

I'm A Chappie From Over The Wattah - song lyrics

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I'm a Chappie From Over the Wattah.

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Words by George D. Sutton. Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I'm a chappie from over the wattah.
My manners are quite recherché;
I'm out for a rich banker's daughter,
And I think the investment will pay.
The ladies, ah! all of them love me,
They call me their sunbeam, their pet;
I kiss and caress them so slyly,
I've never been captured as yet.

Chorus.

I'm a chappie from over the wattah,
My style and manners are new;
I've a fad, just imported, to stuttuh,
For that's the correct thing to do.
I'm an awfully fetching young chappie,
A sight for the dear girls to view;
I know I make their hearts happy,
As I flutter and stutter, "How'd do!"

Refrain.

Ah! deah chappie, ah, how happy.
Howdy do, howdy do, how are you?
Ah! deah chappie, ah, how happy.
Howdy do, howdy do, how are you?

Is marriage a failure? they ask me,
The girls are so awfully shy;
I tell them I think I'll ne'er many,
They then say that I ought to try.
Proposals by scores, I've refused them,
I'm glad now that leap year is o'er;
The answer I give to the problem,
Is that marriage is really a bore.-Cho. & Ref.

I often go off on a racket,
And dally with rosy old wine;
Assurance, I never then lack it,
My spirits are simply divine.
I go home when day-light is breaking,
The key-hole seems dancing a jig;
And I wonder when later I'm waking,
Why is it my head is so big.