

The Soap Fat Man - song lyrics

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THE SOAP FAT MAN.

Tune- " Bowld Irishman."

Och, I am a great Irishman, from Cork I have came,
For carrying the hod shure I've had a great name,
So I left off the bod, for I didn't like that,
I thought I cud make more be bawling soap fat.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

So I ordered a kittle, yis, for to be made,
By a fellow named Jimmy, a jolly young blade;
But says I, make that kittle as fast as you can,
For I've altered me to a soap fat man.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

Och, I'd travel the house from morning till night,
A bawling soap fat with all me might;
Arrah, thin, Pat, says me wife, will you stop that big roar,
For there's a thundering big crowd standing out by the door.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

Says I to my wife, now I'll settle them quick,
Only give me a cudgel or a bit of a stick,
I'll drive them away, be me, if I can,
And I'll show thim I'm a soap fat man.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

I went down by the door and jumped out mighty quick.
And gave a big fellow a belt with me stick;
Another big bully a standing close by,
Got a plaster of fat that tilled up his left eye.
Musha lad de fol did le dura day.

Whin I struck a big fellow, och, thin was the fun,
For in every direction the crowd, sure, did run,
Thinks I to myself, sure, I've made thim all slope,
Just be giving the bully the devil's own poke.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

I've got out of the muss, and I'm better for that,
I'll lave off the trade of carrying soap fat.
For since I've done that, sure I've niver been right.
For every place that I wint I was sure for a fight.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.

I'll carry the hod, and it's one I'll have made,
But not by Jimmay, the jolly young blade;
Whin I git at that, I'll bawl as loud as I can,
And holler three cheers for the soap fat man.
Musha lad de fol did le dum day.