

To Sustain The Family Reputation - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

To Sustain the Family Reputation.

Och, me late lamented dad. an' the only one I had,
Was famous for his love of Irish whiskey;
His shillelagh, too, 'tis said, Gad respected no man's head
When me father's temp'rature was somewhat frisky.
Just before the old man died, faith, he called me to his side
And said he couldn't leave the Irish nation
Till I promised him I would, sure, do everything I could
To maintain the family reputation.

Chorus.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, an' of Enniscorthy, too.
And the Killaloe Mounseer's extermination;
Faix, I leave them miles behind, now that I've made up me mind
To maintain the family reputation.

Sure me promise I will keep, an' each night before I sleep
if I'm not John Sullivan I'll be disappointed;
An' I swear my ould dad's ghost won't lay quiet unless I boast
That daily some one's brain-box I've disjointed.
By the magistrate one day I'll be wanted-so they say;
But his honor, shure, will grasp the situation
When I tell him wid a smile, please, I've come to stay awhile.
To maintain the family reputation.

Chorus.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, and of Enniscorthy, too,
And the Killaloe Mounseer's extermination;
But he never went to jail, or drank "Guinness" from a pail.
To maintain the family reputation.

It's mesilf ye may have seen, down at Conn O'Moy's shebeen,
Informing the boys 'twas my ambition
Some one's batter-box to break-then we might enjoy a wake-
What's more-I didn't mean to ask permission.
Gad, I'd hardly said the word, when a loud hooroo I heard.
Jerry Foley yelled, "I'll send you to tarnation!"
He tried-that's all he said: I lit candles on his head
To maintain the family reputation.

Chorus.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley. and of Enniscorthy, too,
And the Killaloe Mounseer's extermination;
When I'm packed with Irish hot, I could wipe out all the lot
To maintain the family reputation.

There's a colleen lives close by, wid sich mischief in her eye;
Her lips, bedad, I know none could be swatur;
Och, an' then to see her dance, sure 'twould send ye in a trance:
Mavourneen, too, is partial to the cratur'.
Next month, if all goes well, she'll be married to this swell:
Ye'd better come and help the jubilation.
There'll be cakes and whiskies free- Oh, yez can take the tip from me.
To maintain me family reputation.

Chorus.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, an' of Enniscorthy, too;
To have done with them is my determination;
Wid mavourneen for a wife, sure, 'twill be my aim in life
To increase me family reputation.