

# The Little Old Duddeen - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE LITTLE OLD DUDDEEN

Sung by Harrigan and Hart.

There's a bit of clay on a little stim,  
That's sweet enough to ate;  
Whin filled up wid tobacco  
Twould put a man to slape.  
Twas introduced in Ireland  
In the days of Brian Borhue;  
I'd rather lose my life, my boys,  
Than lose my honey-dew.  
Some call it "Cavendish,"  
Or any name you'd wish,  
And they dale it out in plug, you know,  
When it is fresh and green;  
When from my work I tire,  
I set down by the fire,  
An' I watch the smoke roll up and curl,  
From my little ould duddeen.

Chorus.

My duddeen, you are so sweet to me,  
I love to see your smoke go up  
Whin I get through my tea;  
My duddeen, you are in the family,  
I'd surely die if I found out  
You were stole away from me.

If ye have studied history,  
Ye'll read where William Pinn  
Bought the State of Pinnsylvania  
Prom the wild red Injin men;  
He never used a sword or gun  
When he met them face to face,  
But they all sit down continted,  
And they smoked the pipe of peace.  
If yc'd only take a puff,  
Shure, one would be enough  
To put you in a slumber,  
A stupor, or a dream.  
Ye might say it's not ginteel,  
But so beautiful I feel  
Whin I sit down in the corner, boys,  
Wid my little ould duddeen.-Chorus,

A Frenchman smokes the little thing  
They call the cigarette,  
It makes him feel uneasy,  
As he blows, and puffs, and frets;  
The Chinese smokes the opium,  
Till it puts him in a doze;  
And the Yankee smokes the bad cigar,  
Wid one end to his nose;  
But every Irishman-  
Bould Patsey, Mike or Dan-  
That was born in dear old Ireland,  
Where the grasses grow so green,  
If they've no coat to their back,

They've that bit of clay so black;  
It's a consolation to them,  
Is the little ould duddeen.-Chorus.