Fishing For What - song lyrics

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FISHING FOR WHAT?
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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

When two little boys go out for the day,
And down by the brook side they're wending their way,
And each little boy has a nice little stick
You cannot call short or, by any means, thick,
And each little boy has a hook and a line,
Made out of a pin and a thin piece of twine;
An old battered can and some worms in a pot,
You can bet they're out fishing-but fishing for what?

Chorus.
They are fishing for minnows in that little brook-
Their bait is a worm at the end of a hook,
With bright, eager face, the sport each one enjoys-
They are fishing for minnows, those two little boys.

When two little girls go out for a walk,
And these little dears are commencing to talk
Of the men with a sigh, and each maiden doth try
To capture a man with a glance of her eye,
And when the young men at those two maidens stare,
Their eyelids they'll droop and then blush, I declare;
It is when to this stage these young maidens have got
You can bet they're out fishing-but fishing for what?

Chorus.
They are fishing for sweethearts each dear little Miss-
Their bait is a sigh, then a wink or a kiss:
They drop in their lines and then patiently wait.
When along comes some Willie who swallows the bait

When a man stays out late, till about three or four,
And takes just a glass, or, perhaps, a few more,
And keeps his dear wife waiting up half the night,
You all must confess he's not doing what's right,
And when he comes home quite expecting a row-
He don't deserve anything else, you'll allow;
She gives him a kiss-not one. but a lot-
You can just bet she's fishing-but fishing for what?

Chorus.
She Is fishing for money to buy a new dress;
Her bait is a smile and a tender caress:
Man swallows the bait without giving a thought-
When wives commence fishing then husbands are caught.