

The Boulevard - song lyrics

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THE BOULEVARD.

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Good evening to you, one and all; you're looking well, I see;
I took a trip in a great big ship across the raging sea;
I've been out of work a month or more, and you know it's very hard;
But now I've got a job to do beyant on the Boulevard.

Chorus.

Whist I ad-i-dy! Whist I ad-i-dy! times are very hard,
But now I've got a job to do beyant on the Boulevard.

So here I am, an Irishman, and to work I'm not afraid,
While my son does carry the pick, my boys, and I do handle the spade,
My Uncle Dan is an Alderman, and he holds a grip in the ward;
'Tis him that gives the tickets out to work on the Boulevard.-Chorus.

So now farewell! I'm going away, I can no longer stay;
For, if I sing any more for you, I'll lose a half-a-day;
I'm going down to City-Hall to try and get a card
To put my father's uncle to work beyant on the Boulevard.-Chorus.