

See-saw And Saw-saw - song lyrics

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

SEE-SAW AND SAW-SAW.

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By Rose Greene Burton.

I've a son, an' ye beth he's a dandy, shure he swills it around iv'ry day;
While it's me wid me peanuts an' candy for all this nonsince I must pay;
Shure at nite he goes to the playater, an' he hears all the bother an' song;
Ah! his music wud sink a big stamer, or kill off Chinese at Hong Kong.

Refrain.

He sings see-saw an' saw-saw an' tra le lo la,
The flowers that bloom in the spring, do ye mind?
Rock-a-bye baby, he's gone to the war;
I'm so shy, darlin', pull down the blind.

He walks down the strate drissed so nately-first this eye, thin that, he will wink,
An' smiles on the pretty gur:s swately-it's mashin' he calls it, I think;
Shure, an' whin he cums home in the marnin', he opens the dare wid a bang.
If I say, Where ye bin, ye rap-scallioun? bin out singin' songs wid the gang.-

Refrain.

Share, his clothes air as fine as a fiddle, on his coat frunt he wears a bocka;
He parts his hair straight in the middle, an' "ither" an' 'nither" he'll say;
He cuts up such didoes an' capers, I niver know what he's about;
He spinds on play-acters me money, an' they tell him the latest that's out.- Ref.