

Ain't It Nice - song lyrics

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AIN'T IT NICE.

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By Frank H. Dukessmith.

When a fellow has the girl he loves out strolling in the park,
Ain't it nice, ain't it nice?
They linger through the twilight until every thing is dark,
Ain't it nice, very nice?
They will cuddle down upon a bench, just like a pair of doves,
With glances sly and coy, tell each other of their loves;
Their arms fit 'round each others neck, just like a pair of gloves,
Then it's nice, awful nice.

Bicycling is the fashion, it's a pleasure 'most divine,
Ain't it nice? ain't it nice?
It mates your cheeks so rosy and your eyes to brightly shine,
Oh, so nice, very nice.
You'll often see a couple gliding swiftly o'er the ground,
The girl in knickerbockers, showing limbs so nice and round;
The wheels are next seen near a bush, from whence you hear the sound-kiss.
Now ain't it nice, very nice?

Some strange things often happen, when you'd hardly think they would,
But they're nice, very nice;
You'd let them happen just the same, nor stop them if you could,
For they're nice, jolly nice.
Sometimes a fellow makes a mash while strolling on the street;
He thinks she's quite perfection, she's so charming and so sweet,
But how his ideas differ when her husband they do meet,
Then it's nice, very nice.

Sometimes one's own reflections are not pictured in their eyes,
And that is nice, very nice;
For if our thoughts were spoken, they would create some surprise,
Not so nice, very nice.
A lover and his sweetheart stood a-gazing into space;
She asked him what his thoughts were-he said, "same as yours ate, Grace."
She said, "Now you just try it and I'll surely break your face."
Now that was nice, very nice.

Now when a pair is married, and they're on their honeymoon,
Ain't it nice? ain't it nice?
They haven't anything to do but kiss and kiss and spoon, |
Ain't it nice? ain't it nice?
But pretty soon those happy days must pass And fade away,
The fellow finds his cash is low, he can no longer pay, |
They quick return to mother-in-law, who kindly lets them stay,
Now ain't she nice, very nice.

About one year elapses, when they have a little boy,
And ain't be nice, very nice:
They love the little thing to death, because he is their joy,
Ain't he nice? ain't he nice?
But pleasures don't run always smooth, 'tis true, alas! alack!
When baby cries, Pa walks him until he near breaks his back,
And just to make it lively, papa steps upon a tack,
Then it's nice, awful nice.