2. I calls 'er Sal,
   'Er proper name is Sairer,
   An' yer may find a gal
   As you'd consider fairer.
   She ain't a angel—she can start
   A-jawin' 'til it makes yer smart,
   She's just a woman, bless 'er 'eart
   Is my old gal.

3. Sweet fine old gal,
   For worlds I wouldn't lose 'er
   She's a dear good old gal,
   An' that's what made me choose 'er.
   She's stuck to me through thick and thin
   When luck was out, when luck was in,
   Ah! what a wife to me she's been,
   An' wot a pal.

4. I sees yer Sal,
   Yer pretty ribbons sportin'!
   Many years now, old gal,
   Since them young days of courtin'.
   I ain't a coward, still I trust
   When we've to part, as part we must,
   That Deity may come and take me first,
   To wait... my pal!
Chorus

We've been together now for forty years, An' it don't seem a day too much, There ain't a lady livin' in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch, There ain't a lady livin' in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old

For Repeat. Last Time.

Dutch.

poco rit.

f