

Caseys Whiskey - song lyrics

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CASEYS WHISKEY

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Meself and Barney Casey wint to have a little spree,
He had a bottle for himself, and another one for me,
We thravel'd round the city, till our heads and feet were sore.
And ev'ry dhrilik it was so nice, it made us wish for more.

Chorus.

Bad luck to Casey's whiskey I it made us both so friskey,
We dhrank our bottles empty, and at last we couldn't stand;
Along the streets we rambled, we stagger'd and we scrambled.
And sung a song, the whole night long, of gay ould Paddy's land.

We met a big policeman and he looked at us, says he,
"What brings you out so late as this?" says I, "The counthry's free."
"Shut up," says Casey; " Come along." " Oh! divil a bit," says I,
"I'll shrike him If he says a word, the durty mane ould spy!"
Spoken- And if I ever did shrike him he might well say-
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! it made us, &c.

He turned around and left us-shure the man was not to blame,
I called him back, and axed him if he'd please to tell his name.
"Of coorse," says ho, " it's Flanigan; I'm from the county Clare,"
"Hurroo I" says I, " shake hands me b'y, our whiskey you must share."
Back luck to Casey'9 whiskey! it made us, &c.

Out kem the empty bottle, and I put it in his paw,
"Look out," says he, "whin on me post, a dhrink's against the law."
He put the bottle to his mouth, but divil a dhrup was there,
And while we laughed at Flanigan, sure he began to swear I
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey it made us, &c.

He raised his club above his head, and vowed he'd take us in,
For dhrinkln' on the highway. "Oh," says Casey, "that's too thin."
He dhragged poor Casey off to Jail, and thried to take me too,
But to keep a houl't on Casey was as much as he could do.
Spoken-I pitied poor Casey and I suppose he pitied me, but it was all his
jwn doings. The two bottles fixed him.
Bad luck to Casey's whiskey! it made us, &c.