

# What Bidy Said In The Police Court - song lyrics

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What Bidy Said in the Police Court.

By E. T. Corbett

Yis, luk at me now, if ye can, Tim,  
Luk in me face if ye dare!  
It's bruised an' it's ugly-I know it-  
But sorra a bit do ye care,  
Ye dhrunken-I'm ready, yer Honor,  
I'll show ye's the mark of Tim's fist,  
An' the black an' blue bruise on me shoulthcr  
Where he pushed me agin the ould chist.

Sure I will-don't be winkin' at me, Tim,  
I'm done wid ye now, ye can say,  
An' if ye're sint up for a twelvemonth  
It's rejoicin' I'd be ivery day,  
Whisht, officer-what's that ye're sayin'?  
"Me complaint? " why, what's ailin' ye, man?  
For sure an' I'm afther complain',  
Yer Worship, as fast as I can!

Whin ye kim home last night, now that's throe, Tim,  
The place was so purty an' nate,  
Wid such ilegant corn bafe an' inyons  
Set out on me blue chaney plate;  
An' Molly a-waitin' to show ye  
The beautiful medal she'd got;  
An' me, wid my fat on the cradle,  
A kapin' the day good an' hot.

But, Tim, 3-e'd bin dhrinkin', ye blackguard,  
Yer wages was gone, ivery cint;  
An' ye b-a-ate an' abused me a-an' M-ol-ly  
For sphakin' a word of the r-r-rint.  
But whin ye turned over the table,  
An' smash! wint me plate on the floor,  
An angel cud never kape silence,  
So thin-I'll confess it-I swore!

Jist wance, an' ye needn't have minded,  
Well knowin' me timper is quick,  
But wurra! ye knocked down the shtove, Tim,  
And batthered the wall wid yer shtick.  
Yis, an' broke the best chair, too, ye spalpeen!  
No wonder the naybors tuk fright,  
Wid Molly an' Patsy, both screamin'  
Outside, in the cowld Winter's night.

What! fine?dm tin dollars, your Honor?  
Och, sure now, that's hard on poor Tim.  
'Twas just the laste bit of a scrimmage,  
There's husbands far worser nor him'  
But niver mind, darlint, here's money,-  
I'd saved up a thrifle, ye see,  
By washin' an' clanin'-I'll spind it,  
Mavourneen, to let ye go free.

So come along home wid yer Bidy,  
There's breakfast expectin' ye there,  
Sure ye're needin' the bit an' the sup, Tim,  
Ye're lookin' so white, yis, an' quaire,  
See! Molly's outside there, a smilin',  
An'fifty cints left yit, asthore.  
Come an, Tim-good mornin', yer Honor,  
I won't be a throublin' ye's more!