

# Oh I Shall Call Dada - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Oh! I Shall Call Dada.

I am going to tell of a charming belle,  
Such a nice young gal and sweet as muscatelle;  
She'd a fair, fair skin,  
And her father was in the city militia.  
I called on her dada one day, something important I'd to say;  
His daughter said he was away,  
So I couldn't see her dada, dada-  
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.

-  
I blush'd to my nose when I saw sweet Rose,  
Oh, how often I'd lack the courage to propose;  
Not knowing what to say, I invited her to play  
A Tune from some opera.  
I put my arm around her waist, her lovely lips I long'd to taste,  
Said she, " You'd best retire in haste.  
Or I shall call dada"-  
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.

"Oh," said I, "my dear, your dad's not here,  
But believe what I say, my darling, is sincere;  
I consider you divine, say, will you be mine,  
Or I'll jump in the aqua."  
She answer'd in a voice so bland, "Your haste, I must reprimand,  
You've got my heart, but for my hand  
You must ask my dada "-  
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.

Next morning I went for pa's consent,  
When he gave me a look of great astonishment;  
Said he, " I never knew that the girl loved you-  
You can have her." Said I, " Huzza! '  
Now nothing can ever annoy our wedded life, and oh, what joy!  
We've lately got a little boy,  
I'm teaching to say dada-  
Dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada, dada.