

By The Sea And Up In Town - song lyrics

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BY THE SEA AND UP IN TOWN.

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Words by A. J. Mills. Music by F. W. Venton.

It's strange how folks ape greatness when they're on pleasure bent,
By the sea, by the sea;
You'll find in town they're not as big as what they represent,
By the sea, by the sea.
There's the Hardily dressed young fellow who winks at ev'ry girl,
And with romantic tales puts her brains into a whirl:
His income's quite five thousand and his Pa's an Earl, you know,
By the sea, by the sea.

Chorus.

But if you only knew him up in town,
Oh, Gussy there is known as Mister Brown;
You should hear them daily wrangle,
When his wife says, "Turn the mangle,"
And he has to trot the kids out up in town.

There's the distinguished fellow with long black raven hair,
By the sea, by the sea;
You know that he's an actor by the fierce aspect he wears,
By the sea, by the sea.
He owns a Shakespeare copy which he studies day by day,
Aloud he'll quote from "Hamlet" or some other tragic play;
"He must be a great tragedian," you will hear the people say,
By the sea, by the sea.

Chorus.

But if you only knew him up in town,
You'd find he's not an actor of renown;
He dresses up in armor gay
And hasn't got a line to say,
He's a good old boosy super up in town.

There's the highy-flighty fellow whom no one can make out,
By the sea, by the sea;
At hall or party he's the rage, he's full of gas and spout,
By the sea, by the sea;
He can sing a comic song in a jovial sort of way,
At theatre or music hall he's bound to hold the sway;
He's up to any game in fact, if only it will pay,
By the sea, by the sea.

Chorus.

But if you only knew him up in town,
You'd be knocked to see him walking up and down;
As captain of the army brave
He's trying wicked souls to save,
A-singing "Come to glory" up in town.

There's the modest little maiden, so bashful And so shy,
By the sea, by the sea,
Who would faint if a fellow at her should wink his eye,
By the sea, by the sea.
She strolls along the sands in a pious sort of way:
Vulgarity, she says, is in the wand'ring minstrel's lay;
On some lone spot far from the crowd she'll pass her time away,
By the sea, by the sea.

Chorus.

But if you only knew her up in town:
'Tisn't modesty that brings her in renown,
She's amongst the gayest of the gay,
And holds her own with Tottie Fay;
She's a warm 'un when you see her up in town.

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