

Killaloe - song lyrics

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KILLALOE.

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Music by Alexander Spencer.

Well. I happened to be born at the time they cut the corn,
Quite contagious to the town of Killaloe;
Where to tache us they'd a shame, and a French mossoo he came
To instruct us in the game of "parlez vous"
I've one father, that I swear, but he said I had a pare.
And he struck me when I said it wasn't true;
And the Irish for "a jint, " or the French for ' half a pint"
Faith, we larnt it in the school at Killaloe.

Chorus.

You may talk of "Boneyparty, " you may talk about "ecarte"
or any other party, and comment vous parley, vous"
We larnt to sing it "aisy," that song, the Marsellaisy.
"Boolong. Toolong. " "continong, " we larnt at Killaloe.

"Mais oni," Mossoo would cry. ' Well, of course you can. " says I.
"Non, " "no, I know, " says I with some surprise;
When a boy, straight up from Clare, heard his mother called a "mare,"
He save mossoo his fist between his eyes.
Says Mossoo with much alarm. "Go and call jonnydarm."
"There's no such name. " said I, "about the place;"
"Comment. " he made reply, "Come on yourself, " says I.
And I scattered all the features of his face.-CHourus.

Oh. boys, there was the fun, you should see him when t'was done.
His eye-balls one by one did disappear:
And a doctor from the South took some days to find his mouth.
Which had somehow got concealed behind his ear.
Then he swore an awful oath, he'd have law agin us both,
And then he'd lave both Limerick and Clare;
For he found it wouldn't do, to tache Frinch at Killaloe,
Unless he had a face or two to spare.-Cho.

If disguise you would try. or would prove an alibi.
Or alter your appearance just for fun;
You've just one thing to do, go tache Frinch at Killaloe,
And your mother will not know you for a son.
Frinch may be very fine, it's no enemy of mine.
But as I think you'll aisily suppose,
Whatever tongue " you take, It is mighty hard to spake.
While your ear keeps changing places with your nose. -Cho.

Now I'm glad to find 'tis true, ye are pleased with Killaloe,
And our conduct to the teacher they did send;
But I've tould you all that passed, so this verse must be the last.
That's the reason I have left it to the end.
We're all Irish tenants there, and we're all prepared to swear.
That to the Irish language we'll be- true,
But we all, wid one consent, when they "ax"us for the rent.
Sure, we answer them in French in killaloe.-Chorus.