Girl I Left Behind, The

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There was a wealthy old farmer, who lived in the country nearby,
He had a lovely daughter, on whom I cast an eye.
She was pretty, fair, the fairest one; indeed so very fair
There was no other girl in the country with her I could compare.

I asked her if she would be willing for me to cross over the plain
She said it would make no difference so I returned again.
She said that she would prove true to me, till death should prove unkind
We kissed, shook hands and parted. I left my girl behind.

Out in a western city, boys, a town we all know well
Where everyone was friendly and to show me all around
Where work and money was plentiful, and the girls to me proved kind
But the only object on my mind was the girl I left behind.

As was rambling around one day all down on the public square
The mail coach had arrived, and I met the mail−boy there
He handed to me a letter, that gave me to understand
That the girl I left in old Texas had married another man.

I turned myself all around and about, not knowing what else to do
I read on down a piece farther to see if those words proved true
It’s drinking I throw over, card playing I resign
For the only girl that I ever loved was the girl that I left behind

Come all you rambling, gambling boys, and listen while I tell
If it does you no good, kind friends, I’m sure it will do you no harm,
If ever you court a fair young maid just marry her while you can
For if ever you cross over the plains she’ll marry another man.