

Biddy Toole - song lyrics

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

BIDDY TOOLE.

I courted a girl called Biddy Toole,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
But of me she did make a fool,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
I loved her as I loved my life,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
And asked her if she'd be my wife,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!

Chorus.

My Colleen is an Irish lass,
The devil a girl could her surpass,
To see my Biddy Toole upon a Sunday, oh!
By all the bogs in Ireland,
She'd break the heart of man-
You should see my Biddy Toole upon a Sunday, oh,-Dance.

When first to court her I began,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
She said she'd have no other man,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
But when that she got all she could,
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
She left me sticking in the mud,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!-Chorus.

I bought her ribbons pink and green
Oh hi, oh hi, oh!
And set her up in a neat shebeen
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
I stocked it well with spuds and meal
Oh oh, oh oh, oh!
But she hooked it away with Pat O'Neil
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!-Chorus

I wish that girl I never had seen
Oh oh, oh oh, oh!
For she skedaddled with a big spalpeen,
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!
She's gone across the seas to sail
Oh oh, eft oh, oh!
And I hope she'll make a meal for a great big whale.
Ah ah, ah ah, ah!-Chorus.