

# See Him At Home - song lyrics

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SEE HIM AT HOME.

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Written by Harry Castling. Composed by F. W. Venton.

Oh, what a jolly dog the married man is when he's on the spree;  
He quite forgets the plagues of wedlock when he has some L. S. D.  
You can see him in his glory where some pretty cash-girls are.  
Calling all his old pals, chappie, putting on the "ladida."  
Hear him shout: "What's yours, old fellow! do have just one more with me;  
It isn't oft I get the chance, you know, old boy, to have a spree;  
Tho' from my wife I stand no nonsense, And where'er I please I roam,"  
And so he carries on till midnight, next we see "his nibs" at home.

Refrain.

He's dodging the poker that's thrown at his bead,  
Or some of the crockery, maybe;  
As he murmurs, "My dear, let me get into bed;"  
To square her he seizes the baby;  
Between them they very near strangle the kid,  
Who howls in a loudish tone;  
Oh, what a spree 'tis to just see  
The married man when he's at home.

Next see the fellow known as "Johnnie," sponged on by a host of friends,  
Pronounced by all a jolly fellow, doesn't care how much he spends;  
Once a month he draws his wages, then, as big as lord or earl,  
See him swagger in the store and chaff with ev'ry pretty girl.  
Hear him shout with lusty voice the Chorus of the latest song.  
While the cab that he's engaged with, his last cent rolls swift along;  
At last they reach his humble lodging, where he hic-coughs all serene;  
He goes to bed and sleeps till morning, then a change comes o'er the scene.

Refrain.

With tongue parch'd and dry and his limbs rather sore,  
Some beautiful language he mumbles.  
When he falls out of bed. such a whack on his head,  
And over the furniture he tumbles.  
He swears, "Oh, I'll never get tight any more,"  
In, oh, such a pitiful tone;  
Holds his poor head, rolls into bed,  
That's Johnnie next morning at home.

And next we see a single chap, who thinks a single life don't pay,  
Upon his arm hangs some sweet maiden, who has found him for a jay;  
How he blushes when she tells him tales she's told to quite a score,  
"Only just come from the country, never had a beau before."  
Then poor Simon gets quite reckless with what money he has got,  
Maiden sticks like glue to Simon, 'till he's spent the blessed lot;  
Oh, bear her say, "Good-bye, my lovey," flouncing off with laughing scorn,  
And next we see him in his lodgings, stony broke on Monday morn.

Refrain.

A tap at the door comes, "I've called for the rent;"  
He hears, while he groans, "Clean I'm skinned, oh! "  
Sadly searches his pockets and finds not a cent;  
He feels fit to jump out the window.  
He puts on his garments as fast as he can,  
And uncle's is where he'll roam;  
Gold watch and chain, popped once again,  
To pay up the ex-'s at home.