

# Kelly's New Spring Pants - song lyrics

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KELLY'S NEW SPRING PANTS.

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Words and Music by Hubbard T. Smith.

Bill Kelly bought a pair of pants, their like was niver seen,  
He paid tin dollars for them at the tailors "Brown and Green;"  
The first time that he spotted them was at the Reagan's dance,  
And such a bloomin' row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.  
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style were cut,  
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fut;  
Oh, mighty foine he looked in them the night of Reagan's dance,  
But, whoop, the devil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.

You see young Bill has winnin' ways, that took well wid der sex,  
Yet somehow didn't take wid men, but seenitd to rather vex,  
So when young Bill came on the floor, wid Biddy Moore to dance,  
Her swateheart Dan O'Brien yell'd: "Oh, Moses see them pants."  
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style were cut,  
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fut;  
Oh, mighty foine he look'd in them the night of Reagan's dance,  
But, whoop, the devil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.

Then Bill dropped Biddy's willin' arm and jumped O'Brien's frame,  
The way he struck out wid his left would put John L. to shame;  
He knocked the bye clane o'er the stove, along wid his two aunts,  
And got the first blood in the row o'er Kelly's new spring pants.  
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style were cut,  
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fut;  
Oh, mighty foine he look'd in them the night of Reagan's dance,  
But, whoop, the devil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.

O'Brien scrambled to his feet, a-streamin' o'er wid gore;  
He swore he'd have those new springpants to mop up Reagan's floor,  
He hit poor Kelly 'twixt the eyes each time he got a chance,  
When he got through no stoile was left in Kelly's new spring pants.  
They were striped, they were checked, in the latest style a ere cut,  
Wid a big welt down the side, twinty inches round the fat;  
Oh, mighty foine he look'd in them the night of Reagan's dance,  
But, whoop, the devil's row there was o'er Kelly's new spring pants.