

Put Yourself In Gilligan's Place - song lyrics

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Put Yourself in Gilligan's Place.

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Written by Corney Blamphin. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

I've just come from a funeral, I'm sorry for to state,
The man we've put away to-day for years has been my mate;
He told me he was goin' to try and black McNulty's eye.
Oh, but devil a word did he tell me that he was goin' out there to die.
Poor Gilligan! he met his death, I cannot tell you how.
They brought him home in pieces, awful must have been the row;
His friends assembled at the wake, this was their plaintive cry:
"Oh, Gilligan oh, Gilligan! whatever made you die?"

Chorus.

Put yourself in Gilligan's place,
As dead as any stone;
His pals were by with a tear in each eye,
And they cried, "Oh, dear, Ochone,
Why did you die?" But he didn't reply,
He treated them with disdain;
And if you had been in Gilligan's place,
Why, you would have done the same.

Now, Gilligan went for a sail, a Chinaman for a guide;
At first the sea was very smooth and he enjoyed the ride,
But bye and bye a storm came on; says Gil., "We'll strike for land."
Said the Chinaman, "Don't you stand bossing there, but just give me a helping hand
The boat upset, with water filled, And like a stone it sank;
Gilligan looked 'round and by his side he saw a plank;
he got upon the plank and then the Chinaman got on, too;
Says Gilligan, "You must clear out, this plank won't carry two."

Chorus,

Put yourself in Gilligan's place
And say what you would do
Upon a plank that was safe with one,
But would never carry two;
But Gilligan kicked the Chinaman
Into the raging man,
And if I'd been in Gilligan's place
You bet I've had done the same.

Now, Gilligan took lodgings with a widow, Mistress Mash,
She'd sixteen kids to bring her joy, and also lots of cash;
She cast sheep's eyes on Gilligan and his whiskers long and red,
So he asked her the question. "All right," said she-then, of course, they both got wed
At length another lodger came, and from that very night
Poor Gilligan suspicious got that things were scarcely right;
He made a hole in the shutter, and one night what did he see?
His wife was there, as bould as brass, upon the lodger's knee.

Chorus.

Put yourself in Gilligan's place,
It's red you'd paint the town;
Gil, didn't get made, but says he, "Bedad,
Here's another bark outward bound."
He left her the kids, but collared her cash,
Then crossed the raging main;
And if you'd seen what Gilligan saw,
Why, you would have done the same.