

Cod-fish Balls - song lyrics

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

COD-FISH BALLS.

Tune- "Sully of the Sewing Machine"

There was a young man, as I have heard said,
And he was a gay young Coon;
He was head overseer of the cod-fish balls
In a coffee and cake saloon.
With his apron white, by day and by night,
He'd tend to the customers' calls;
And his voice, so sweet for to hear, it was a treat,
As he'd holler out: "Cod-fish balls!"

A strawberry girl with him fell in love,
His passion he used for to tell her;
And to see him at night when her work was done,
She'd hang around the cellar;
She'd peep through the window, and whistle on the stoop,
'Till her lover he heard her calls;
And then through the grating he'd pop up his head,
And he'd holler out. "Cod-fish balls!"

One day in the policy he made a big hit,
Which made him feel all alive,
So he hired a horse And a big clam cart,
To take his girl out for a drive;
The horse ran away, and the wagon broke down,
Then out on the road he falls;
The girl, in affright, cried: "Where are you hurt?"
But his answer was: "Cod-fish balls!"

One night he tackled the coffee can,
And before he could be stopped,
He drank so much that he got blind drunk,
To his girl then the question he popped.
They married were that afternoon,
And their friends for to see them calls;
And the very next day for dinner they had
A couple of cod-fish balls.