I had a gal, oh, what a gal, her name was Haydee Brown. I'd tak

Her out, to ride about, when the moon was shining down. We'd si $\ensuremath{\mathsf{t}}$

Alone, when we got home, out in the old porch swing. Then the dear

Little miss, would give me a kiss, while sweetly to her I would sing:

Oh, Haydee, my little lady, I love no one but you. Oh, Haydee, my

Little lady, won't you love me, too? We'll get married in June, and

Have a long honeymoon, then settle down for life. Oh, Haydee, m ${\bf y}$

Little lady, won't you be my wife?

I had a gal, oh, what a pal, she left me alone one day. I didn't

Mind, because I find, they most always do you that way. So, I $\ensuremath{\mathbf{w}}$ ent

About to try n' find out, if another gal I couldn't find. In le ss

Than a day, I'd met Sadie Mae, now I hand her the same old line :

Oh, Sadie, my little lady, I love no one but you. Oh, Sadie, my

Little lady, won't you love me, too? We'll get married in June, and

Have a long honeymoon, then settle down for life. Oh, Sadie, my little

Lady, won't you be my wife?