

That's What, By Gosh - song lyrics

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THAT'S WHAT, BY GOSH!

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Words by Phil Gibbons. Music by W. C Parker.

You may take me for a hayseed, a reuben, or a jay-
That's what, by gosh!
But you bet I ain't no monkey-jack you meet with every day-
That's what, by gosh!
For I've taken all the prizes down at the county fair,
And can wrestle anybody from a baby to a bear;
I'm a Hick'ry Jackson Democrat, that was never known to scare-
That's what, by gosh!

When I get full on cider, I go spiling for a fight-
That's what, by gosh!
I run my house to suit myself, my wife keeps out of sight-
That's what, by gosh!
For the farm hands they can't hold me when I go on a spree;
I'm a regular ring-tail snorter and I'm up to snuff, you See;
And I do not care for anyone that doesn't Care for me-
That's what, by gosh!

Now, I've never been to England, and I've never been to France-
That's what, by gosh!
But sometimes I go to town ball, to hear them sing and dance-
That's what, by gosh!
Now there's Parson Jones and Deacon Brown and I went to the play,
We sat right down together, just behind the orchestra:
We were flirting with the ballet girls, but our wives gave us away-
That's what, by gosh!

Election times are coming, and may the boat man win-
That's what, by gosh!
If you want to get an office now you've got to spend your tin-
That's what, by gosh!
For I once run for Squire, and before I got seated
I bought a German brewery, and the neighbors all I treated:
Next day I read the papers through, and saw I was defeated -
That's what, by gosh!

The other night I heard a song that made me awful tired-
That's what, by gosh!
They say the man that wrote it at the time was quite inspired-
That's what, by gosh!
At every turn I take I hear the chestnut melody,
It haunts me day and night wuss'n any goll-darned flea:
If I caught the cuss that, wrote it I would hang him to a tree-
That's what, by gosh!