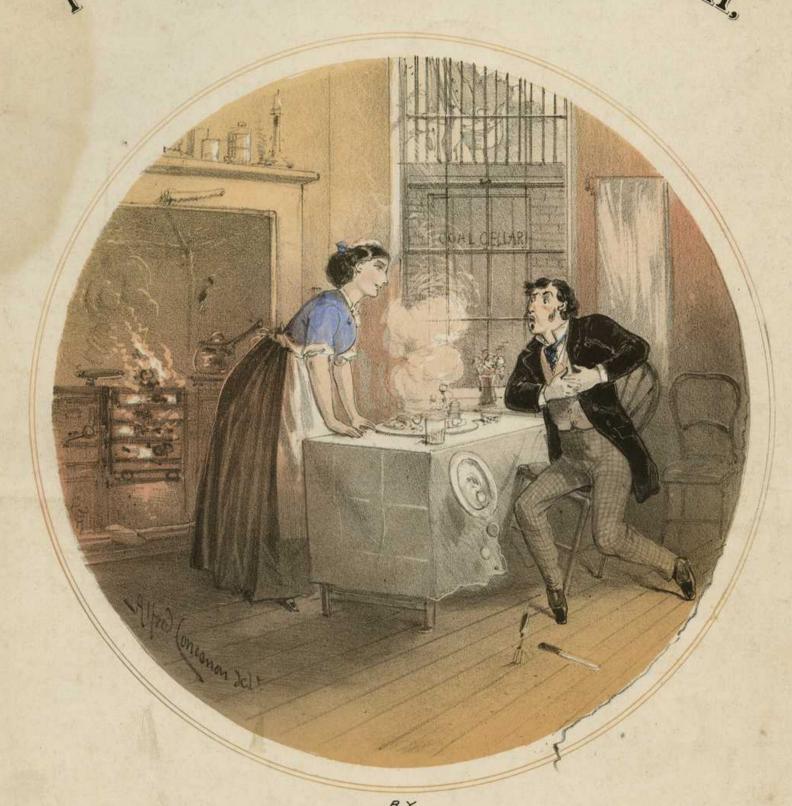
POOR YOUNG CHARLIE GRAVE THAT IRISH STEW WAS THE DEATH OF YOU.



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OR

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By.

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My song is of a nice young man,
His name was Charlie Gray,
He fell in love with a sweet young cook
In Bel_ga_ra_vi_a;
In Bel_ga_ra_vi_a,
In Bel_ga_ra_vi_a;
She wanted to be married,
And when her love said no,
She stopped the supplies of tarts and pies
And loved her cousin Joe.
Her country cousin Joe,
Her handsome cousin Joe.

CHORUS.

Oh poor young Charlie Gray,

Alack alack a day,

That Irish stew was the death of you
Unlucky Charlie Gray.

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When Charlie found his love was cross
His solemn leave he took,
And courted a gal called Saucy Nell,
Who lived next door to cook,
The very next door to cook,
Next door to jilted cook
Now Saucy Nell knew cookey well.
And they were out one day,
And the cook said Nell, my dear young gal,
Don't trust that Charlie Gray,
Designing Charlie Gray,
CHORUS.

Said Nelly why not love this man,
He swears his love is true,
He told me the same but I know his game,
It's cold meat dear, not you,
It's cold beef dear, not you,
Cold mutton dear, not you.
Now these few words made Nelly say,
And she turned an ugly blue,
As her head she shook, His goose I'll cook
With a dose of Irish stew,
He shall have some Irish stew,
Some poisoned Irish stew.

CHORUS.

Oh poor young Charlie Gray,
Alack, alack a day,
That Irish stew was the death of you
Unlucky Charlie Gray.

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When Charlie took the Irish stew
He felt so queer inside
He thought he'd faint away at first,
But changed his mind and died,
He changed his mind and died,
Altered his mind and died,
Altered his mind and died.
So all young men, remember when
You make a girl heart sore,
Whatever you do if you're untrue,
Don't court the girl next door,
The little girl next door,
The pretty girl next door.

CHORUS.

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