

The Bowery Grenadiers - song lyrics

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

THE BOWERY GRENADIERS.

As sung by James O'Neil.

Just gaze on me, I'm a tough young fellow,
I'm au emigrant from the South,
You can see I am educated,
By the expression of my mouth;
Around town here we are famous,
We've been organized ten years,
We're the talk of the town for miles around.
Are the Bowery Grenadiers.

Refrain.

We licked the Brooklyn Guards,
We know how to play our cards;
We can run like the devil,
If the road was level,
For about one hundred yards;
And the girls, the little dears,
Fall in love up to their ears,
When they see the style
And smell the hair oil
Of the Bowery Grenadiers.

Chorus.

The gang turns out behind the band,
The music grand, and we take our stand,
And we wear kid gloves so we won't get tanned,
In the Bowery Grenadiers.

Now we're going over to Ireland,
And then some fun you'll see,
We won't be there five minutes
Until we set old Ireland free;
And then we will come back again,
You'll hail us with three cheers,
Then won't we have a pic-nic
In the Bowery Grenadiers.-Refrain and Chorus.