

Oh Mr Austin - song lyrics

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OH! MR. AUSTIN.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A man named Amos Austin took a trip to Boston
From his quiet little home in Saccarappa, Maine.
Where he was a preacher, and with him took a teacher
From a class in Sunday school, whose Christian name was Jane;
When they got to Boston, dear, kind Mr. Austin
Left her up at Young's Hotel, but soon from there she fled;
And goodness gracious, what a shock, when that same night at 112 o'clock,
He found her out on Tremont Street, and this is what she said:

Chorus.

Oh! Mr. Austin,

Since I've been in Boston

Everything's been happiness,

Without a care or pain;

My brain's been in a constant whirl,

And I'll be a much wiser girl

When I go back to Saccarappa, Maine.

Next day a hotel boarder told Jane he adored her.
Took her out with him that night to see the "Black Crook" show,
And when the lady prancers, called the Midway dancers.
Moved about so very queer, Jane murmured, "Oh, dear, oh!"
But when the show was over, Jane was in high clover.
Vowing she had never dream'd of seeing such a play; [wine.
Right back to Young's they went to dine, where very freely Jane drank
The parson walked in on the scene, but Jane could only say: - Chorus.

The day that Mr. Austin took Jane out of Boston
Such a crowd you never saw. as gathered at the train,
To see this little maiden, so sad and sorrow-laden.
Soon to leave the city for her quiet home in Maine
Before the train departed, almost broken-hearted,
Nervously she gazed about, and madly tossed her head;
And then she hollered loud and plain. "I'd rather not go back to Maine."
The parson answered, "But you must," then sobbingly she said:- Cho.