

# McDonnell's Old Tin Roof - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MCDONNELL'S OLD TIN ROOF.

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In summer time, when all is fine, And the trees and grass are green;  
When the boys are drinking lager beer, And everything's serene,  
On Tom McDonnell's old tin roof, the boys do dance at night.  
With Kitty Malone and Mary Shea, who sing with all their might.  
They have a big accordion-the music it is grand;  
You'll hear them shout for miles away,  
Faith they never will go home, while they can have a tune,  
And Tracy on his instruments will play.

Chorus.

It's polkas, waltzes, quadrilles all the night;  
'Tis finer than the Op'ra Bouffe;  
If you don't believe I'm right, call around there any night.  
And you'll find us on McDonnell's old tin roof.

They call themselves the midnight owls; they dance by light of moon;  
To start for home at two o'clock, they say It is too soon.  
They keep the folks awake all night, they never have their rest.  
To sing their songs and play their tunes, they do their level best.  
The music it is charming-It really is divine;  
'Tis finer than the Op'ra Bouffe.  
When they the Boston dip, faith the house rocks like a ship;  
Oh, there's no place like McDonnell's old tin roof.- Chorus.

Across the street from where I live, a German keeps a store;  
He is a baker man by trade, he's worth a thousand or more.  
He keeps about five men at work-of coarse, they're up all night,  
But when they hear the music play, they shout with great delight.  
About the time the bread is baked the boys and girls descend;  
They don't stop till they've reached the door.  
Then they'll skip across the street, and the bread they'll nip so neat;  
Oh, you ought to hear the bakers how they roar.- Chorus.