

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

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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 wasn'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 ask a him fo' my money dat I paid him in advance, air,
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.