

Relations - song lyrics

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RELATIONS.

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Written by Walk Pink. Composed by Fred Eplett

Relations are many, relations are nice,
Relations are pleasant I've found once or twice;
Relationship's always supposed to be fixed
By law, but in this little song it gets mixed.
When only a lad, father buys you a hat,
Your very first bowler, you're so proud of that,
But, playing some fool's trick, your hat's jumped upon;
You sniffling go home, with its beauty all gone.

Chorus.

Who smilingly says it's a thing you can't help? your mother.
Who'll kiss you And coax you till you cease to yelp? your mother.
She will say never mind, it's a boy's silly trick;
Strokes your poor head, saying, get to bed quick;
But who strokes your back with a big walking stick? your great strong father.

Relations may vary-some distant, some near;
Relations to live with are oftentimes queer,
But if you're a young fellow and live with your dad,
Your mother and sister, that is not half bad.
Where, strange to say, some other young fellow is found;
Though not a relation, he keeps calling 'round,
You can't understand why such things he should do,
Still he explains this way, he's so fond of you.

Chorus.

He's so very kind, all the neighbors think he's your brother-
In fact, he himself says he'd much like to be your brother;
Each time he calls around he will greet you with glee;
So pleased to see you old fellow, says he;
But who does he really call round there to see? why, your fine, fat sister.

Relations are useful, their tact you admire-
That is, if a ten dollar bill you require;
You write to your father, he strictly says no;
Your brother emphatically says it also.
When father and brother both firmly decline
To lend you the money, you do not repine,
But straight for ten dollars you write to your aunt,
Then auntie replies and informs you she can't.

Chorus.

Then you're done for; you tho't you could always depend on auntie;
She now absolutely refuses to lend, does auntie;
You think And you ponder on ways known to men,
To another relation you go now and then,
You put down your watch and you soon get the ten from your good old uncle.

Relations are awkward sometimes in this life.
More often than not in the case of a wife;
You live just as happy as did Jack and Jill,
Till you see some dear girl you love far better still.
For walks with this damsel you frequently go,
But do you inform her you're married; oh! no!
To tell her you're married would upset the lot,
Though thousands of times you will wish you were not.

Chorus.

You kiss her, and tell her you're sorry she's not your wife;
Of course, you don't tell her you've already got a wife;
But your wife's brother comes on the scene And says, Sir,
Who is this lady? you don't make a stir;
You turn round to him, and you introduce her as your good old cousin.

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