

Widow Nolans Goat - song lyrics

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WIDOW NOLANS GOAT.

Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, I'm a lone widdy, meself and my daughter,
We live in a house where there's welcome galore;
My husband he formerly carried up mortar
From the ground to the third or fourth floor.
When he died he will'd over the land and the shanty,
His pipe and his stick and his frieze overcoat;
The pig And the goslings, the chickens so banty,
And his favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.

Chorus.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hone,
Come back to my bosom, my own darling Billy,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hone,
My favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.

Wid horses he slept ev'ry night in the stable,
He'd rise in the morn at the break of day;
When breakfast was ready he'd come to the table,
Shure I never could drive him away.
He could butt down a fence, oh, so gentle and aisy,
He'd stand near the pond for to see the ducks float;
He'd climb over the hills, sure he never was lazy,
My own favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.-Chorus.

His whiskers were long, like the wandering Jew man.
He ate up old hoop-skirts, newspapers and rags;
When a kid he belonged to young Mary Ann Doolan,
He would skip and sleep out on the flags.
'Twas a blast from a quarry that struck him on the shoulder
The morning my husband went out for to vole;
He laid sick a-bed from the fall of the boulder,
Did my favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.-Chorus.

He'd fight like a trooper, his horns were like sabers,
He'd bate all the goats for so many miles 'round;
Sure he'd butt at a stranger, but never a neighbor,
Sure they could not take him to the pound.
Oh, his right name was Willy, but I called him Billy,
He was my companion, on him sure I'd doat;
So fond of sunflowers and daffydow dillies
Was my favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.-Chorus.

His white hairs were silken, they hung long and drooping,
He traveled some time with Mike Regan's big Nan;
If a child in the neighborhood took on a crooping,
He'd halt and he'd gaze like a man.
All the dogs and the cats, sure they'd never come near him,
Wid his horns he would buck them a terrible smote;
The long years and days it took me for to rear him,
Oh, my favorite pet, oh, my buck Billy goat.-Chorus.