

McGinty, King Of The Rink - song lyrics

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McGINTY, KING OF THE RINK
Copyright, 1884, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.
Words and Music by Chas. Crandall.

Oh, they call me the " King of the Rink,"
A skater I am, so they think;
For when I appear the people all cheer,
And the ladies at me slyly wink.
So fondly at me they will glance.
When I have on my Oscar Wilde pants
And tight polo cap, their hands they'll clap,
For "McGinty, the King of the Rink."

Chorus.
I can skate, for I bate ev'ry man in the rink I
At "go as you please;"
I did pose on my toes, when they call'd out,
"McGinty, you're King of the Kink."

When I skated at Coney Island,
They have a fine rink on the sand,
I made fancy whirls, which captured the girls,
When the music struck up by the band.
I thought I would give the grape-vine,
When a fellow came up from behind;
But soon he was floored and everybody roar'd
For "McGinty, the King of the Rink. " -Chorus.

Now a lady with bright auburn hair
Last Saturday evening was there;
And how she did skate, I'm sure it was fate.
That I met this young lady so fair.
We did all the movements in style,
When she turn'd, saying with a sweet smile,
"McGinty, old man, do well as you can,
For we know you're ' King of the Rink.' " -Chorus.