

As Gay As A Steer In The Corn - song lyrics

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As Gay As a Steer in the Corn.
Words by Paul Plume. Music by R. O. James.

If fortune goes back on your efforts,
Don't rail and bemoan your sad fate;
Don't throw up the sponge, but remember
'Tis manly to battle with fate.
The darkness of night is not always,
For followeth ever the morn;
Step out to the music of nature
As gay as a steer in the corn.

The crib may be empty at morning,
But at noon may be fully supplied;
And you know that 'tis only a dead fish
That swims with the fast flowing tide.
Don't weaken, but strive like a hero,
Laugh ever, than sullenly mourn; '
Step out to the music of nature
As gay as a steer in the corn.

She Works the Little Racket This Way.
Sung by Peter Daly In "A Straight Tip."

There are many kinds of mashers, young and old and fat and slim,
And each one has a method that's peculiar to him;
There's the chappy at the opera, you can see him linger about
The stage-door of the theatre to see the girls come out.

Chorus.
We all know him, we all know him,
We run across him every day.
he imagines he can catch a prima-donna,
And he works the little racket this way.

There's your sweetheart so annoying, whom you ask to see a show;
You hurry and you flurry, she is certain to be slow;
You've a carriage by the hour, want to see the play intact;
It makes your temper sour when you miss an entire act.

Chorus.
We all know her, we all know her,
We run across her every day.
She takes up all her time when she is dressing,
And she works the little racket this way.