

Li'l' Gal

Oh, de weathah it is balmy an' de breeze is sighin' low.

Li'l' gal,

An' de mockin' bird is singin' in de locus' by de do',

Li'l' gal;

Dere's a hummin' an' a bummin' in de lan' f'om eas' to wes',

I's a-sighin' fu' you, honey, an' I nevah know no res'.

Fu' dey's lots o' trouble brewin' an' a-stewin' in my breas',

Li'l' gal.

Whut's de mattah wid de weathah whut's de mattah wid de breeze,

Li'l' gal?

Whut's de mattah wid de locus dat's a-singin' in de trees,

Li'l' gal?

W'y dey knows dey ladies love 'em an' dey knows dey love 'em true,

An' dey love em back, I reckon, des' lak I's a-lovin' you;

Dat's de reason dey's a-weavin' an' a-sighin', thoo an' thoo,

Li'l' gal.

Don't you let no da'ky fool you 'cause de clo'es he waihs is fine,

Li'l' gal.

Dey's a hones' hea't a-beatin' unnerneaf dese rags o' mine,

Li'l' gal.

C'ose dey ain' no use in mockin' whut de birds an' weathah do,

But I's so'y I cain't 'spress it w'en I knows I loves you true,

Dat's de reason I's a-sighin' an' a-singin' now fu' you,

Li'l' gal.