

Truth In Parenthis - song lyrics

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TRUTH IN PARENTHIS.

By T. Hood.

I really take it very kind.
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age,
(The wretch has come to dinner!)
Your daughters, too, what loves of girls!
What heads for painter's easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant dears!
(And give it, p'raps the measles!)

Your charming boys, I see are home,
From Reverened Mr. Russle's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,
(What boots for my new Brussles!)
What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby!
I should have loved to kiss her so,
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
But, though he lives so handy,
He never once drops in to sup,
(The better for our brandy!)
Come, take a seat; I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course to spend the day,
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? Next time, I hope
You'll give me longer measure.
Nay, I shall see you clown the stairs,
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
Good by! Good by! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners;
(Now, David, mind, I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)