

The Christening- - song lyrics

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THE CHRISTENING-

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Sung by James O'Neil.

It was down In that place, Tipperary,
Where they're so airy, and so contrary,
Where they kick up the devil's figarie,
When they christened the beautiful boy.
In comes the piper, sot thinking,
And a-winking, and a-blinking,
And a noggin of punch he was drinking,
And wishing the parents great joy.

When home from the church they came,
Father Tom and old Mikey Branagan,
And scores of as pretty boys and girls,
As ever you'd wish for to see;
When in through the door,
Hogan, the tinker, Lather and Lanagan,
Kicked up a row, and wanted to know,
Why they wasn't asked to the spree.

Then the boy set up such a-bawling,
And such a-squalling, and caterwauling.
Oh, that was the day of great Joy.
Then the piper set up such a-moaning,
And such a-droning, and such a-croning.
In the corner his comether was turning,
When they christened sweet Dennis, the boy.

The aristocracy came to the party,
There was McCarty, light and hearty,
With Florence Berdelia Fogarty,
Who said that was French for a name;
Dionysius Alphonso Mulrooney,
Oh, so spooney and so looney,
With the charming Evangeline Mooney,
Of society she was the cream.

Cora Teresa Maud McCann.
Angelina Rooke, and Julia McCafferty,
Rignold Mormon Duke, Morris McGan,
And Clarence Ignatius McGurk;
Cornelius Horatio Flaherty,
Sir Adolphus Grace, and Dr. O'Rafferty,
Eva McLaughlin and Cora Muldoon,
And Brigadier-General Burke;

They were dancing the polka-mazurka.
'Twas a worker, not a shirker,
And a voice of Vienna, la Turker,
And the polka-redowa divine;
After dancing, they went in to lurching,
Oh, such muching, and such crunching,
They were busy as bees at a lurching,
With their coffee, tea, whisky, and wine.

They had all kinds of tea, they had Shooshong,

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They had Ningnook, and Drinkdook,
With Oolong, and Boolong, and Toolong,
And teas that were made In Japan ;
They had sweetmeats, Imported from Java.
And from Youver, and from Mouver,
In the four-masted steamer, "Manarver,"
That sails from beyond Hindostan.

Cold ice-cream, and cream that was hot,
Romeo punch, snowball and sparrowgrass,
Patty D. Foy, whatever that means,
Made out of gooee-llver and grease;
Red-headed duck, salmon and peas,
Bandy-legged frogs, provanon ostriches,
Bottled nolx, woodcock and snipe,
And everything that would please.

After dinner, of course, there was speaking,
And hand-shaking, and leave-taking,
In the corners, old mothers match-making.
And other such innocent sins;
Then they bid a good-bye to each other,
To each mother, and each brother;
When the last rose, I thought I would smother,
Whan they wished the next would be twins.