

My Gal's A High-born Lady - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MY GAL'S A HIGH-BORN LADY.

Parody-By Frank K. Forrest.

There was to be a gathering dis evenin',
A regular jubilee and swell affair,
I was to marry a little lady ob de highest estimation,
But she's done gone an' left me for fair;
All de bright lights from Thompson street was to be thar,
An' bring along de presents for de bride;
As there wssn't any wedding, now de salty tears I'se shedding,
I tells this now my troubles for to hide.

Chorus.

My gal's a high-born lady, born high, oh, well now, maybe,
Born on de roof where de birds fly free, nearer to heaven den she'll ever be:
She's gone, my heart grows sadder, come high, but had to have her,
Should you see this girl so free, just drop a line to me.

Tole de preacher man a how dat gal did jilt me,
He says I spose it's good dat she's gone:
Den I askd him fo' my money dat I paid him In advance, sir,
He gave me de laugh and says go on;
Don't let er nothing like that a skeer you,
I'll keep de money till yer gets another coon,
And when yer's done gone found her, just tie a rope around her,
So she won't get away and leave yer soon - Chorus.