

# After Nine - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

AFTER NINE.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Arranged by Louis Reinhard.

I'm fond of a stroll on a prominent street  
After nine, after nine;  
What strange things we see and what people we meet  
After nine, after nine.  
Give me your attention, I'll not make it long,  
I'll tell you some facts In a topical song,  
The things that occur in life's mighty throng  
After nine, after nine,

Chorus.

After nine, when mama's asleep,  
Georgie will come Katie's comp'ny to keep,  
And burn all the gas while papa's asleep,  
After nine, after nine,

A large dry-goods box on the street you will see,  
After nine, after nine:  
You pass it by quickly and innocently,  
After nine, after nine.  
A big night policeman patrolling his beat,  
Will glance very sharply at each one he'll meet,  
But when the coast's clear in that box he will sneak,  
After nine, after nine.

Chorus.

After nine, when all is serene,  
A fight in progress, no cops to be seen,  
The poor man's sleeping and thinks it a dream,  
After nine, after nine.

A bald-headed man will go to a show,  
After nine, after nine;  
he admires the ballet from the front row,  
After nine, after nine.  
he writes to the fairy, "your face I adore,  
I'll meet you, my loved one, at the stage door;"  
he meets her and finds she is just fifty-four,  
After nine, after nine!

Chorus.

After nine, when all is serene,  
No paint or powder on that face to be seen,  
The fairy's a grandma 'tis plain to be seen,  
After nine, after nine.

A married man wishes to go to a ball,  
After nine, after nine;  
His dear wife, you know, suspects nothing wrong,  
After nine, after nine.  
He makes an excuse, and his wife takes it in,  
There's a light in her dark eye bodes no good to him,  
And off to the ball he goes with a grin,  
After nine, after nine.

Chorus.

After nine as soon as its late,  
Dear little wife for her hubby will wait,  
And with a shovel she greets her dear mate,  
After nine, after nine.

There's the young man you meet who's always dead broke  
After nine, after nine;

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His money is gone, and his watch is in soak,  
After nine, after nine.  
You say to him kindly, "O where have you been?  
Come, make me your confidant; what have you seen"  
He answers "I've played but a game on the green  
After nine, after nine."

Chorus.  
"After nine no money I've got,  
My head is aching, I wish I was shot;  
The fellow I played with scooped a jack pot,  
After nine, after nine."

The tomcat will sing in a voice very clear,  
After nine, after nine,  
A beautiful song called "Maria, I'm here,"  
After nine, after nine!  
He stands 'neath your window without fear or dread;  
You feel very sleepy, you'd fain go to bed;  
You don't get much slumber but a serenade instead,  
After nine, after nine.

Chorus.  
After nine, when the world is at rest,  
That is the time that Tom sings the best,  
You fire a bootjack, he won't take a rest,  
After nine, after nine.