

Lost Charley Ross - song lyrics

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

LOST CHARLEY ROSS.

O, ladies and gentlemen, listen to me.
And when you have heard me, I'm sure you'll agree
That I'm much abused, though I can't tell why,
And to tell you my troubles I'm going to try:
On the corner beyond there's a gang of young roughs.
They insult decent people, and call themselves toughs.
And every day at me their slang they at me do toss,
And they say I resemble the lost Charley Ross.

They always do give me their slang and abuse;
They cry out, " Gilhooly, your collar is loose."
At Mulligan's wake, sure, they filled me with snuff.
And told me to go out and get myself stuffed.
Sure, one of them said, if I wanted a job,
To go to the river and shovel off fog;
But to understand them, I'm greatly at loss.
When they say, "Pipe him off, there goes young Charley Ross."

'Twas only last night, sure, they gave me a call
To deliver a lecture at Hibernia Hall;
I put on a biled shirt and hastened there quick,
But the blackguards did serve me the devil's own trick;
When I went in they put a big bag on my head.
And rolled me around till I thought I was dead;
Then they threw me down stairs, with a terrible toss,
And told the police they had found Charley Ross.