

# Mr Bob Fubbs; Or The Love Chase - song lyrics

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

Mr. Bob Fubbs; or the Love Chase.

Mr. Bob Fubbs was a clerk confidential,  
And to his employers was always essential;  
He belonged to the firm of Scrawl, Scribble and Winnet,  
And was always at his desk true to a minute.  
His wages were nearly eight hundred per annum,  
Enough to keep a man tidy on pannum;  
At night he would frequent "The Admiral's Daughter,"  
And take his six-penno'th of cold gin and water.

Now Mr. Bob Fubbs for a long time had tarried,  
So thought it was really high time to get married;  
One day it was showery when going to dinner,  
He met " with a damsel and swore he would win her.  
He kindly invited her 'neath his umbrella,  
And seeing that Bob was a smart looking fellow,  
She accepted his offer, likewise his protection,  
And from that moment he won her affection.

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On Sundays they both went to church in the day time,  
And then in the evening because it was hay time,  
Through fields so delightful by moonlight they rambled,  
And over the haycocks so playfully gambolled.  
At last the alliance for life was agreed on,  
To take place instanter and then to proceed on  
By rail to Southampton the moment 'twas over,  
And live out of town a few days in clover.

At last came the day they should both be united.  
Bob was in raptures-Miss Stubbs was delighted;  
Went to church, got cemented and ne'er to be parted,  
And off in a cab to the railway they started.  
But scarce had Bob handed his bride in the carriage,  
When a darkness came o'er the bliss of their marriage;  
She'd left her new reticule-oh, vile foreboding-  
Containing her watch in a cab which they rode in.

Nothing must do but Bob must run back again,  
And follow the cabman and cab in his track again;  
While Bob thro' vehicles vainly was darting,  
The sound of a bell told the train was departing.  
In the ears of poor Bob like a death knell it sounded,  
He rushed to the station and stood quite astounded;  
The train with his bride-oh, confound steam power-  
Was pelting along twenty-five miles an hour.

Poor Bob tore his hair, called himself a lost creature,  
But they told him the next train would very soon reach her;  
So as drowning men catch at a straw, what they told him  
Brought the poor little clerk to himself and consoled him.  
At last the train started, away went our hero,  
Arrived at Southampton, he sought for his dear, oh!  
Rushed into each tavern-he didn't get guzzling,  
But frantic to find out his dear bit of muslin.

He scoured the whole of Southampton in vain, sir,  
Night was advancing and so was the rain, sir;  
His new bridal garments the rain peppered into,  
And his white inexpressibles stuck to his skin, too.  
At last one house more he espied in a canter.  
And scarce had he asked when the maid cried instanter:  
"La, sir, your good lady for you has been long weeping,  
In No. S. bedroom you'll find her asleeping."

He rushed to the bedroom with visions of blisses,  
And smothered the beautiful creature with kisses;  
From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

But instead of his bride young and tender-more t'other-^  
'Twas a twenty-stone dame, old enough for his mother.  
Of course, she screamed murder! the house was alarmed, sir;  
The servants rushed in with tongs, pokers, all armed, sir;  
They knocked him down stairs ere a word he could utter  
And the two chamber-maids rolled him into the gutter.