

Kill Or Cure - song lyrics

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KILL OR CURE.

I'm a roving Irish boy, I was born in Ballaraghan,
And christened with much joy, after my father, Patrick Pagan;
I had a sweetheart, Kitty, and I courted her so gaily,
Divil a thought I had of trouble, as I twisted my shillelagh.

Chorus.

Musha, Kitty O'Shaughnessy, she's the girl for me,
Whack fal de daddy, musha, O'Shaughnessy.

Och, 'twas herself I courted, a girl so neat and cosy.
She said she loved me in return-her cheeks were red and rosy;
Of sovereigns I had twenty, says she, I've seventeen,
We'll join ourselves and them together, and live like king and queen.-Cho.

So we both set sail for Liverpool, and packed our kits together.
And married got so neat and cool, in spite of wind or weather;
With our money we opened a shop, in business not amiss,
We sold oysters, haddocks, mack'rel, mussels, praties and fried fish.-Cho.

In business we did well, till one day she was taken ill, sirs,
And the doctor always ruined me by sending in his bill, sirs;
So I made a bargain with him, "kill or cure, " for twenty pounds so frisky.
He was a decent sort, so I thought I'd stand a noggin of Irish whiskey.-Cho

But she grew worse and worse, which made me quake with fear, sir,
The doctor he attended her for more than half a year, sir;
Till one flue morn she died, and myself it did bewilder,
And the doctor he wanted his twenty pounds.
Spoken-Says I, you never cured her! No, says he. Then, says I (singing),
you dare not say you killed her!-Chorus.

So, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves, the whiskey drink like thunder,
You cannot help but own yourselves, there's mirth in an Irish blunder;
But when for your wives a doctor you want, mind and yer be sure,
Make the bargain, as I did myself, wid the doctor, "kill or cure. " -Chorus.