

The girl I left behind me Grace Toland

Oh my parents reared me tenderly they had no child but me
My mind being bent on rambling with them I couldn't agree
My mind being bent on rambling which grieved my heart full sore
To leave my tender parents might never see them more

There was a wealthy farmer lived in yon town near by
He had one only daughter and on her I cast an eye
She was neat genteel and handsome she was comely tall and fair
And there weren't a girl all in the world with her I could compare

And then I took a notion for to cross the briney main
I asked her if she'd be true and kind till I would return again
She said that she would be faithful till death would prove unkind
We both shook hands and parted and I left my girl behind

I made my way to Glasgow for Edinburgh I was bound
I stepped down from the steamer and I had a look around
There money and work it was plentiful and the girls to me were kind
But the deepest reflection on my heart was the girl I left behind

One evening after quitting work I walked down George's Square
The mail car it arrived and the postman met me there
He gave to me a letter giving me to understand
That the girl I left in old Ireland was wed to another young man

On reading over this letter and finding it was true
I turned right round all on my heel not knowing what to do
It's work I will give over and rambling I'll resign
I'll booze about from town to town for the girl I left behind