

# Larry O'gaff - song lyrics

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

LARRY O'GAFF.

Near a bog in sweet Ireland, I am told, sure there born I was,  
Well I remember a bright Monday morn it was;  
My daddy, poor man, would cry: what a greenhorn I was-  
Three months I am married, hurrah! how they laugh.  
Says he to my mother: troth, Judy, I'll leave you joy.  
Says Judy to him: oh I the devil may care, my boy.  
By St. Patrick, I'll leave you both here to weep and cry:  
What shall we do for our daddy O'Gaff ?  
With my didrewhack off I am,  
None or your blarney, man;  
Keep your brat to your chat all the day so you may,  
By the powers! I won't tarry;  
So he left little Larry,  
I never saw more of my daddy O'Gaff.

Och! it's then I grew up, and a sweet looking child I was,  
Always the devil for handling the stick I was;  
But somehow or other, my numbscull so thick it was,  
Go where I would, all the folks they did laugh.  
I rambled to England, where I met with a squad of boys,  
They got me promoted to carry the hod, my boys;  
I crept up a ladder like a cat newly shod, my boys,  
A steep way to riches, says Larry O'Gaff.  
With my didrewhack in and out,  
Head turning round about;  
Ladder crack, break your back.  
Tumble down, crack your crown;  
My dear Mr. Larry, this hod that yon carry  
Disgraces the shoulders of Mr. O'Gaff.

They made me a master, then dressed like a fop I was,  
Bran new and span new from bottom to top I was;  
But the old fellow popt in as taking a drop I was.  
Says he: Mr. Larry, you bogtrotting calf,  
Get out of my house, or I'll lay this about your back;  
With the twig in his hand like the mast of "a herring smack,  
Over ray napper he made the switch for to crack;  
Said 1: this don't suit you, Mr. O'Gaff.  
With my didrewhack hub bub so,  
Drums beating row de row;  
O dols my life plays the fife, Patrick's day, fire away;  
In the army so frisky,  
We'll tipple the whisky,  
With the whack for old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.

Then they made me a soldier, but, oh! how genteel I was!  
Scarlet and tapes from the neck to the heel I was;  
Larry, says I, when brought into the field I was,  
This sort of fighting don't suit you by half;  
We fought like the devil, as Irishmen ought to do,  
So sweetly we beat Mr. Bony at Waterloo;  
But now the wars are over and peace we've brought home to you,  
Welcome to old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.  
With my didrewhack save my neck,  
Round and sound free from wound;  
With a wife to spend my life, sport and play, night and day,

Arrah with your blarney;  
For the breed of the Carneys  
Would tight for old Irland and Larry O'Gaff.