

# Boardingschool Delights - song lyrics

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BOARDINGSCHOOL DELIGHTS

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Andrew Mack

A simple girl, I sighed for other scenes untried,  
I left my home with expectations grand;  
Then everything was new, the skies above were blue,  
But life to me is hardly what I'd planned.  
Just fancy going up to bed whene'er you sup,  
With damp sheets through the dismal, chilly nights,  
Then getting up at five, with algebra to strive-  
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.

Refrain.

Oh, why did I roam from ma and pa at home?,  
Here cross old tutors trample on our rights;  
They frown at all our play, we girls don't have a say-  
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.

At breakfast there's a rush for scanty milk and mush.  
Or else we tackle biscuits made, of lead;  
The hens for us don't lay, the butter is passe,  
And old enough to vote-a thing to dread.  
The milk is out of date, one towel does for eight,  
We're always hungry, and we look like frights;  
French grammar's hard, 'tis said, much harder is our bed-  
Oh, how I love these boarding-school delights.-Refrain

In winter, when we freeze, they "mark" us if we sneeze,  
They read our letters, which is awful mean:  
Our life is full of ills, though "popper" foots the bills,  
And dreams that our existence is serene.  
A prison would be nice, much finer- at the price,  
We never get a chance to see the sights;  
Before I'll finished be I think they'll finish me-  
Oh, don't I love these boarding-school delights.-Refrain