How Do You Like It - song lyrics

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

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.
Words by Charles Archer. Music by Paddy Murphy.

We live in America, land of the free-
How do you like it?
Our freedom. I'll own, it is wondrous to see-
How do you like it?
From the earliest age has her star given light,
But here we don't understand freedom aright,
Just wait, she'll arrive in her grandeur And might-
How do you like it?

Your girl on the lounge can sit, still as a mouse-
How do you like it?
She can't tell where all the dirt gets in the house-
How do you like it?
But mother, who's reading the paper above.
Could, perhaps, teach the language of lovey and dove,
From the notes she burns up every morn in the stove-
How do you like it?

If congress should tire of the great tariff bill,
How would you like It?
For a year or so more they will keep climbing the hill-
How do you like it?
The ball that McKinley made some years ago,
Old Cleveland's had hard work to roll on we know,
While the workman has lived upon air in the snow-
How do you like it?

In England, the Queen's daughters aliens must wed-
How do you like it? I
In politics she keeps a cool, level head-
How do you like it?
Well, in the case of a war, it is better, they say,
When in family relations we're mixed up that way,
For the crowned heads can fight and the people can pay-
How do you like it?

I sometimes get puzzled-no doubt, so do you-
How do you like it?
Whether everything in the newspapers is true-
How do you like it?
It's a poor rule, that won't work both ways so, they say,
But church preaching politics never will pay-
When the cat is away, why the mice they will play-
How do you like it?

So drink lots of ice-water, always keep cool-
How do you like it?
No matter who tries to make of you a fool-
How do you like it?
Should the gold-bugs inflate and burst up some fine day,
And silver appears as a friend, by the way,
You will laugh at my question if then I should say,
How do you like it?

My mother-in-law went to the sea-shore-
How did I like it? (Symp.) Ha, ha, ha, ha.
I had plenty of fun and wish I had more- ?
How did I like it? {Symp.) Ha, ha, ha, ha.
But she is home for the w inter with dust-pan and broom,
And there's no corner left for poor me in the room,
With the tomcat I'm now making love to the moon-
How do you like it?

ON DE RAINBOW ROAD.
Copyright, 1891, by Wm. A. Pond & Co.
Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dare Braham.

Get ready for to travel de rainbow road,
It's made of golden gravel, de rainbow road;
Oh, keep a-climbing higher, de rainbow road.
Good children never tire, on de rainbow road.

Chorus.
Oh, weary pilgrims, Gabriel's army, when de silver trumpet blowed,
Children In de golden sunset travel by He rainbow road- Dance.

Oh, goodness, ain't It sunny? De rainbow road;
Won't cost you any money, de rainbow rend,
De fiery steeds am flying, de rainbow road,
De sinners am a-sighing, on de rainbow road.-Chorus.

Oh, hear dem wings a-flapping, de rainbow road,
De spirits am a-rapping, de rainbow road;
No apple Jack or onions, de rainbow road.
You nebber get no bunions, on de rainbow road.- Chorus

Old Peter's bells am ringing, de rainbow road.
Celestial Choir am singing, de rainbow road;
De wicked in a flutter, de rainbow road,
Dey have to skip de gutter, on de rainbow road.- Chorus.

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