Angeline the baker lives in our village green, The way I always loved her beats all you ever seen. Chorus

Angeline the baker, her age is forty-three, I bought her candy by the peck, and she won't marry me. Chorus

Her father is the miller, they call him Uncle Sam. I never will forget her, unless I take a dram. Chorus

Angeline is handsome, Angeline is tall, They say she sprained her ankle a-dancing at the ball. Chorus

She can't do hard work because she is not stout, She bakes her biscuits every day, and pours the coffee out. Chorus

I'll never marry no other girl, no matter where I go. I said I'd marry Angeline just twenty years ago. Chorus

The last time I saw her was at the county fair. Her father run me almost home and told me to stay there. Chorus

