

I Loaned My Sunday Coat To Maloney - song lyrics

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I Loaned My Sunday Coat to Maloney.
Words by Irene Hildreth. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Tim McCarthy was a friend to Mike Maloney,
And Mike Maloney was a friend to me;
Poor McCarthy was afflicted wid memory,
And now he's taken off to Calvary.
Maloney paid a visit the other evening,
As I my supper was about to take;
And said he to me: O'Toole now would ye lend me
A coal to wear to Tim McCarthy's wake.

Chorus.
Oh, I loaned me Sunday coat to Maloney,
The only dacent coat I had to wear;
The coat that made me look so very toney,
And now I cannot find it anywhere.

Oh, that coat was always put away by Judy
On Monday morning when I went to work;
And it then was brushed and smoothed again on Tuesday,
For exactness, sure, my Judy is a Turk.
When Maloney called, she said: Don't be aisy,
Don't be green enough to lend your Sunday coat;
If Pat Maloney gets it, ye are crazy,
It's meself will be saying, you're a goat.-Chorus.

Now the way I got the coat I will tell ye,
But ye must not tell any body else;
I lent seventeen dollars to a copper,
And the coat he did mortgage to meself;
He said: I'll let ye kape the coat, O'Toole, dear,
It will never be claimed again by me;
If the money is not paid to ye by New Year,
O'Toole come have a drink just now wid me.-Chorus.