Girl o' Mine

Philip Bartholomae

Valse lente

Frank Tours

1. I have fled the world in
2. Love can doc-tor you for

lone-ly grief,
and anything,

Of all wo-men dis-dain-ful,
And don't fear his feet.

And I've sought in vain for some re-lief
Rich and poor a-like may have their fling,

For a mal-a-dy most
Cup-id has to pay the
pain-ful. My poor heart it was bro-ken, dear,

du-ty. Though your heart may be bro-ken, dear,

And a wo-man must take the blame. Hope is high-er now that
Makes you want to die, now and then, There is nev-er an-y

you are here, I was sad un-til you came
cause to fear, Love will make it whole a-gain.
Chorus

Girl o' mine, little girl o' mine,

Take the thread, dear, of love's romance.
Mend my heart with a tender glance.

Join each part Of my broken heart,

And when you make it Whole again, take it, Girl o' mine.