

Coming From The Matinee - song lyrics

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COMING FROM THE MATINEE.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles A. Fuller.

When the styles are on the street, people driving up and down,
Lots of pretty chaps we meet, gaily dressed from toe to crown;
But the sweetest time, you know, when we're gayest of the gay,
Is while toddling to and fro, coming from the matinee.

Spoken-Delightful I Kids on, smiling and doing our very prettiest there's
nothing so pleasant as-

Chorus.

Coming from the matinee, coming from the matinee;
Don't you think it's very gay coming from the matinee?
Coming from the matinee, coming from the matinee;
Don't you think it's very gay coming from the matinee?

Lovely belles are laughing then, handsome chaps are laughing, too;
Parted hands can meet again while the crowd we're passing thro'.
Some one meets as at the door, very pleasant words he'll say;
I could linger evermore coming from the matinee.

Spoken-Every one looks at you so; but then, you know, ladies don't object
to being admired when they are got up regardless, as they always are when -

Chorus.

Once I had a handsome beau, and he loved me very dear;
For he often told me so, many hundred times a year.
Everywhere he followed me, and, of course, we met one day-
Just as sweet as he could be-coming from the matinee.

Spoken-Why, Willie, how do you do? where have you been? Why, darling
(that's what Willie said), didn't you see me? When we" met I was- Chorus.

Side by side we wandered on, and again he told his love-
Shall I own my heart was won when he called me little dove?
When he begged his fate I'd share, really, now. what could I say?
Yes, he "popped the question "there, coming from the matinee.

Spoken-Of course, it wasn't exactly the proper place to ask a lady's hand,
but I don't think I shall ever regret the day Willie met me- Chorus.