

Sam Devere's Dream - song lyrics

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

SAM DEVERE'S DREAM.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

The other night I just dropped in
To a German beer saloon,
And after putting away a keg
I fell asleep quite soon;
I dreamt all sorts of funny things,
And as it won't take long,
To tell you all about it now
I'll try in a little song.

I thought all sorts of things occurred,
Funny, strange and queer;
Girls wore pretzels for ear-rings.
And the gutters flowed with beer;
Big German bologna sausage skins
The firemen used for hose.
And the good old strong Limburger cheese
Smelled sweeter than the rose.
I thought old General Grant pulled hard
On a bad five cent cigar,
While Senator Conkling and Jim Blaine
Both put on the gloves to spar;
I thought St. Patrick appeared with a club,
And banished all the snakes
That crawl led in old socks, hats and boots,
When they got the benzine shakes.
I dreamt old Sitting Bull came in
To get a new supply.
He gave them taffy all round,
And he shut the white man's eye;
Thought Francis Murphy and John B Gough
On the sly took rum and gum,
And the British lion was blowed sky-high
With a great big Fenian bomb.
Thought Doctor Walker lost her pants,
Which left her in the lurch.
And Beecher lectured on free love.
As the head of the Mormon church;
I dreamt they had a warrant out
For the arrest of the Russian Czar,
For trying to pass off whitewashed pennies
As dimes in a bob-tail car.
I dreamt that Doctor Tanner said
He could fast for twenty years,
But he got so thin they let him out
For a pair of tailor's shears;
I dreamt the tramps were getting fat
Draining out lager beer kegs.
And hoops were coming in style again,
To encircle the fair ones'-forms.