THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I’m lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o’er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I’ll seek no more the fine and gay,
For each doth but remind me,
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I left behind me.

Oh, ne’er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silver light,
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I’m bound to Brighton Camp,
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining.
Ye gods above o hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again,
To the girl I left behind me.