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The Same Old Girl

by Nettie Alice Dawson

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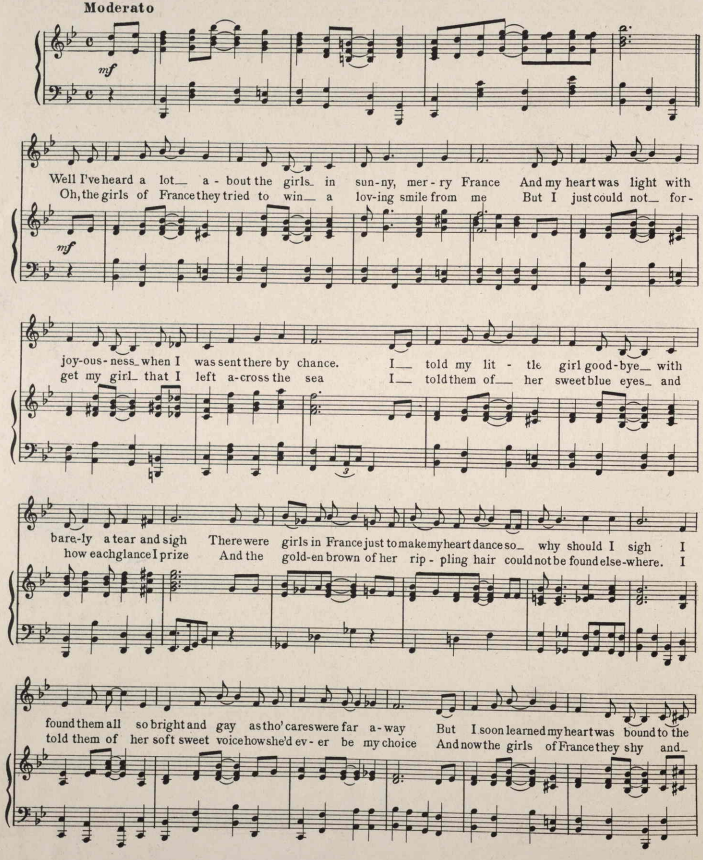
THE SAME OLD GIRL

NETTIE DAWSON



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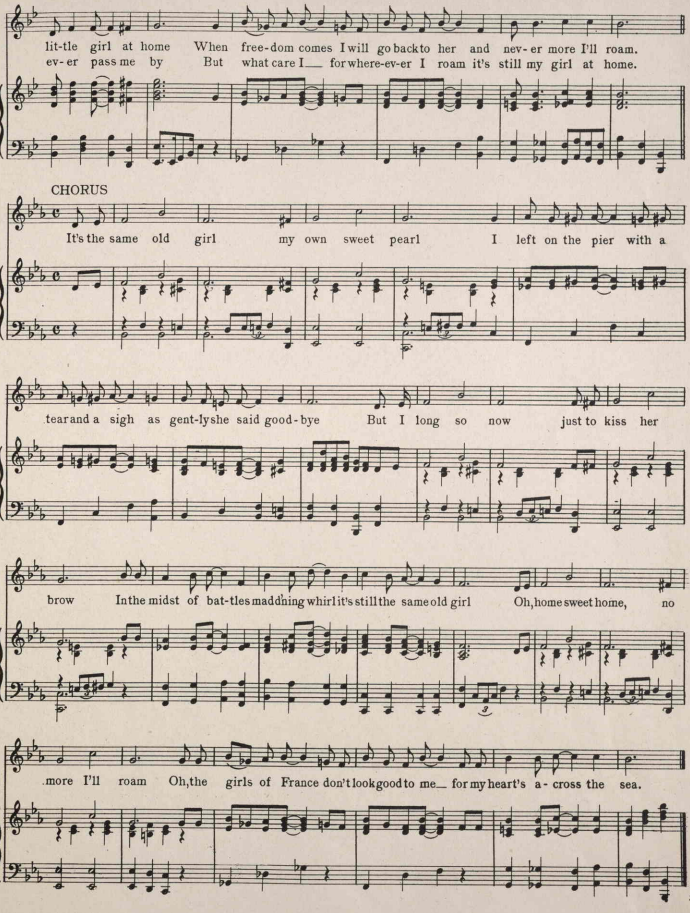
lit-tle girl at home When free-dom comes I will go back to her and nev-er more I'll roam.
ev-er pass me by But what care I___ for where-ev-er I roam it's still my girl at home.
CHORUS
It's the same old girl my own sweet pearl I left on the pier with a
tear and a sigh as gent-ly she said good-bye But I long so now just to kiss her
brow In the midst of bat-tles mad-dning whirl it's still the same old girl Oh, home sweet home, no
more I'll roam Oh, the girls of France don't look good to me___ for my heart's a-cross the sea.

acc. 43824