

Hello Central, Hello - song lyrics

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HELLO! CENTRAL, HELLO!

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Arranged by F. P. Atherton.

One bright and pleasant evening, while sitting all alone,
A message came a-ringing from o'er the telephone;
sprang up in a hurry and answered back "Hello!"
When soft and clear a voice so dear came over the telephone:
"Where were you last night, Harry, why don't you keep your date?
You promised you would meet me down by the old garden gate.
I think you are a triffler;" then came a sob and a moan:
"You'd better get another girl," came over the telephone.
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello!" back came the answer to me;
"Hello! Central, hello!" "Hello!" I wonder who she can be.
"I think you're mistaken, for I'm not the man, I've a wife and a family,"
Though I wish I could hear that sweet voice go dear, from over the telephone,
From over the telephone.

I stood there in amazement, knew not what to say,
A voice like that I'd never heard, no, not for many a day.
I answered back, "My fair one, mistaken you must be,
I never said I'd meet you, though your face I'd like to see."
I waited for an answer, I had not long to wait,
Another voice then shouted, "Are you drinking much of late?
Go sleep it off till morning, you'll feel better when you're at home;
You've drank enough for twenty men." came over the telephone.
"Hello! Central, hello!" "Hello!" back came the answer to me;
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello! those lines must be crossed. I see:
A lady was talking, a short time ago, a man says I'm full as can he."
Then came a reply, "Oh, Harry, I'll die," from over the telephone,
From over the telephone.

At last I felt quite worried, I knew not what to do.
My heart beat for that maiden, who felt so sad and blue:
To the 'phone again I answered, I shouted out "Hello!"
When some one cried-I thought. I'd die-" Will you pay that bill you owe?"
"Why don't you speak to me again, your voice I love to hear?"
When some one else then shouted, "All right, sir, send down some beer!"
"I'll meet you on the corner, to be sure I'll be all alone."
"Oh! Harry, my dear, you're acting so queer," came over the telephone.
"Hello! central, hello!" "hello!" back came the answer to me:
"Hello! central, hello!" "Hello! who's the lady that's talking to me?"
I rang and I shouted, but no one replied: how often I sob and I moan.
When I think of that voice that made me rejoice, from over the telephone.
From over the telephone.