

There Are No Angel Men - song lyrics

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THERE ARE NO ANGEL MEN.

Copyright, 1800, by Frank Harding.

Composed for and Sung by Miss Nellie Parker.

Tis said, ere since this world began, when beautiful young girls die
Just like a swan they grow large wings and fly up to the sky;
But all the men, the poor, dear men, 'tis said they go below;
If that be true, what we shall do I am sure I do not know.

Chorus.

Say, girls, what shall we do in the beautiful realms above?

There will be no nice young men for us to fondle and love;

We shall all have to sleep on the clouds, won't it be awful then?

We'll all have to tarry, we never can marry, there are no angel men.

Won't it be dreadful dull, dear girls, no lovers to take us out

To party, ball, or music-hall and pay for bottled stout?

No one to tell us fairy tales and fill us with delight?

No one to take us for a trip and miss the train at night.-Chorus.

Then we will have no clothes to wear-won't we look awfully queer

A-flying about from cloud to cloud in night-gowns down to here?

We'll never drink champagne again, old Scotch, or mountain dew;

And never have a gentle squeeze, whatever shall we do?-Chorus.