

# Still His Whiskers Grew - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

STILL HIS WHISKERS GREW.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by C. W. Murphy.

Tim Burke was like a beardless boy, although a man he'd grown;  
He bought some hair restorer for a bob;  
He rubbed it all around his chin, to make the whiskers grow,  
Then went to bed to sleep upon the job;  
But when he woke next morning, what a sight!  
his whiskers had been growing all the night;  
They'd grown so much, that really, on my life,  
The hair had suffocated all his children And his wife.

Chorus.

And still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
He cut them off and he shaved them off,  
Be hit them off and he chewed them off,  
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
They covered his face and covered the place,  
But still his whiskers grew.

The whiskers filled the place until he couldn't stir a peg-  
A mile a minute was the length they grew;  
He'd whiskers on his finger-nails and whiskers on his leg,  
And on his false teeth there were whiskers, too.  
They grew down from his head unto his hoof;  
They grew until they lifted off the roof;  
They grew so much, till he, despairing quite,  
Weill out And blew his chin off with a ton of dynamite.

Chorus.

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew?  
he pulled them off And he dragged them off,  
He Kicked them off And he blew them off.  
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
They covered the ground for miles around,  
And still his whiskers grew.

The whiskers grew until they covered up the country side;  
They even spoiled the farmers' crops of hay;  
'Twas nothing else but whiskers, and you couldn't walk or ride,  
Whilst folks were getting strangled every day.  
They grew until they reached up in the sky-  
There was no room for "dicky birds" to fly;  
To stop them, Burke went up in a balloon  
And tied them in a double knot around the sun and moon.

Chorus.

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
He tied them up and he hung them up,  
He nailed them up and he screwed them up.  
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
They snuffed out the light of the moon that night.  
And still his whiskers grew.

So many folks were getting killed on ev'ry hand and side  
That people said, poor Burke would have to die;  
They struggled through his whiskers And his hands behind him tied,  
Then to a lamp-post hung him up to dry.  
When he was dead each face was full of smiles;  
They due a grave the depth of fourteen miles,  
They chucked Burke in and filled the hole once more  
With lead and stones And cannon balls and iron in galore.

Chorus.

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew:  
They pushed him down, and they dragged him down,  
From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

They chucked him down and they shoved him down,  
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
In less than a "pop" were up to the top,  
And still his whiskers grew.