

Saturday Night, When The Barroom's Full - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SATURDAY NIGHT, WHEN THE BARROOM'S FULL.

Tune- " Sunday Night When the Parlor's Full."

I've a cousin, an eccentric.
He keeps a barroom at the East End,
Once a week I go to see him,
Saturday night I've the time to spend.
He has singing, he has dancing,
In the ward, sure, he has a pull,
But the sights are so entrancing,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

Chorus.
He has porter and cold water,
Of the latter ye can drink your full!
But what makes me merry is his Tom and Jerry,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

Every nation in creation
Is represented at his bar-
The Greeks, Italians and Germans
Step in his place while the door's ajar;
For his fine whiskey, rye or bourbon,
Bad stuff, too, that would fell a bull,
Though it's risky to inflate whiskey,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

Spoken-Last Saturday night, at me cousin's, a policeman
came in, and he says to me cousin, says he: "I'd like so to take
a nap. " And me cousin put him under the bar. About one
o'clock he woke up, and he says to me cousin: "What kind of a
night is it? " Me cousin told him that it was snowing. "Well,"
says the policeman, "I must be getting down to the station house,
but I'm too dry! " "Have a drink, says me cousin. "No,"
says the policeman, " I mane me clothes are too dry. " "All right,"
says me cousin, "I can fix that, " and, going behind the bar, he
got a pail of water and threw it over the policeman. He went to
the station house as though he'd been out all night. But when I
think of it I have to say:- Chorus.