

Owen Reilly - song lyrics

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OWEN REILLY.

Oh, my name is Owen Reilly,
I've got a son that's got me crazy;
He comes home every night wid his blackguard songs.
He said he learned them up at some free And aisy;
He wanted his mother for to put on the boxing gloves wid him.
He broke his little brother's leg wid a poker;
He have an old deck of cards, and he wants roe to play
Pedro, sancho, seven-up and the joker.
He says he's taking sparring lessons from Professor John Donovan,
He hate the oldest boy of cross-eyed McGarrity;
He goes prancing around all the dances of the city,
And he have a girl who do be dancing at the vulgarities.

Oh, he pawned me Sunday pants last week
To go and lay a wager,
And he brought me down the street that night,
For to fight a big black nagur;
There's his cousin Mike, a nice young man,
Wid the finest kind of manners;
Night after night they roamed about.
And they called it "carrying the banners;"
But the two of them got into a scrape,
They stole a Dutchman's pony;
Poor Mike is in the work-house now,
And Bernard's in Arogononia.

Oh, he tied a can to our dog's tail
When we'd gone to church last Sunday;
He got stiff staving tight, and stayed out that night,
And he was up before the judge in the morning;
He have the house turned inside out,
He's gone to bad entirely;
By heavens! I fear that he'll be hung,
God help you, Bernard Reilly!
He kicked his sister, Honorah, in the forehead last week.
He wanted custard pie for his supper;
And he came home wid himself stuffed with toiled oyster stews,
And threw the. corned beef and cabbage in the. gutter