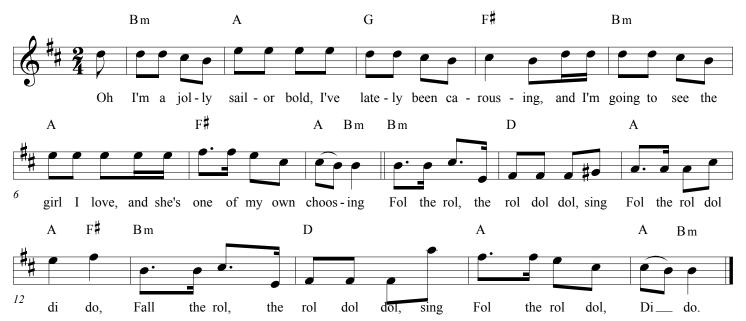
The Girl I Love

Sung by Joseph Chisholm, St. Rafael's, Ontario Recorded by George Proctor in 1960 Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



Oh I went to her father's house Enquiring for my jewel The old man he saluted me With countenance most cruel Fol the rol... etc.

And then the old man said to me Now if you don't be gone sir I will send you to the jail And that's before it's long sir Fol the rol... etc.

The jailer then he siezed me And to the jail he sent me The jailer used me very well On dainty meats he fed me Fol the rol... etc.

My love she in the parlour sat When she thought how I was us-ed She said it grieved her heart full sore To think I was abus-ed Fol the rol... etc. The license [?] then I got next day And straight way we were married We lay there in the jail that night And all the next day tarried Fol the rol... etc.

O now we are good friends again Ten thousand pounds he gave us Ten more we get when he is dead And I wish it was tomorrow Fol the rol... etc.

And now I've got a loving wife And she's one of my own choosing I will settle down in life And go no more carousing Fol the rol... etc.