

# Isn't The Baby Cute - song lyrics

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ISN'T THE BABY CUTE?

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Words by W. R. Williams. Music by Otto Bonnell.

Did you ever make an evening call and wear your Sunday best,  
Be sealed on a fancy chair that's always for the guest?  
When mamma calls her little once, they've all a winning way,  
And when for fun they'll kick your shins, you'll hear their mother say:

Chorus.

Isn't the baby enter Isn't he divine?  
Don't you think he's just too sweet? don't you think he's fine?  
Doesn't the child look great in his little suit?  
So like his ma, so like his pa; isn't the baby cute?

Did you ever see him monkey with the tubs on washing day?  
The soap And things he must not have he always thinks he may;  
He worries 'till he tumbles in, looks like a drowning rat;  
No matter what the clothes you wear, you'll hold him in your lap.- Chorus.

Did you ever notice baby's hands when he's been eating jam,  
And playing with a box of coal, the darling little lamb;  
Your fancy work he then will get and make it black as ink,  
Then do you feel like kissing him? You do! Yes! "I don't think." - Chorus.

Did you ever try to sleep at night while baby sweetly cried,  
Has whooping cough or colic 'till you wished that he had died;  
At last resort, you take him up, and with him walk the floor,  
And then you step upon a tack he "placed "the day before.- Chorus.

Now people who wear whiskers can give you a friendly tip,  
That baby with his little hands gan get an awful grip;  
The more you tell him to be still the harder he will pull;  
Oh, how he shouts with joy to hear you roaring like a bull.-Chorus.

When it ruins he's out of doors and making nice mud-pies,  
A minute later in he comes and o'er the carpet flies:  
The tracks of mud look very nice, as out again he'll go;  
I often wonder how they live to sing this "tale of woe." - Chorus.