

Lide, Kelly, Slide - song lyrics

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LIDE, KELLY, SLIDE.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

I played a game of base-ball, I belong to Caseys nine,
The crowd was feeling jolly, and the weather it was fine;
A nobler lot of players I think were never found,
When the omnibuses landed that day upon the ground.
The game was quickly started, they sent me to the bat,
I made two strikes, says Casey, "What are you striking at?"
I made the third, the catcher muffed and to the ground it fell,
I run .like a divil to first base, when the gang began to yell:

Chorus.

Slide, Kelly, slide, your running's a disgrace,
Slide, Kelly, slide, stay there, hold your base;
If some one doesn't steal you, and your batting doesn't fail you,
They'll take you to Australia, slide, Kelly, slide.

'Twas in the second inning they called me in, I think,
To take the catcher's place while he went to get a drink;
But something was the matter, sure I couldn't see the ball,
And the second one that came in broke my muzzle, nose and all.
The crowd up in the grand stand they yelled with all their might;
I ran towards the club house, I thought there was a tight;
'Twas the most unpleasant feeling I ever felt before,
I knew they had me rattled when the gang began to roar:-Cho.

They sent me out to centre-field, I didn't want to go,
The way my nose was swelling up, I must have been a show;
They said on me depended victory or defeat,
If a "blind man was to look on us, he'd know that we were beat.
Sixty-four to nothing was the score when we got done,
And everybody there but me said they had lots of fun;
The news got home ahead of me, they heard I was knocked out,
The neighbors carried me in the house, and then began to shout:-Cho