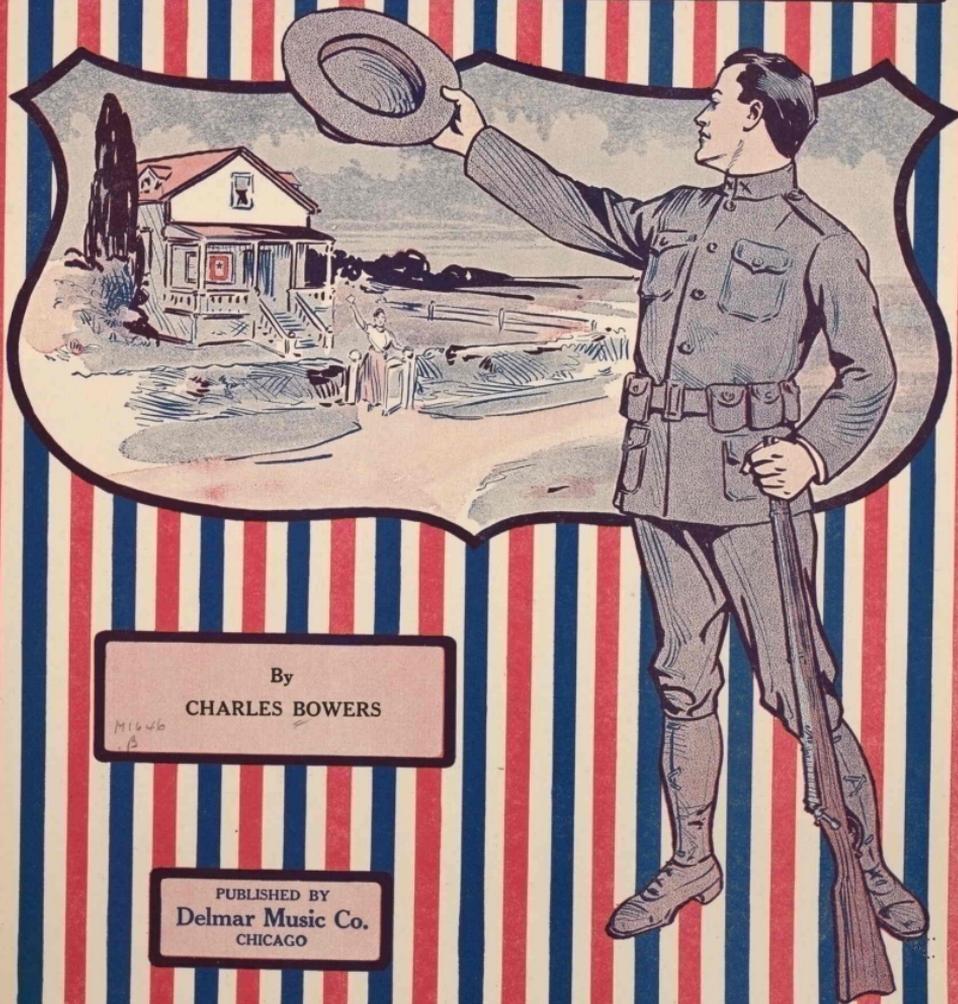


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# THE AMERICAN TRUE LOVE



By  
CHARLES BOWERS

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CHICAGO

# The American True Love

CHARLES BOWERS

*Moderato*

*mp*

A pret - ty fair dam - sel in the gar - den, A brave young soldier  
I have a true lov - er in the arm - y, He's been gone for  
But if he's drowned I hope he's hap - py, Or if he's on some

pass - ing by, He stepped up all for to view her, Say - ing:  
man - y years, And if he stays there sev - 'ral years long - er, No  
battle field slain, Or if he's to some for - eign girl mar - ried, I

"Pret - ty kind miss, will you mar - ry me?" You are not a man of  
man on earth shall mar - ry me. Per - haps your true  
love the girl who mar - ried him. He drew his hands

*p*

no - ble hon - or, You're not the man I took you to be, Or you  
 lov - ers been drowned, Per - haps he's on some bat - tle - field slain, Per -  
 out of his pock - ets, His fin - gers be - ing long and slim, With the

would - n't im - pose on a sin - gle la - dy, And ask her for your bride to be,  
 haps he's to some foreign girl married; I never ex - pect to see him more,  
 piec - es of gold on all his fin - gers, As soon as she saw them to his feet she fell.

*rit.*

CHORUS

He picked her up all in his arms, Then kisses he gave her one, two, three, Saying

*mp a tempo*

"Here is your poor old sin - gle sol - dier, Just now re - turn - ing to mar - ry you!"

