

My Good-looking- Man - song lyrics

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MY GOOD-LOOKING- MAN.

Come all you pretty fair maids, of courage brave and true,
I will teach you how to happy live, and avoid all troubles, too:
And if you live a wedded life, now plainly understand.
And don't you ever fall in love with all good-looking men.

When I was sixteen years of age a damsel in my prime,
I dally thought on wedded life, and how I'd be at the time;
I daily thought on wedded life, its pleasures I did scan,
And I sighed and sobbed, both night And day, to get a nice young man.

My wish it seems, too soon I got for one Sunday afternoon,
As home from church I gaily tripped, I met a fair gossoon;
He looked so fine about the face, to win him I made a plan,
And that very day I set my cap for that good-looking man.

Again, by chance, as out I stepped to take a pleasant roam,
I met this handsome gentleman, who wished to see me home;
I'd fain say do, but it was no use, to go with me was his plan.
So to my borne I walked along with my good-looking man.

He said to me, as on we walked: My dear and only love.
If with me you'll consent to wed, I 'will ever constant prove;
I'll ever be a husband kind and do the best I can,
So my heart and hand I then did give to my good-looking man.

That night was fixed for us to wed he bid me have all cheer-
He gentle pleased her to his breast, saying: Oh, my Mary dear!
gentry pressed me to his breast- to the parson's house we run,
And there I tied that dreadful knot with that good-looking man.

It was scarce a week, when married I was, one Sunday afternoon.
The day went by, the night, came on, off went the honey moon;
My gent walked out so did I-for to watch him was my plan.
When soon a flashy girl I saw with my good-looking man.

At once a thought came in my head to entrap my faithless swam,
so quickly I did gain on him, and followed on his tram;
It was then And there I heard him swear his love for her man.
The closest lies for any maid- "Oh, what a nice young man!"

They kissed and toyed, and tales of love to her he then did tell,
Thinks to myself, now is the time to serve you outright well;
He did not me at all espy, so to my home I ran,
And there sat down to anxiously wait for my good-looking man.

The clock was just striking ten, when my gentleman he walked in,
I gently said: My William, dear, where hast thou so long been?
I have been to church, my love, said he-Oh! this I could not stand.
So the rolling pin I did let fly at my good-looking man.

I blacked his eyes, I tore his hair, in ribbons I tore his clothes,
I then took up the poker and laid it across his nose;
He- just looked like a chimney-sweep, as out the door he ran,
And never a lady loved again with my good-looking man.

Now, you married folks, take my advice, high and low degree,
When a rakish husband you do get, pitch into him like me;
When I found out I was deceived, it was my only plan
To disfigure the handsome countenance of my good-looking man.