

Connemara Leave Your Boots On The Mat - song lyrics

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CONNEMARA(Leave Your Boots on the Mat)

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Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

Paddy Gill, without warning, one morning was wedded
To Bridget McCoy, whose papa was long bearded.
Miss Bridget, 'twas funny, sweet honey, had money.
So Paddy says, "We'll have a spree, none the less.
To friends and relations, all stations, this joker
Wrote out invitations on brown paper-note.
He sealed them all down with the end of a poker-
"Come to our house-warming next Monday," he wrote.
The whole house was sand-papered and scraped, be jabers;
Upholstered and draped, as you will all guess;
And for fear that the floor would be spoilt by the neighbors,
Pat put at the foot of each note this P. S.

Chorus.

Leave your boots on the mat, with your overcoat and hat
In the care of Mick O'Hara;
For the party, do you mind, is the finest of the kind
That ever yet was known in Connemara.

All the telegraph-clerks soon were wiring and tiring;
The postmen like watering pots were perspiring;
From Friday to Sunday 'twas nothing but Monday
That filled up each hour of chatter And jest;
Then to the house-warming came swarming and laughing
And storming the whole of the country, bedad;
All knocking And ringing and singing and chaffing,
To think of the fun that would shortly be had;
And for fear the house-warming got cooling, Tim Doolin
Brought 'round his shillelagh, and so did the rest;
And, outside, they were twirling And whirling and fooling.
While they were fulfilling Pal's modest request.-Chorus.

In they tumbled-some grumbled at such a big squeezing.
The bride, how she bridled and sidled displeasing
When some one, provoking And joking, fun poking, said,
"Am I to leave my false teeth at the door?"
Pat ladled out whiskey so frisky, and filling
Each guest rather risky, partook of the cake;
The cake was home-made-I'm afraid It was killing;
It gave everybody a big stomach-ache.
While dancing entrancing and glancing and flirting.
Some boy broke the glasses, which fell on the floor;
And the glass, penetrating their feet, was most hurting,
And all through Pat Gill's silly order, och, sure.- Chorus.

With a terrible rush and a crush they were flying
To Micky O'Hara-for boots they were crying;
But, oh, with a stare, every one began signing -
Some thief of the world had stole all the whole lot.
A peddler, the meddler, had taken and pawned them
While they in the parlor were dancing with glee.
By this And by that they said Pat should have warned them;
Then came a house-warming remarkably;
They warmed Paddy-his brother, another, each other,
Walked home in the morn all barefooted and hot.
But to-day, though they say that their woes they can smother,
The following strain they have never forgot:- Chorus.