

The Tilt Skirt - song lyrics

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THE TILT SKIRT.

Tune:- "Charming Young Widow."

While walking down Broadway one morning, and thinking
Of the funny creations which fashion has bred.
As shown by the "pancakes, " the "sundowns, " the "gypsies,
And all the queer things girls wear on their head;
I saw "waterfalls, " "puffs, " "rats, " "mice, " and cheek
"plumpers,"
Worn by maids, wives and widows, and ditsing young flirts,
But nothing so much took my eye or my fancy,
As those killing, enchanting, suggestive "tilt skirts."

While thinking, before me I saw, what a figure,
My eyes were entranced, I was dumb with surprise;
She'd a waist of a Venus, a bust fit for a Juno,
And the wickedest, killingest kind of black eyes.
She smiled such a smile, as before a shop window
She stopped, first to peep-I was on the alert,
And as gracefully forward she stooped for a moment,
I saw such a sight! Oh, that blessed "tilt skirt."

What a foot! what an ankle! they set my heart bumping,
Oh, how my mouth watered as she onward sped;
And I followed, panting, and hoping and fearing,
With a thousand wild thoughts rushing through my poor head.
When, all of a sudden, she dashed in a doorway.
And up stairs she tripped-I hope 'twas not pert-
But who could restrain his eyes from then feasting
On all 'twas revealed by that blessed " tilt skirt."

What a foot! what a gaiter! an ankle, oh, dear me,
It quite drives me mad, but to think of it now,
And then what a leg! spanned by such a sweet gaiter,
I felt, quite all over, I cannot tell how!
I waited, how could I leave a feast so enchanted?
Five long minutes passed and still on the alert;
I saw her come down, and at each step she tilted,
And I fairly wilted! oh, that blessed "tilt shirt."

For a moment I stood without power to follow,
As she daintily tripped along over the "Russ;"
But soon I summoned courage, and caught up with my charmer,
Just as she her fingers held up for a "bus."
It stopped. The door opened. Her dry goods she lifted,
I stood in the rush, unmindful of hurt;
Ye gods! what a heaven to my eyes was then opened,
As once more she tilted that blessed "tilt skirt."

I rushed in behind her, a seat took beside her,
At the end of the street she rose to go out;
And I rose as well, I was in such a fever,
That really I knew not what I was about!
I followed her, spoke; she blushed, I insisted
On seeing her home, and she proved no flirt;
For she quickly consented, and I've never repented
The day I first saw that blessed "tilt skirt."