

Kelley's Dream - song lyrics

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

KELLEY'S DREAM.

By J. W. Keller.

About a week ago I was invited by an old-time friend of mine
To come up to his residence and test his beer and wine.
We eat a lobster salad and a lot of other truck,
And drank each other's health until the hour of three had struck;
Well, we drank until we didn't know which was wine or beer,
Till our heads felt rather heavy and our brains not very clear.
Well, I got home, I didn't know how; my prayers I think I said;
But, anyhow, I was paralyzed when I got into bed.
Well, I died and went to heaven, I saw that repentance was now for me too late,
When suddenly I was ushered before the golden gate.
"Well, what will you have?" said Peter; "don't you know you can't get in!
For you must surely suffer the greedy glutton's sin."
Then I turned aside and said no more, and hung my head in shame,
And Peter's clerk stood close by and wrote "lost" against my name.
Next came an Italian, one whom I knew well;
So I stopped and listened patiently to the story he might tell.
"Good a Father Petro, I comma to you at last;
My peanutta days are overa anda my banana nights are passed;
I treata my neighbors like myself, no begga, no robba, no steal;
And nevera on the sidewalka I throwa the banana peel."
"You get out!" said Peter, "your gains were ill-begotten;
Your peanut-shells were empty, and your bananas of times rotten."
The Italian turned away, and a tear was in his eye;
Re came and stood behind me and heaved a heavy sigh.
Next, came an aged Rehrew with a satchel in his hand,
And before the gate and old St. Peter the "sheeny "took his stand:
"Ah, Father Peter, I vill tell you vat hi vill do;
Hi haf got jewelry fit for angels hi vill auction hoff for you.
Hi could sell dem on the instalment plan, but that would be a sin;
So hi vill give dent to you at half price, if you vill only let me in.
On earth hi kept a clothing store, my Roots were neat and strong,
And to show you hi had an overcoat hi forgot to fetch along."
"Then you did well," said Peter, "for very well you know
There'll be little use for overcoats where you will have to go."
So the Hebrew turned aside, and as he was a friend of mine,
Just like me and the "dago," he sashaad into line.
Next came an old maid, one bound to have her say,
And she began addressing Peter in this peculiar way:
"Oh, goodness, gracious me, here I am, after gossiping many a year;
So open the gate and let me in, I will be catching cold out here.
Give me a first-class pair of wings, a silver shield, and then
I won't be afraid of the naughty, naughty men."
"No," Peter answered blandly, "no angels have gray hair;
And you have no sons or daughters, so you would be a stranger there."
The poor old maiden wilted, she must evermore repine,
And, just like me and all the rest, she waddled into line.
Next came a German, now paralyzed with fear,
Who on earth oftimes paralyzed his customers with beer.
"Veil, Fadder Beter, I come to you free from sin,
Und I vill only ask you ein favor. Das is: if you vill let me in;
Mein vife she runned away from me; to hide mein shame I cried,
So I went down by the river und committed suicide."
"Then you begone," said Peter, "and suffer thy disgrace;
You came before I sent for you, I cannot make a place."
The German turned away and said: "Oh, Gott oh, mein! "
And, just like me and all the rest, took his place in line.
Next came poor Paddy, a son of Erin's Isle,
And greeted old Si. Peter with a very gracious smile.
"Ha, ha! Is it yeself, St. Peter, looking so nice and swate;
So get yer Clark to let me in and show me to me sate."
"Hold!" cried Peter, "your case, like all the rest, must first be tried;
You will have to show a passport before you get inside."
"But hurry up," said Paddy, "or for supper I'll be late."
And purposely he look his old slouch-hat and threw it inside the gate.
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"Go, get thy hat," said Peter, "thou sacrilegious lout."
So Paddy went in and slammed the gate, and locked St. Peter out;
Then, through the keyhole, loud he cried: "I'm master now, ye see;
But I'll give up heaven, gate and crown, if ye'll set ould Ireland free."
I then awoke and found my head between the bed and wall:
The sheets got tangled around my feet-'twas that lobster did it all.