

He Stole My Sunday Clothes - song lyrics

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HE STOLE MY SUNDAY CLOTHES.

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Words and Music by Thomas Le Mack.

Now you all know that insipid little divil, Pat Doyle?
When I think of him it makes my blood, with indignation, boil;
Now you know I never quarrel, and I'm always in for fun,
Wait and whisper till I tell you what the little divil done.
Well, Patsy has a room next mine, 'tis just across the hall,
Ar.d you know that bran new suit of clothes that I bought here last fall?
Well, I took a walk last Thursday night and what do you suppose?
He busted in my door and stole my bran new suit of clothes

Chorus.

Well you ought to see me hit him boys, who? Patsy Doyle? jist
What did you hit him with, a stick? no my fist.
I hit him such a welt I put a ring around his nose;
What did you hit him for? he stole my Sunday clothes.

Now you all know in your heart that he's a divil when he's vexed,
And I often sit and wonder what the divil he'll do next;
You all know that he's a demon, sure he'd murder or he'd kill,
Now boys do me a favor, will you stick to me ye will?
Well, three of ye stand near the door when he comes home to-night,
One half of ye can grab him while the other starts to fight;
We'll smash him on the "boko" and we'll tread upon his toes.
And well murder him entirely if he don't give up the clothes - Chorus.