

Is Your Mamma Well - song lyrics

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IS YOUR MAMMA WELL?

There's a fellow so simple who calls upon me,
Who thinks he's surprisingly clever,
To be posted on every expression that's new,
Is always his eager endeavor;
"Are you going very far?" "Yes. I are." "Well, ta, ta,"
And such brilliant nonsense he mutters,
But of late he has caught something crazier still,
And this is the question he utters:

Chorus.

Is your mamma well, baby, is your mamma very well?
Health of papa good, daisy, is your papa cheerful, tell?
And your sister is she very bright, brother, too, is he all right?
And again, love, are you quite sure you're mamma's well?

In the talk of the day he's a genius indeed,
For certainly none could be wiser,
Not a thing that occurs but he's sure to insist
Was "all on account of Eliza;"
"Not this eve! " "Well, good eve! " he so quickly did learn,
When "What, never? "he had to smother,
"Are you going to the ball, love, this evening? "came next,
With its answer, " Not this, but some other."

Spoken-He's a regular dictionary of popular slang. He knows
all about "jays," "gillys," "freshes," "gawks," "rubes," "terrors,"
"daisies," and other curiosities, and talks about "shooting
dicers," "taking tumbles," "bracing main guys," and going to the
ball this evening, or some other, no other, this other, or any other
good evening until he crazes me. And now he makes matters
worse by asking me-Chorus.