

# Dennis Grady's Hack - song lyrics

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

DENNIS GRADY'S HACK

Copyright. 1886, by Wm. A. Pond & Co.

Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Last Sunday morning early,  
Tom Quin and Mary Haley,  
Pat Brennan and Pat Daley,  
Meself and my boy, Jack;  
Ould nobby Denny Grady,  
In livery coat and cady.  
He drove each gent and lady  
In his yellow painted hack.

Chorus.

It's whoa, my pony!  
'Glang, Napoleon!  
He is a pace the fastest on the track;  
It's whoa, my dandy!  
'Glang, Napoleon  
He'll beat two-forty  
Pulling Denny Grady's hack.

Oh! when we crossed the ferry,  
All feeling very merry  
From drinking port and sherry,  
The title was rather slack;  
Like playful little children,  
The sea-gulls, by the million,  
They flew round in cotillion  
As we sat in Grady's hack.-Chorus.

We reached our destination,  
The horse in perspiration,  
He took a long vacation  
'Way out in Hackensack;  
While we did gather flowers,  
Unmindful of the hours,  
Until the falling showers,  
Oh! they drove us in the hack.-Chorus.

The road was dark and dreary,  
And we were worn and weary,  
A little over leery  
When we were driving back;  
'Twas there we struck a bowlder,  
The horse fell on his shoulder.  
The wheel came off and rolled us  
Out of Denny Grady's back.-Chorus.

Such swearing and such talking,  
High kicking and fast walking,  
A cursing old Weehawken  
Along the railroad track;  
Tongue-lashing Denny Grady,  
His livery coat and cady.  
All wisbing him in hades  
Wid his yellow-painted hack.-Chorus.