

Handy Andy - song lyrics

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

HANDY ANDY.

How are yez, me friends? sure I hope you're all well,
My cruel misfortunes to you I will tell;
I was born on a Friday, that ill omened day,
"He's a blundering blackguard," my father did say.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

My blunder, the first, I remember it yet,
I was sent to the Post Office letters to get;
"What name? " axed the clerk as I looked at him shy,
"That's none o' your business, you blackguard," says I.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

One morning there lay about two feet o' snow,
Said my boss, "You must clear off the pavement, ye know,"
He meant but the snow, but I cleaned it complete,
By shoveling the bricks wid the snow in the street.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

One night I was waiter at a party so nice,
They tould me to put the champagne in the ice;
I opened each bottle and thought it all right,
In the ice-water poured it, and ruined it quite.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

Says they "Ye young stupid, see what you have done,
You've spoiled our champagne, likewise all our fun,
Go! bring in soda water Says I, "enough said;"
Soap and water I brought, which they threw at my head.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

Next I hired with a fanner to work by the year,
One day he says, "Give the cows corn in the ear!"
With shelled corn I filled up the ears of the cows,
When the farmer he kicked me straight out o' the house.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

One day a man led his horse up to a fence,
"Keep an eye on him," says he, "I'll give ye six pence,"
But he never paid me, 'cause the horse took affright,
Though my eye was on him till he run out o' sight.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

Then a footman I was, to attend to the door,
Where I had to tell lies as I did ne'er before;
"Is yer mashter at home? "one wud ax wid a grin,
"No, he told me to tell yez he wasn't just in,"
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

At last then I sez to myself: Andy, dear,
If ye wudn't be spiled ye had bether lave here;
Now I work at railroading and diggin' canawl,
And when grog time comes round, I am there at roll call.
Och, hone! now ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?