whom they loved best.
Each one had his favorite, And ev'ry one, of course,
Vowed that this was better than the rest;
Ev'ry one had spoken, save a manly-looking lad,
About the girls whom they would like to wed;
And after all the rest were thro', he rose up from his chair,
And to the other boys these words he said:

Chorus.

You can have the girl who's fond of dancing,
You Can have the girl who's fond of style,
You can have the girl who's, fond of dressing,
Or the girl who's fond of flirting all the while;
But the girl that I would choose for my girl,
And her I wouldn't give for any other,
If I were looking for a wife to share my lot thro' life,
Just give to me the girl who loves her mother.

Now, boys, the reason I will tell why such a girl I'd choose,
And why her praises I do loudly sing:
A girl who loves her mother is a girl whom you may trust,
A girl that's worthy of a wedding ring;
And through life she's faithful, you will find she'll never change,
Her love it will grow sweeter day by day;
And when to manhood you have grown, you'll find my words are true;
Remember, boys, 'twas I that you heard say.- Chorus.