

Did He Get There - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DID HE GET THERE?

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Words and Music by M. J. Cavanaugh.

A nice young man was a friend of mine,
And he loved a nice young maid,
And every night at half-past nine .
In his Sunday suit arrayed,
He met this maid at the old front gate
When the moon shone bright above;
And he spoke so loud that he woke the dog
When he told her of his love.

Chorus.

Did he get there? did he get there?

Yes, the dog got there, you bet,

The maiden wrote him to come again

But he hasn't got there yet.

He took his girl to the show one night.
He bought her a nice front seat,
She brought along her appetite,
She was well prepared to eat;
She thought of the oyster stew and wine
She'd devour when the show was out,
She steered him passed every restaurant,
But, alas, he failed to shout.

Chorus.

Did she get there? She never got there,

Though she thought she had him pat,

The poor jay had but thirty cents

And she couldn't get there on that.

There was a dude who went on the mash,
Got stuck on another man's wife;
She told him to call when her husband was out,
And he nearly lost his life;
The husband dropped to the little game
And loaded his little gun,
When the nice young man got there that night
You ought to see the fun.

Chorus.

Did he get there? the husband got there,

In a style that was most sublime,

And the masher's pants will be iron clad

When he goes there next time.

When a man goes to sleep while his linen dries
In an up-town neighborhood,
He wants to keep a gun for the William goats
Or his wash is gone for good;
For next to a lunch of oyster cans,
There's no other dish on earth
So toothsome to a hungry goat
As a flannel undershirt.

Chorus.

And he'll get there, yes, he'll get there,

If you give him but half a chance,

He'll make his escape in proper shape,

With the breast of your only pants.

When the slick young man tells the hotel clerk

That his duds are lined with wealth,

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And sneaks up stairs to the top floor back
To remove his trunk by stealth;
The train is due at half-past four,
And his board's been due four weeks,
The clothes line's weak, and, alas, his shoes
Are full of noisy squeaks.

Chorus.
Did he get there? he never got there,
The trick was a trifle stale,
And the young man's trunk is still in soak,
And the young man he's in jail.

When a jay strikes town with a nice big roll,
Oh, the gang are all his friends,
When his watch and pin are both blown in
Then the game it quickly ends;
To get back home is his only thought,
He knows that he's been a gawk,
He strikes the railroad for a pass
For he feels too weak to walk.
Chorus.

But, did he get there? yes. he got there,
They sent him home as freight,
In a big box car billed C O. D.,
He arrived in a woeful state.