

# Oh, Let It Be Soon - song lyrics

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

OH, LET IT BE SOON!

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As sung by Mr. Chas. Duncan.

They say there's a good time coming,  
You hear it ev'ry day,  
When ev'ry one will be happy,  
When ev'ry one will be gay;  
When no one will ever feel hunger,  
When poverty won't be a crime,  
When the poor will be no more down-trodden,  
Oh, for that glorious time.

Chorus.

Oh, let it be soon, oh, let it be soon!  
When we shall be contented and gay,  
Work when you like, and get plenty of pay;  
When we shall all have our three meals a day,  
Oh, let it be soon!

This morning I'd nothing for breakfast,  
For dinner I had just the same;  
At six o'clock in the evening,  
I was quite famished, weary and lame;  
A friend I met, said "Charles, old fellow,  
You're hungry and thirsty I fear;  
Come with me, have some lunch and a schooner!"  
Oh, when he mentioned the beer!

Chorus.

Oh, let it be soon, oh, let it be soon!  
I've got such an emptiness in the region here,  
And the thirst that I've got I shan't quench in a year;  
So, if you're going to treat me to beer,  
Oh, let it be soon!

My wife, (you all know that I'm married,)  
Although we're so wretchedly poor,  
Insists upon having her mother  
Stop with us for evermore.  
Just now she's a dreadful nuisance,  
In fact she's laid up, very queer;  
My wife goes about the house crying:  
"We shall lose poor, dear mother, I fear."

Chorus.

Oh, let it be soon, oh, let it be soon!  
I'm sick of her horrible jaw,  
It's worse than the noise of a circular saw;  
If the angels intend to take mother-in-law,