

My Gal Sue

by George Albert Leddy

As long as I live, I'll never forget the night that I first met Sue.

I was roaming alone down a dingy street, with not very much to do.

I strolled in a dive where the lights were low, and mingled there with the crowd;
Where the liquor they drank was much too raw, and the music was much too loud.

The girls all talked with a sort of a twang, and laughed with a sort of a squeal;
And the perfume they wore from the ten-cent store, was a thing you could really feel;
And the paint that they used, or really abused, would look pretty good on a barn;
But they were nothing to me, and so you can see why—I didn't give a gol-darn.

Till at last there came in to that cheap den-of-sin, a girl—like an angel she were;
And I saw how her face sure looked out of place, and I said, "This is no place for her."
Then I noticed the emblem she wore on her cap, and I knew right away what to do.
She's a Salvation Las, and she's out of her class—that's the first time that I met Sue.

Now Sue, she goes out with her cap on her head, and passes the tambourine 'round.

She always looks neat, and smiles very sweet—she knows everybody in town.

Now life is more cherry, she brings home the berrys, no more do I ever feel blue.

You won't lose if you bet that I'll never regret—the day that I married Sue.
