

Berlin Irving

"My Sweet Italian Gal"

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[Copyrighted title is "My Sweet Italian Man"]

[1st verse:]

Upon the day I take the steam-a ship
And sail across the sea
I make-a much-a grieve because I leave
The girl I love in Italy
You talk about your nice fine sweet-a gal
They don't come one, two, three
With the first-class gal I leave in Italy

[chorus:]

My sweet Italian gal
She love her Italian fell'
And when she love me well
I feel like I can't tell
And say, she's got one great big heart
Like-a push-a cart
Just for her, I'd go and put my pick and shove' in hock
I'd jump into the river and I swim-a like a rock
That's how much I love my Italian gal

[2nd verse:]

If I would meet a nice kind fairy queen
Who'd give my wish to me
You bet your life, I'd wish to be a fish
And swim right back to Italy
Because the gal I love is over there
And waiting patiently
'Cause she needs me there to help her raise a family

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