

Billy's Appeal To His Ma - song lyrics

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BILLY'S APPEAL TO HIS MA

Sung with great success by the San Francisco Minstrels.

Give my boxing gloves to brother, Mammie, when I'm dead,
When the sexton puts me under, in my little bed;
If the job is like to throw him, when the string he jerks.
Get some little boy to show him how the old thing works,
Get some little boy to show him how the old thing works.

Mamma, buy me a bran' new ulster; hire a Pullman car;
Give me a bath of Florida water; I see the gates ajar;
Give me a dose of paregoric-there's nothing about me mean;
Give the sexton half a dollar to see that my grave's kept green.
Give the sexton half a dollar to see that my grave's kept green.

Give my chewing gum to sister-I don't want it any more,
On my lips it raised a blister that was awful sore;
Sing to me "The Last Rose of Summer" -mamma, don't you cry,
For in the clouds I'll raise a racket, in the sweet by-and-by.
For in the clouds I'll raise a racket, in the sweet by-and-by.

Sprinkle my body with powdered sugar, smear me over with tar,
Cover my form with peacock's feathers-I want to be an angel, ma;
Let me bite the old Tom cat's tail off, she can ketch no mice;
Let me go bathing with the girls-it's naughty, but it's nice,
Let me go bathing with the girls-it's naughty, but it's nice.

Tell our neighbor that the tin hen, causing all his "rips,"
Didn't finally cave in, when I passed in my chips;
Tho' your son forgives him, few know how he "' fired "a shelf
Full of things to stop my-you know how it is yourself.
Full of things to stop my-you know how it is yourself.