He's A Harem Scarem When I Was Just The Same - song lyrics

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

HE'S A HAREM SCAREM(When I Was Just the Same.)
Written by George Horncastle. Composed by John Cooke, Jr.

I'm proud to say that I possess a very handsome lad,
And, without vanity, he is the image of his dad;
He's always been a "scorcher," too, since first he saw the light,
And consequently often got into an awkward plight.
Spoken- But there! so did I at his age! I can't blame the boy, for

Chorus.
He's a harem-scarem, devil-may-care-'em, rollicking sort of a boy,
A tease 'em, squeeze 'em, girls, he'd please 'em, filling their hearts with joy;
Witty, plucky, happy-go-lucky, up to each sly little game,
And I can remember years ago when I was just the same.

Before he reached his fourteenth year his cutty pipe he smoked,
He polished off his glass of beer, and with the bar-maid joked;
At every kind of manly sport he proved uncommon smart,
But got into a row because he called a girl a "tart."

Spoken-Girl's brother didn't like it, threatened to punish Jack, he! he!
Found if his sister was no "tart," Jack was a "tartar." Jack went to the hospital
to see him, and apologize in this way: gave him some fruit, not too ripe.
"How do you like it?" says Jack. "Well, it's a little tart," says he. "And
so is your sister," says Jack, "for I've tasted her lips." Well, I couldn't blame
the boy, for- Chorus.

Before the age of twenty-one he'd fairly gone the pace,
He knew each "pub" and billiard room, and went to every race;
He soon ran up a pretty pile of rather tidy debts,
But one thing I can say of him, he always paid his bets.
Spoken-That is to say. he always got me to pay them for him, he! he! Why,
I've had as much as five And twenty shillings to pay for him on a Derby settling
day, but then it was always a pleasure, for-Chorus.

He's had his breach-of-promise case, I may say two or three,
But as the girls were just as bad, they got no L. S. D.,
He's had-at least, his wife has had-well, all I know is this,
A little stranger came to town, And people say it's his.
Spoken-Well, suppose it is! I've had little strangers in my day, I can't blame
the boy, for-Chorus.