

# Come To The Arms Of Your Baby - song lyrics

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

Come to the Arms of Your Baby.  
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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by H. W, Petrie.

There sits a fat man, a jolly old boy.  
He's here for the good of his health:  
Sweet, pretty girls are his pleasure and joy,  
I'll bet he's got plenty of wealth:  
Don't he feel lonesome alone by himself,  
With no pretty girl by his side,  
He is not yet laid on the shelf,  
I'd like to be his bride.  
Fat man, fat man, come to me, come to me!  
Fat man, fat man, I love thee! I love thee!  
Come to the arms of your mash:  
Give me your love and your cash, please dot  
You're not too old yet to have a sweet miss,  
You have not forgot how to kiss;  
With your big arms 'round my small waist,  
I'd like to be embraced-ah!

Chorus.  
Come to the arms of your baby, honey;  
Please do, sweet one, I'm clear gone on you:  
Your clothes are lined with nice money, honey;  
You bet, I'll stick tighter than glue!

There sits a young dude, the picture of grace,  
he knows pretty girls by the score;  
He's always captured to see a fair face,  
I know he'd like one sweetheart more;  
H. must have left all his girls home to-night,  
Now why should he so lonesome be?  
I'll make a bluff, maybe I'm tight,  
He has come here for me.  
Nice dude, nice dude, come to me! come to me!  
Nice dude, nice dude, I love thee! I love thee!  
Come, be my pride and my joy,  
I will not hurt you, dear boy, no, no!  
You are so young that my heart you'd surprise,  
I think you would be just my size.  
One kiss from you I'd ne'er forget.  
You'll be my only pet-ah!- Chorus.

'There sits another with whiskers so nice,  
They blow awful long in the breeze;  
He would get shaved if I'd give him the price,  
I'd just like to sit on his knees.  
Would he, I wonder, be angry or vexed  
If I should get down from the stage?  
To that, nice heard I would get next-  
Only sixteen's my age.  
Whiskers, whiskers, come to me! come to me!  
Whiskers, whiskers, I love thee! I love thee!  
Give me a lock of your hair,  
I love your whiskers, I swear! (I do.)  
Down the street with you I would like to go,  
When breezes all gaily do blow,  
And when to kiss you would begin,  
'Twould tickle me on the chin.- Chorus.

There's one more fellow, I'll call him "Four Eyes,"  
When I look at him he will wink.  
Glasses just make him look awfully wise,  
Now he's a good boy, I don't think.  
Does he wear glasses because He's half gone,  
Or just because he would see me?

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

I'd like to try his glasses on,  
And sit upon his knee.  
Goggles, goggles, come to me! come to me!  
Goggles, goggles, I love thee! I love thee!  
Come to the arms of your pet,  
I'm in a terrible sweat, oh, dear!  
I'd like to go out with you after dark,  
And take a nice stroll through the park;  
And I think we a hit would make  
If some one our tin-types would take!-Chorus.  
\*Sing the Chorus pleadingly, And much slower  
than the verses.