My Son Jack - song lyrics

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MY SON JACK.
Copyright, 1893, by Frank Harding.
Words And Music by Arthur West.
Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

Now I am a widow of thirty-six,
But was married at sweet seventeen;
There wasn't a boy didn't follow my cloak
When I was a purty colleen,
And still they are after my hand and my heart,
But they're chasing my dollars as well;
But the one that gels me has to know from the start,
They must love Jack; the reason I'll tell,
My son Jack behind my back,
They tell me he's a very hard nut to crack;
He comes home tight in the middle of the night,
Sometimes when the day is dawning;
Me oath I'll take he wins the cake,
He's a jolly little rollicking, frolicking rake;
He tumbles into bed with a big fat head,
But he's up with the lark in the morning.

There isn't a boy can heat him on the base,
He's pitcher And always will be;
There isn't a fighter can get on his face,
For Jack has been known to lick three.
There isn't a man in the village that hits
My son Jack on the brink, but he has to cry quits;
There isn't a singer sings with him a song,
And the prettiest girl will be his before long.