

Patsey And The Horseshoe - song lyrics

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PATSEY AND THE HORSESHOE.

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Written by Tom Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

Patsey Flannigan was walking once along a dusty road
When he saw a horseshoe lying on the ground,
So he picked it up-" Begorra! I'll be lucky for my life,"
Said he, and told the neighbors what he'd found;
He took the rusty horseshoe and he nailed it to the door.
"Bedad! "says he, "I am a lucky man!"
Then he waited for the fortune that was coming to his house,
And this is how poor Patsy's luck began:

Chorus.

Well, the baby's got the measles, and his wife she's got the colic,
And the roof came tumbling down upon the floor,
And he tumbled in the sewer, and the landlord kicked his whiskers,
When Patsy nailed the horseshoe to the door.

Then his brother found a pocket-book, with money in galore,
While poor Patsy on his uppers walked about,
For he lost his job the very day that horseshoe he hung up,
And likewise lost his head beyond a doubt;
He heard an awful squalling and the neighbors flocked around;
They said his wife had triplets-which made ten.
Then he drank a pint of kerosene for whiskey, by mistake,
Though Patsy was the soberest of men.

Chorus.

Next day he fell down in a coal hole, and the city for it sued,
But he got six months for stealing coal, begor;
Then his wife ran off and left him for a monkey-grinding Dago,
When Patsy nailed the horseshoe to the door.

He got badly smashed up on a train, and swore they'd have to pay,
For an accidental policy he had,
But he found it was no good, it had run out the day before,
Which set poor Patsy well-nigh raving mad;
His whiskers caught on a tree, and the lightning made him bald,
And some one stole his breeches off the line-
As they were his only pair, he had to stay in bed a week,
And on Dutch cheese poor Paddy had to dine.

Chorus.

Now he thought that luck at last had changed, he got a chance to work,
And at lifting bricks twelve stories from the floor,
But the rungs dropped from the ladder just before he reached the top,
When Patsey nailed the horseshoe to the door.

Then poor Patsy swore he'd hang himself and went and got a rope,
But the first attempt it broke and down he came,
And he fell and tumbled straight, bedad, into a "copper's "arms,
Who clubbed him till he didn't know his name.
They buried him, poor fellow, but the hearse broke down at that;
So Patsy they began to talk about:
Then they went to see that horseshoe, and the wise men of the town
The cause of Paddy's luck they soon found out.

Chorus.

'Twas no wonder that poor Patsy was unlucky from that day,
They all shouted as they stood there on the floor.
When they looked upon the horseshoe, then they very quickly found
He had nailed it upside down, boys, to the door.