

Music At Home - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MUSIC AT HOME.

Copyright, 1893, by Frank Tousey.

Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

I'm the father of a family,
Grown up girls and boys,
And I'll back my family
'Gainst any other for noise;
They all are fond of music,
And they've nearly turned my brain
With their rat, tat, tat, and their pom, pom, pom-
I'm sure I'll go insane.

Chorus.

Oh! music at home, sweet music at home;
It's enough to drive a man over the foam,
Is that awful music at home.

There's Plantagenet, my oldest son,
Plays the big trombone;
'Twill be "Johnny, Get Your Gun"
If he don't leave me alone;
He gets up in the morning,
Up the scale he loudly goes,
With his root, toot, toot, And his oo, oo, OO,
He hits me on the nose.-Chorus.

There's Horatio, my other son,
Plays the violin,
And the way he makes it yell,
It really is a sin;
He thinks that as a player
He can fairly take the cake,
But his squeak, squeak, squeak, and his creak, creak, creak,
Would make your stomach ache.-Chorus.

There's Bedalia, my daughter fair,
Plays the piano;
Like the devil sure she thumps it;
Her arms like this she'll throw,
And then, bedad, she tries to sing;
Her voice is sharp And flat,
With her tink, tink, tink, and her pink, pink, pink,
She's driven mad the cat- Chorus.

But the worst of all's my good ould wife,
Sure she makes me weep:
Oh, she sings me "Love's Sweet Song"
When I want to sleep;
From morning till night she's at it,
But I chaff her and say "Rats!"
When to bed she goevs, with her good ould nose,
She snores in seventeen flats. - Chorus.