The Girl I Left in Boston Town.

Words by CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS and JOHN W. BRATTON.
Allegretto.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

Piano

Oh a tar's a wife in every port, Off we go my lads yeave
When the palm trees wave and Jack's a slave To a dusky southern

ho, belle,

And where'er he blows and the
And it breaks his heart when it's

good ship goes, There's a girl he's sure to know,
time to part And she pleads with him to dwell.
Though he's kisses for all, be they little or tall,
From neath the coconut's shade with his sweet-dusk'y maid How

"Frisco to Mandalay Still his close to his breast she'll cling,
Then a

thoughts often roam to his sweet-heart at home And his" vision will rise of bonny blue eyes, Then

sings in his jovial way As he into his boat he'll spring And
fa - ces the salt sea spray.
wave an a - dien and sing.

rit

REFRAIN.

Far off in Hong Kong, I love sweet Sing - Song, En-gl-lish girls with

p
to - sy cheeks I a - dore. Col-leens with blar - ney

from old Kil - lar - ney Belles of Hon - o - lu - lu's shore.

The girl I left &c. 7134-4
Coquettes of Cairo, my heart's on fire, oh,

Spanish maids with eyes of brown

sailed East and West, but the one I love best is the
girl I left in Boston town.

The girl I left &c. 71st-4