

McCarthy's Silver Wedding - song lyrics

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McCarthy's Silver Wedding.

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Five and twenty years ago McCarthy took a wife,
And bets were made that in a year she'd tire him of his life;
His silver wedding came last night, and he was still alive,
And ev'rybody came to wish another twenty-five.
Such a sight was never seen and never will again,
Lumps of lovely womanhood were "laying" for the men;
The house was hardly big enough to hold them all with ease,
The women seemed to like it, for they never mind a squeeze.

Chorus.

There was flirting in the kitchen, kissing on the stairs,
All about the house you'd fall on couples unawares;
People that were old enough to stop it on the spot.
Were struck with fits of foolishness, and worse than all the lot.

When the supper was removed, 'twas then the fun began,
For ev'ry woman took her part just like a little man;
And hair-pins were in great request, and bangs were out of curl,
And ancient "Mother Flanagan" behaved just like a girl.
Nothing else would suit her but to dance the Boston dip,
Like a two-year old, about the parlor she did skip;
She fell and pulled a dozen down, we found her underneath,
And in the scuffle she had lost her brand new set of teeth.-Chorus.

Some one then got up to toast McCarthy and his wife,
And wish them tons of happiness the balance of their life;
With lots of little Bridgets, mixed with Michaels or with Pats,
His speech was full of poetry till some one hollered "rats!"
Speeches were too dry for them, for they were there for sport.
Once again the old and young began to dance and court;
The fiddler greased his elbow, and we danced and sung away,
In honor of McCarthy and his silver wedding day.-Chorus.