Where Shall I Find Him - song lyrics

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

WHERE SHALL I FIND HIM?
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Words and Music by Matt Woodward.

When I was young I used to read of men who were so brave
That they would gladly give their lives some other life to save.
I read of men untainted by the breath of sin or shame.
And men whose honor was a fact, and not an empty name!
Yet people whom I ask declare there's not the slightest doubt
That such a man exists to-day if I but seek him out.
But where shall I find him? where shall I find him?
Maybe up with the angels, but not upon the earth.
If I should happen to meet him. how kindly I would treat him;
I'd kiss him and bless him And fondly caress him for all he is worth.

When I was quite a little girl, my mother used to say:
Bewail: of naughty men, my dear, for men are very gay.
Perchance some day you'll find a man who loves you for yourself,
And values virtue as a gem beyond all worldly pelf-
He will not go to clubs at night, but stay at home instead -
Believe me, dear, of all mankind that is the man to wed!
But where shall I find him? etc.

Miss Libbey wrote a novel, and the hero of the tale
Had virtues that were quite enough to make an angel pale;
His fine moustache had turned the heads of widow, maid and wife,
Yet, though he was a thorough sport, he led a "sport less" life.
I want to meet a hero like the man you find in books-
Unselfish, modest, six feet tall, And handsome in his looks.
But where shall I find him? etc.

I've just been told about a man, a married man at that!
Who kept his wife and thirteen babes all in a little flat;
He never smoked, he never chewed; what's more he never drank.
Though earning only ten per week, he put five in the bank;
He washed the babies, lit the fires, And bought his wife a hat;
It strikes me when I want to wed I'll get a man like that.
But where shall I find him? etc.

A man once asked me out to dine; of course, I gladly went;
On such occasions, I'd been told, men cared not what they spent.
And so, as I was hungry, and I didn't have to pay,
I went right through the bill of fare, from soup to pousse cafe.
But when the waiter brought the bill, my host began to wince;
He went outside to see a friend, and I haven't seen him since.
And where shall I find him? etc.

Male Version.
When but a boy it was my joy to flirt with all the girls,
Till one I met, a little pet, with wavy golden curls.
Though I was young, to her I clung like monkey to a stick:
No candy she could near to see and ice-cream made her sick;
She did not care for jewels rare, and sealskin she despised;
She went away, And since that day I've often advertised.
But where shall I find her? where shall I find her?
Maybe up with the angels, but not upon the earth.
If I should happen to meet her, how kindly I would treat her-
I'd kiss her and bless her and fondly caress her for all she is worth.

One night I dreamed, and, as it seemed, I saw a maiden fair;
I kissed her fate, yet found no trace of rouge or powder there.
Though ev'ry move seemed but to prove her beauty and her grace,
That maiden fair was not aware she had a pretty face;
She did not try with shirt and tie to be half girl, half man;
Throughout my life to find such wife I'll do the best I can.
But where shall I find her? etc.

A man once said that he had read of a wealthy New York girl
Who fainted dead when asked to wed a noble British Earl.
"Blue blood" and "birth" but roused her mirth, and, as I understand.
She sought a poor but honest boor and to him gave her hand.
Since I am fairly honest, And my income is not fat,
I guess I will not marry till I meet a girl like that.
But where shall I find her? etc.

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