

It's Forty Miles From Schenectady To Troy - song lyrics

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It's Forty Miles from Schenectady to Troy.

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gutstave Kerker.

"I'm going on the stage," said the pale-faced youth,
"I'm going on the stage, And I'll be another Booth."
"Before you go," said the second old man,
"You want to get the thickest pair of boots that you can,
For it's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep 'tab' on that, my boy:
And when you reach Troy it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto in New York."

Chorus.

"It's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep tab on that, my boy;
And when you reach Troy, it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto of New York."

The art of the stage is a very high art,
Said the youth as he placed his hand upon his heart;
The old man said, with tears in his eyes,
"You'll find it isn't higher than the railroad ties!
For it's, forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep 'tab ' on that, my boy,
And when you reach Troy it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto in New York." - Chorus.

"The actor man is a being most rare,"
The pale-faced youth then proceeded to declare.
The old man said, "Undoubtedly he's sweet,
But he ought to be born with an extra pair of feet,
For it's forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,
You want to keep 'tab' on that, my boy;
And when you reach Troy it's a darned long walk
To the gay Rialto in New York."-Chorus.