

The Fish-ball Musketeer - song lyrics

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THE FISH-BALL MUSKETEER

Tune- "The Cork Leg."

A musketeer went up and down,
To seek a dinner through the town;
He'd nothing touched for one long day,
No one to treat on all Broadway,
A fish-ball musketeer.

He opens his purse to count his pence,
And finds he has but just three cents;
This won't do much, but still I'll try
To see what my three cents will buy,
Says my my fish-ball musketeer.

At last he finds a right good place,
And enters it with modest grace;
The waiter stared as he came in,
And thought he looked quite short of tin,
This fish-ball musketeer.

The bill of fare he glances through,
To see what his three cents would do,
The cheapest viands of them all
Was just six cents for two fish-balls,
My fish-ball buccaneer.

Six cents! I've not but only three,
And for two balls I can't agree;
So the waiter to him he did call,
And gently whispered: one fish-ball,
This oyster-pie zouave.

The waiter brought him his fish-ball;
My zouave whispered, that's not all,
A piece of bread, sir, if you please.
Will appetite and conscience ease,
Says my little plum-broth ensign.

The guests all stared at our poor friend,
The waiter looked from end to end,
And then he roared it through the hall:
We don't (fire bread with one fish-ball,
My coffee and cake cadet.

Moral-Which I hope the Captain of the Free Lunch Cadets
will communicate to his company.

If your cash is down to just three cents,
O'Neil has left but one request:
Take my advice, now one and all,
Don't ask for bread with one fish-ball,
Like my fish-ball musketeer.