

On Broadway After Three - song lyrics

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ON BROADWAY AFTER THREE.

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Words and Music by Walter de Frece and Edmund Francis.

If you've ever, with a pard, strolled along the Boulevard
in Paree, or in London, on the Row,
And watch'd the passing throng, as they amble gaily on.
You doubtless think you've witness'd quite a show;
But take a walk one day on your own dear old Broadway,
At 3 p. m. just start from Union Square;
As it now occurs to me, I will tell you whom you'll see
In a prom' upon that famous thoroughfare.

Chorus

First comes "Cholly," his mommer's boy,
With his dainty, mincing way,
Then the chap that knows it all,
With his "Hey! wot d'yer say?"
Sailors and tailors from "down the Bay,"
Bunco Bill with a country jay,
Are some of the people you'll meet ev'ry day
On Broadway after three.

Chorus.

Actors tell tales of their hits in the West,
Where they turned the crowds away;
Then along there will come the poor manager glum,
Who the losses has had to pay.
A big New York "copper," so mild and polite,
By a lamp-post sleeps fast till disturbed by a fight
On his left, so he quickly runs up on his right
On Broadway after three.

Chorus

Chimmy the tough, with his steady, you'll see,
With contempt for Broadway swells;
And a Gaiety girl, with a Cockney curl.
Quite the reigning queen of belles.
She calls up a hansom, the dudes all stare,
It costs her a shilling at home for the fare,
She finds here it's four dollars, there's a real English swear
On Broadway after three.

Chorus.

The matinee girl coming home from the show,
Deep in love with the leading man;
With a matinee hat that frightens the horse
Of a baggage transfer van.
The brokers from Wall Street, the Bull and the Bear,
The boss politician who thinks he's all there.
And the blonde with black roots to her peroxide hair,
On Broadway after three.

Chorus

The ladies out shopping will call at each store,
All the bargains there to see;
They will look all day, then politely say,
"Cut a pattern of that for me."
The red-nosed comedian, the tricky soubrette,
The single man spruce as Beau Brummell, you bet,
And the married man pushing a twin bassinette,
On Broadway after three.