

O'Brien's Horse, Bonyparte - song lyrics

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O'BRIEN'S HORSE, BONYPARTE.
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Words and Music by James Thornton.

O'Brien was a sporting man, and he owned a large saloon,
And his money he would bet just as quick as any coon;
He was very fond of race horses, and he wanted one to buy,
Says he, "I'll give most any price, if the beast will suit my eye."
It happened that McFinnegan, the owner of a horse and hack,
Said he would sell him Bonyparte, the fastest horse on Brighton track;
he then told him his pedigree, And a great big oath he swore,
That he could prove that Bonyparte was a faster horse than Salvator.

O'Brien bought old Bonyparte, McFinnegan's face it wore a smile,
When he told O'Brien he had a horse would break the record for a mile;
He built a stable for him in the further end of his saloon,
Then he fed the horse on free lunch, till the poor old beast began to swoon.
He played the hose all over him, then he let him take a nap,
For on the morrow he must win the famous Brooklyn Handicap;
He cut the hair all off his tail, a fiddler bought it for his bow,
Now on the fiddle he does play, "Listen to My Tale of Woe."

He banged his hair, and banged his nose, then he stuffed his ribs with hay,
And hid the scales behind the door, for fear the horse would get away;
He rubbed him down with sandpaper, till the hair came off his hide,
*Tis well they called him Bonyparte, he was getting ossified.
Poor Bonyparte was very weak, a week had passed since he was fed,
They laid him on a bed of straw, but he got up And eat his bed;
A funnier horse you never saw, he'd make you laugh yourself to death;
They put a plaster on his mouth, just to help him draw his breath.

They then gave him a Turkish bath, with porous plasters he was patched.
Which made the horse feel itchy, and they felt afraid he would be scratched;
At last the famous day arrived on which the horses were to start.
The people near fell off their seats when they set eyes on Bonyparte.
O'Brien sat on Bony's back, his mouth was fairly in his throat.
When some one shouted out to him, "Say, where did you get that goat? "
At last they shouted they are off, it was pronounced an equal start.
But who is that that's in the lead? 'tis Pat O'Brien on Bonyparte.

The other horses couldn't move, their jockeys tried with all their might,
When they set eyes on Bonyparte every horse was seized with fright;
Old Bonyparte kept running on and O'Brien felt immense
When he looked around and saw the other horses jumping o'er the fence.
Bonyparte be ran so fast the people thought he'd surely drop,
They tried to stop him but in vain, old Bonyparte he couldn't stop;
He threw O'Brien off his back, then passed the judges like the wind,
With one big leap he cleared the fence, And left the race track far behind.

He kept on running all that day, he kept on running all that night,
He ran just like an eight day clock, he ran till he was out of sight;
He ran until he came to where another race was taking place,
He entered just as they got off, And showed them all a lively pace.
Spokane was in the lead, the fastest horse in all the stalls;
Poor Bonyparte thought he'd lose the race, till some shouted, "Spokane Falls,"
Bonyparte he came in first, but kept on running all the same.
He ran a heat with another horse, I think that Steampipe was his came.

he ran right through the city's streets, it was a funny sight to see
The boys run after Bonyparte, And a band played up "They're After Me;"
He ran until he came to where he ran against the city's mayor.
He beat him by a vote and a half, then ran a side show at a fair.
He ran a pool room down the street, he also ran a liquor store.
He ran a policeman out of town, they ran a boat upon the shore,
He ran through all the money he had, then he ran right into debt,
We heard no word about him, but it's ten to one he's running yet.