

Our Own Boy, Jack - song lyrics

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

OUR OWN BOY, JACK.

Parody sung by John J. Rubin

The foremost picture in my mind is when I was a kid,
I'll tell you of the times I had and some things that I did,
I'd get paralyzed on cider, through a bung hole it was nice,
. I would set a hen on snow balls for to see him hatch out ice.
One day I tried to ride a mule, he kicked me in the jaw.
You can bet I saw a thousand stars I never saw before;
One day I gave a poor old bum a dime to get some bread.
My mother caught me in the act, and this is what she said:

Chorus.

Be upright and gaily, be nery and bold,
Remember that old " Vanderbilt has more rocks than Jay Gould;
You may not be a millionaire, but the growler you must back,
Then your mother will be proud of you, her own boy, Jack.

She used to make me chase the duck just forty times a day.
She always made me pay for it, she knew I was jay;
I've traveled all around this world and strange things I did see,
I went from Spain to Russia and from there to Germany.
I went to growler parties and I tried to work the bluff.
But I would get it in the eye, you can bet I had enough;
The neighbors said I grew just like my mother every day,
My mother she was proud of me, and this is what she'd say:-Chorus