

# Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-e - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

TA-RA-RA BOOM-DER-E.

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Written by Henry S. Sayers.

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see,  
Queen of swell society.  
Fond of fun as fond can be.  
When is on the strict Q. T.;  
I'm not too voting, I'm not too old,  
Not too timid, not too bold,  
Just the kind you'd like to hold.  
Just the kind for sport I'm told.

Chorus.

Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,  
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,  
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e,  
Ta-ra-ra boom-der-e, ta-ra-ra boom-der-e.

I'm a blushing bud of innocence,  
Papa says at big expense;  
Old maids say I have no sense;  
Boys declare I'm just immense;  
Before my song I do conclude,  
I want, it strictly understood,  
Tho' fond of fun, I'm never rude;  
Tho' not too bad, I'm not too good.- Chorus.

Encore Verses (By Lew Hawkins).

I'll sing a little song, it won't take long;  
If I sing it wrong why ring the gong,  
Then I will say to you, So long.  
And start at once for Old Hong Kong.  
Then a tear to my eye 'twill surely bring,  
And I'll call you a saucy thing,  
Then for the patrol you all may ring.  
And hear the copper sweetly sing: - Chorus.

Played a little poker the other night  
With a jay I thought I had all right.  
The hand I held was out of sight;  
I held them close, I held them tight.  
The hand I held contained four kings;  
I bet all my stuff on the pretty things,  
But the Rube at me four aces flings;  
He copped my stuff and gently sings:-Chorus.

A jay came in from Buffalo,  
Who long had let his whiskers grow;  
They were white as the driven snow;  
They were great for the wind you know.  
He was no Yank; he was a Jew;  
He sold old clothes in Kalamazoo;  
He was fond of music that was new.  
So the wind played this as it passed through. - Chorus.

I called on my uncle at his farm;  
Of course, to call there was no harm;  
But the country has for me no charm.  
In weather cold or weather warm.  
My uncle has a goat, a lively flea.  
But the goat and I could never agree;  
As he chased me up against a tree.  
He sang this song as he gave it to me:- Chorus.

In '92 there'll be a race,  
With Ben and Grover to set the pace;  
From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

I wonder who will get the place;  
For the White House chair there'll be a chase,  
But a horse may win that comes from Maine,  
A horse who's been out in the rain;  
A candidate he'll be again.  
So you want to look out for old Jim Blaine.- Chorus.