

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Abe Sammon's Applejack (2)

Abe Sammon's Applejack (2)
(Bob Lusk)

I'd like a drink of Applejack
Or a little drink of Ale,
That famous stuff Abe Sammons made
In the town of Rosendale.
It was good for all that ailed you,
It would drive away the blues;
Why, it made a long-ear rabbit
Bite a bull-dog right in two

It cured a man in Rock Locks
They had given up for dead;
He took a drink of applejack
And jumped right out of bed.
A drink of Abe's old apple
Just would make you talk of millions
Though you don't have a cent. (sic)

A woman lived in Edyville
Who had a lazy son;
He never did a lick of work
Till he was twenty-one.
One day a neighbor told her
What might induce the lad to work;
One charge of Abe's old apple
Made him labor like a Turk.

In Whiteport lived a pretty girl
Whose age was seventeen;
She loved a fine young farmer
By the name of Silas Green.
She would ask him to go walking,
Then invite him to her house;
But he'd sit there by the hour,
Just as quiet as a mouse.

One night she mixed him up
A drink of toddy for his cold;
A drop or two of Sammons' best
Just made young Silas bold;
They're married now and settled
She's happy as a queen,

Thanks to that shot of apple
Which she gave to Silas Green

Oh! the juice of Ulster's apples
Will bring back many a dream
Of the folks away up yonder--
Up in Rosendale I mean.
I'd like to turn the old clock
Some forty years or more
Just for a night of dances
On Abe Sammons' ballroom floor

I'd drink a hooker just before
The hour for the ball,
And have another afterwards--
We'd drink it in the hall.
I'd like to dance the Lancers
With the girl I loved the best;
I never will forget the rose
She pinned upon my breast.

I often wish I'd saved those cards
On which the bids were sent;
Inviting you and lady friend
Or lady and her gent.
I'd like to dance to "Home Seet Home"
With those old friends of mine,
And have one good old parting drink
Of apple, ale, or wine;

Then bid them all good morning
As the sun begins to shine
While the band is softly playing
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
Kentucky Rye or Bourbon
Or good old New England rum
Might warm the cockles of our hearts
When Winter's chill has come.

But the stuff we most desired
When rude Boreas shook our shacks
Was old Ulster's famous Mountain Dew
Abe Sammon's Applejack.

From a poem by Willy O'Brien,
(From an article " 'Whirling' and Applejack in the Catskills by Norman Studer)
BL