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The Boy I Love

Reference number PT0368

I'm a young girl and have just come over,
Over from the country where they do things big;
And amongst the boys I've got a lover,
And since I've got a lover, why I don't care a fig.

The boy I love is up in the gallery,
The boy I love is looking now at me;
There he is can't you see?
Waving his handkerchief,
As merry as a robin that sings on a tree.

The boy that I love they call him a cobbler,
But he's not a cobbler, allow me to state;
For Johnny is a tradesman, and he works in the Boro',
Where they sole and heel them whilst you wait.

The boy I love is up in the gallery,
The boy I love is looking now at me;
There he is can't you see?
Waving his handkerchief,
As merry as a robin that sings on a tree.

Now if I were a Duchess and had a lot of money,
I'd give it to the boy that's going to marry me;
But I haven't got a penny so we'll live on love and kisses,
And be just as happy as the birds on the tree.

The boy I love is up in the gallery,
The boy I love is looking now at me;
There he is can't you see?
Waving his handkerchief,
As merry as a robin that sings on a tree.