That High Born Gal O' Mine

Words by
ARThUR W. WELDON

Music by STEPHEN SQUILLACE
Arr. by ALBERT M. KANRICH

Fox Trot Tempo

1. Down in Car-o-lin-a way,
You will hear the folks there say,
That my gal Sal,
Is a won-der-ful gal,
And they love her more and
day of joy,
O-h, O-h, Oh boy,
We are goin' to have a

2. I'm going there right a-way,
For to plan that hap-py day,
That

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more each day, Some call her handsome Lize,
swell array, The folks they will go wild,

Because she won the beauty prize, But I'm telling you,
when they see my angel child, On her wedding night,

Tellin' you true, That they ain't tellin' lies.
All dressed in white, Marching down the aisle.

CHORUS

Oh she's that high born gal o' mine, Born and

That high born gal 3
bred in dear old Carolina, No wonder that she won the
beauty prize, For all she had to do, was to roll her eyes, In
beauty, none can compare, altho' she even went and
bobbed her hair, And she talks so witty when she's sitting pretty, That
high born gal o' mine, mine.

That high born gal is