



A Sentimental Song, Entitled—

The Girl I Left Behind.

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,
Where a little cottage stands,
A rustic home, I cherish it with pride,
It's old-fashioned, rough and dingy,
But was built by honest hands,
And what a costly jewel dwells inside.
It is not a costly jewel the wealth of gold can buy,
But a pretty Irish Lassie,
With fond love-light in her eye,
And my heart it grows impatient,
For I know no peace of mind,
For I long to see the girl I left behind.

CHORUS—

In a neat little cot, by a shady green spot,
No happier home I find;
My heart's fairly gone, for I love only one,
She's the girl I left behind.

When I first met charming Norah,
It was on a summer's eve,
And all the lads and lassies on the green—
It was the same old tale repeated,
I was captured at first-sight,
For in my heart she seemed an ideal queen.
The piper with his merry tunes,
What tones he did impart;
For the music of her sweet voice,
Struck a cord within my heart.
In my dreams I see a vision of a face that's true & kind,
For I long to see the girl I left behind.