

I Guess Not - song lyrics

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I GUESS NOT.

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Words by Frank N. Scott. Composed by Walter Neville.

If a maiden has a lover, is that really your affair?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

If they go out promenading, now should everybody stare?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

Is that sufficient reason why the neighbors all should quiz?

Now, girls, if he is yours, And you, in turn, perhaps, are his,

I would like the information, is it anybody's biz?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

Do the damsels of the present love to dally with ice cream?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

When invited murmur, "No, sir!" with a modest little scream?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

They gurgle, "how delicious!" as they trifle with a spoon,

But ere they stop, you bet, six plates of cream will vanish soon,

And your money all will fade away, just like the rose of June.

I guess so; well (spoken), you know how it is yourself.

In the races for the Queen's cup, did the boats of England win?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

Did they gobble all the prizes, and likewise much Yankee tin?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

The gay "Genesta" And, still later on, the "Galatea,"

Our 'Burgess' flyers left them both to follow in her rear,

And the Scottish "Thistle" proved a picnic to our "Volunteer."

Well, rather, don't you think so?

If a lady has a bonnet rising proudly in the air,

I guess not; well I guess not.

And shows it in the meeting-house, should anybody swear?

I guess not; why, of course not.

If she wears it to the play, is it worse, I'd like to know,

Than to have some thirsty dude who sits a long way up the row,

Between the acts "to see a man" so regularly go?

i guess got; well, I guess not.

Are the fools all on vacation-they of whom we often read?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

And the id-i-ots sen-sa-tion-al, it can't be they're all dead -

I guess not; well, I guess not.

A full enumeration would demand a mammoth page,

Of those who jumped from Brooklyn Bridge, or swam Niagara's rage,

Can this legion now be ornaments upon the museum stage?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

If a fellow takes his best girl out to have a little ride,

I guess not, well, I guess not.

And she cuddles so confidingly against his manly side,

I guess so; well, they all do.

Now is this any reason why some meddling fools should say,

"How can he, with his salary, such big expenses pay?"

Just mark my words, the next we'll hear, he's skipped to Can-a-da.

I guess not; well, perhaps so.

Do all our railroad officers with honesty abound?

I guess not; well, I guess not.

And bank-cashiers-can all the cash within the vaults be found?

I guess not; well, it's doubtful.

Or do they, like the little birds, each feather his own nest,

And labor hard to hoard the gold depositors invest,

Then quietly, between two days, go seek a place of rest?

I guess so; well, quite often.

Is the sweet girl of this period contented with one beau?
I guess not; well, I know she ain't.
Or docs she have her lovers marshaled in one lengthy row?
I guess so; don't you think so?
With lashes drooping modestly and blushes on her cheek.
In accents full of tenderness, sweet words of love she'll speak,
Impartially to each in turn, thro' each succeeding week.
I guess so; well, you bet.

Encore Verse.
If you keep on encoring, do you think that I'll come out?
I guess not; well, I guess not.
And add a new and funny verse for every time you shout?
I guess not; well, you bet I won't.
I've given you already more than twice your money's worth;
Until I've quite exhausted every subject for my mirth;
I think I've sung sufficient say. do you want the earth?
Well, I think so; you won't get it.