

# George Constantino McKeown - song lyrics

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

George Constantino McKeown.

A dandy and a lady's man, has come before you now,  
A man of taste and culture, for 'tis written on my brow;  
In Irish circles, I'm the pet of all the ladies fair,  
And I always meet with favor and a hearty welcome there.  
The reason must be obvious, I don't make use of slang,  
I use well chosen language, which surprises all the gang;  
You'll often hear the ladies say: " Now, hasn't he the tone ?  
He ought to be a counsellor, George Constantino McKeown.  
I'm in the book and picture trade, I canvas every day,  
And tho' the times are very hard, I always make it pay;  
The literature of Ireland, I have at my command,  
And when I'm talking up a trade, my style is preat and grand.  
I tell them how brave Sarsfield fought and kept the foe at bay,  
And how the women held the fort at Limerick town, that day;  
I get them all excited, for I am no dunce or drone,  
You'll hear them cry: " I'll take four books, George Codstantine McKeown."

You ought to hear me make a speech, about election time,  
I overflow with eloquence, with anecdote, with rhyme;  
My attitudes are picturesque, and I can plainly show.  
That I'm the Irish orator, the Celtio " Cicero."  
Some say, to imitate me, but their show attempts are vile,  
They cannot catch my lofty tone, my grand, Imperious style;  
Let spurious imitators fall, for equals I have none,  
I, the great original, George Constantino McKeown.