My Gal Sal

My Gal Sal
(Paul Dresser)

Everything is over and I'm feeling bad
I lost the best pal that I ever had
'Tis but a fortnight since she was here
Seems like she's gone tho', for twenty years
Oh, how I miss her, my old pal
Oh, how I'd kiss her, My Gal Sal
Face not so handsome, but eyes don't you know
That shone just as bright as they did years ago.

cho: They called her frivolous Sal
A peculiar sort of a gal
With a heart that was mellow
An all 'round good fellow, was my old pal
Your troubles, sorrow and care
She was always willing to share
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level
Was My Gal Sal.

Brought her little dainties just afore she died
Promised she would meet me on the other side
Told her how I love her, she said, "I know Jim
Just do your best, leave the rest to Him."

Gently I pressed her to my breast
Soon she would take her last, long rest
She looked at me and murmured, "Pal."
And softly I whispered "Goodbye, Sal."

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