

# My Nice Young Man - song lyrics

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MY NICE YOUNG MAN.

Written by W. V. Keeler.

'Twas on a summer's evening, and the place 'twas Central Park.  
That I went out to take a walk, in fact to stroll till dark.  
I happened on a lonely path, and there, not far ahead,  
A young man stood, with hat in band, and bowing to me said:

Chorus.

"Ah! how do you do, my pretty maid?  
Of me you need not be afraid;  
Now come and sit down beeide me, do,  
I'd like to have a long chat with you."

At first I was a bit annoyed, tho' soon I felt at ease,  
He said such things to comfort me and then began to squeeze  
Ah, me! he was a nice young man, so bashful and so shy,  
That when he rose to go I grabbed him and began to cry:

Chorus.

"Pray, don't ye go 'way, I love you so,  
I'd faint for fair if you should go;  
So come and sit down und be polite,  
You know the moon will not shine to-night"

"All right," says he, "I'll never part from you, my pretty miss.  
And if you want to close the bargain just give to me a kiss."  
I kissed him once, he kissed me twice, and then, oh me, oh my!  
He took me on his lap and hugged me till I thought I'd die.

Chorus.

Oh yes, he was such a nice young man;  
His clothes fit him so spick and span,  
That I was contented and sat on his lap:  
Till up came the sun I was still on his lap.