

Coney Island Down Der Bay - song lyrics

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CONEY ISLAND DOWN DER BAY.

By George Hoey.-Recited by Gus Williams.

A soldier ov der Deutsch Brigade vos so drunk he dumbles down;
He vos in a lager beer saloon, yust underneath the ground,
Und he vos eatin' pread und cheese, at a most ridiculous rate,
Und efery drink he got dat night vos put down on der shlate;
But a policeman sthood peside him, und gave him such a rub,
Und said it vos der same old drunk, und belted him mit his glub;
Und den he kicked him mit his hand, but all dot he could say,
Vos, "I come from Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Tell my wife she needn't wait for me. I vont pe home to-night,
I vos sit me mit a man vot's sick, vot yesterday vos tight;
For my vather vos a sucker, und he'd go to his old trunk
Und get bis old plack pottle out, und den he'd get blind drunk.
But ven he died und left us, on account ov his ill-health,
I let dem dake yust vot dey would, out ov my vather's vealth-
But I kept dot old plack pottle, und I've got it to dis day-
Und it's empty now, at Coney Island, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Tell my brothers und combanlons, ven der early boat comes down,
Und prings der New York papers to dot fairest Coney Town,
Yust to look among der items, vere everything is fame ;
Und heading der Bolice Rebort, he's sure to found my name.
Tell him not to gry about it, put mit joy der news to hail,
Und iv he's going der gome to town, be sure und pring my bail;
But dell him, ov you please, sir, dat der last vords as I say,
Vos, I come vrom Coney Island, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Say dot in der Tombs around me, vos an awful lot ov beats,
Vot vos going to der ' Island,'-I guess dot means their gountry seats-
Und some vos dere vor murder, und vos going to veel der cords,
Und a lot of vancy vellers, on account ov many frauds;
Und some vos young und suddenly vos brought to Centre shtreet,
Und chucked into der little cell, vot didn't got ten feet.
But some vos dere vor getting drunk, und der fine dey gouldent pay-
Und vone had gome vrom Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."

"Dere's another not a brother, but a yolly vriend ov mine,
Ve used to shtart oud efery nighd und fighd it on dis line;
Und somedimes he'd get drunkest, und as drough der shtreets ve'd roam,
Ve'd shtop at Neddy Gilmore's, und den see each odder home,
Dell him dot I'm hunkee-doree, but I vlsh dot he vos here,
Und ve'd shtart oud do-morrow night, drinking lagerbier;
But tell him, ov you blease, sir' der last vords dot I say,
Vos, yust to valt vor me at Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."

De soldier ov der Deutsch Brigade vos got him putty tight,
Und der landlord said he wanted to know " if he vos going to shtay all night;
He vos a yolly bummer, a beat he vos he dinks,
He never liked a customer vot shtood him up vor drinks."
Der policeman took him py der neck, und set him on his veet,
Und den he kicked him mit his glub, und sent him In der shtroet;
But he veil Into der gutter, und der lasd vord vat he say,
Vos, "Take me home to Coney, Coney Island down der Bay."