

McNally's Row Of Flats - song lyrics

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McNALLY'S ROW OF FLATS.

As sung in Ed. Harrigan's
Comedy "McSorley's Inflation"

Down in Bottle Alley
Lived Timothy McNally,
A wealthy politician,
And a gentlemen at that;
Admired by the ladies,
The gossoons and the babies,
Who occupy the building
Called McNally's row of flats.

Chorus.
Ireland and Italy,
Jerusalem and Germany,
Chinamen and nagurs,
And a paradise for cats;
Jumbled up together
In snow or rainy weather,
They represent the tenants
In McNally's row of flats.

The great conglomeration
Of men from every nation,
The Tower of Babylonian
Couldn't equal that
Peculiar institution,
Where brogues without dilution
Were rattled off together
In McNally's row of flats.-Chorus.

Bags of rags and papers,
Tramps and other slapers,
Italian lazzaronies,
With lots of other rats,
Laying on the benches,
And dying there by inches
From the open ventilation
In McNally's row of flats.-Chorus.

It never was expected
The rents would be collected;
They levied on the furniture,
The bedding and the slats;
It's then you'd see the rally,
As they'd battle down the alley,
Fired from the building,
Called McNally's row of flats.-Chorus.