

Boom Ta-ra - song lyrics

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

BOOM TA-RA.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Alexander Spencer.

I sat down to a social game,
And "poker" was its pretty name;
I hugged myself, with special glee-
Thought I, this "pot" belongs to me.
I held four "kings," the bets ran high,
A smile was dancing in my eye!
I showed those "kings" that "pot" to take-
My friend's four "aces" yanked the cake!
And he sang: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-
And he sang: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

A married man came home one night,
He smiled a smile of sweet delight;
he heard a sound, 'twas like a squall;
He heard the nurse so softly call.
Thought he, now I've a cherub sweet,
My happiness will be complete
But instantly his joy was dead-
"You've triplets!" that nurse loudly said.
And they squalled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra. ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-
And they squalled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ru-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

There was a goat-a one-eyed goat-
And he was old enough to vote
Tomato cans were his delight;
He chewed bill-posters day And night;
He butted through a big stone wall;
He terrorized the neighbors all.
One day Miss Murphy, fat and fair.
He struck while at the wash-tub there!
And she howled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-
And she howled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom la-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

A little boy once climbed a tree,
The peaches there were fine to see;
He gobbled up that fruit, and then
Proceeded to climb down again.
The farmer had a dog that prowled,
It ran up to that tree and howled;
It caught the boy-now 'twas a sin-
Just where his panties they were thin!
And he yelled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, booin-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-
And he yelled: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom la-ra-ra, boom, boom!

A small banana peel once lay
Where thronged the passers by, so gay;
It looked so mild and innocent,
As if it had no bad intent!
There came a dude, who skipped along-
Poor thing! he never thought of wrong!
He struck that peel-sat down, somehow!
And wears a chest-protector now!
Oh! he screamed: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-
Oh! he screamed: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,
From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Ta-ra-ra, boom-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!

I'd like to sing here till the dawn.

But then my voice is almost gone!

My throat's atrocious, as you see,

And troches are no help to me.

There are some dozen verses more.

But, ere I'd sing them to you o'er,

I fear each one of you would say-

"Oh, take that voice of yours away!"

And you'd sing: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,

Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-

And you'd sing: Boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra,

Ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, boom ta-ra-ra, boom, boom!