

Mr Mcanally And His Ould High Hat - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Mr. McAnally and His Ould High Hat.
Copyright, 1889, by Harding Brothers.
Words and Music by Harry Kernell.

I'm an old sport from Erin's Isle, my face you all well know,
I travel about from place to place and don't care where I go;
I never borrow trouble, or care for this or that.
But sport around like a la-da-da and wear my ould high hat.

Chorus.
Mister McAnally and his ould high hat,
Has the style And the way of a fine aristocrat;
There's none can tip the blarney from Kilkenny to Killarney,
Like Mister McAnally and his ould high hat.

In Summer I go to Coney Isle and stroll upon the sands,
And I often hear the music of Gilmore and his band;
I go to the races every day, and often have them pat.
For many a winning ticket I have carried in my ould hat.-Chorus.