

Now You're Talking - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

NOW YOU'RE TALKING.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Gus Williams.

One day I met a nice young girl 'twas at a country fair.
Was Introduced, then saw her home, and call'd quite often there;
She had an odd expression, that she very often used,
And when I ask'd her to be mine, she seem'd to be confined.

Spoken-And she said:

Chorus.

Now You're talking, now you're talking, now you're talking loud.

And when she said it she look'd up as she felt quite proud:

I try to break her of it, but nothing I can do,

Will stop her, and I find myself a talking that way too.

The wedding-day it came around, the sun was shining bright,
The minister his questions ask'd I answer'd them all right;
But when he came to speak to her, I wish'd that I was dead.
Before the crowd assembled there, why this is what she said: -Chorus.

Were married now about a year, she is a charming wife.

And I can say I never was so happy in all my life;

The other day while trav'ling, and while in a railroad car,

A telegram was handed me, which said I was a "pa."

Spoken-The moment I read it I was crazy; fancy the feelings of a man
when he receives news that he's a father for the first time. I gave the conductor
all my segars, the porter my duster, and I'd given all my money away if they
hadn't stopped me. I asked the conductor where the next telegraph office was?
He said, at the next station and that we stopped there a half hour for supper.
I thought we'd never get there. I didn't want any supper, I couldn't eat then if
I'd been starving. I ran into the telegraph office and telegraphed to my wife:
"Is it really true, am I a father? answer quick. " Just before the half hour
was up the answer came. I read it. It simply said:

Chorus.

Now you're talking, now you're talking, now you're talking loud,

These " were the words, but I tell you they made me feel quite proud;

I took the next train homeward, got there as day begins,

And found I was the father of a pair of bouncing twins.

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MY HAT

Copyright, 1889, by T. B. Harms & Co.

Music by F. Neddermeyer. Words by Gus Williams.

To write a song is easy if you once the title get,
And the one I now will sing you is the best I've hit as yet;
It's odd, I don't deny it, you may say it sounds flat,
So do not be offended when I sing about my hat.

Chorus.

My hot, my hat, there's character in it,

Your clothes may look seedy, but still, for all that,

They will not be noticed, if you are but wearing

A neat And respectable black high hat. {

It Is worn in odd positions, as you frequently have seen.
From the bus'ness man, so steady, to the countryman, so green;
And his character 'twill show you as the street he goes along,
And you can judge his standing the by way he puts it on.-Chorus.

You can weave a romance 'round it, as I will now plainly show

From an incident that happen'd to me just two years ago;

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I know I should not tell it, but it was so odd and queer,
I think 'twill bear repeating, as the party is not here.

Spoken-About two years ago a friend of mine, who lives on the outskirts of town, invited me to a reception to be given at his house. I went out there, and as the cloak-room was full, I placed my hat on a chair in the reception-room. I found quite a crowd of ladies and gentlemen there, and on the identical chair where I had left my hat, sat a beautiful young lady. I could not get near enough to her to tell her " she was sitting on my hat on account of the immense crowd, so I began to make signs to her. While so doing, an old gentleman called me on one side and accused me of flirting with his daughter, I denied the accusation, and told him that his daughter was sitting on my hat. After finding out the truth of my assertion, he was full of apologies, introduced his daughter to me, and she seemed so embarrassed and felt so bad because she had sat on my hat. that, to make her feel at her ease, I changed the subject and asked her to dance. Before the evening was over we were very well acquainted. She begged, me. with her father's approval, to call on her. I did so, in fact I've been calling on her for the past two years, and last week I married her. Romantic, wasn't it? And it came around from her sitting on-Chorus.