

# The Song That Breaks My Heart - song lyrics

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The Song that Breaks My Heart.  
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Composed by Hubbard T. Smith.

I'm fond of classic music, e'en of the Vaagner school.  
And dearly love to hear it sung by Signor Mike O'Tooi;  
But the music that I love the best is that I hear each day,  
Played by a wand'ring refugee on a sweet street pianay.  
He plays "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun," "Down went McGinty." too,  
"Where did you get that hat," and the old "Red, White and Blue,"  
' Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle, " even "Old Black Joe,"  
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

Sometimes this wand'ring minstrel comes ere I'm out of bed,  
And rouses me from pleasant dreams to mis'ry and "a head,"  
But then he plays such lively airs, as only he can play-  
That ere he stops I'm quite myself and braced up for the day.  
He plays ' Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, "Down went McGinty," too,  
Where did you get that hat, " and the old "Red. White and Blue,"  
' Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle, " even "Old Black Joe,"  
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

Oh, "Mosey on to glory, " you "Little Divil Dan,"  
"With all her faults I love her still." "My darling, Mary Ann,"  
The "Isle where grows the shamrock," "The fair maid of Dundee,"  
With three score ten sweet lullabies inscribed to Babe McKee.  
he plays Johnnie, get your gun. get your gun, " "Down went McGinty, " too,  
Where did you get that hat. " and the old "Red, White and Blue,"  
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle. " even Old Black Joe,"  
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

His runs and his cadenzas in "Skids are out to-day " I  
Would make a "Patti "hide her face, an "Abbott "faint away;  
And when he strikes the dulcet trills of "Kelly's new spring pants,"  
The neighbors shout bravo! ongkore! and to these tunes they dance:  
he plays Johnnie, get your gun. get your gun, " "Down went McGinty, " too,  
Where did you get that hat. " and the old "Red, White and Blue,"  
"Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle. " even Old Black Joe,"  
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

And yet they talk of passing laws to break up strolling bands,  
The organ-grinder, with his monk, who on the corner stands; '  
The girl with tambourine and bell, the harp and riddle, too;  
If they succeed, oh, dear, what will we music lovers do.  
He plays ' Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, "Down went McGinty, " too,  
Where did you get that hat, " and the old "Red. White and Blue,"  
' Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle, " even "Old Black Joe,"  
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."

Bad luck to all the legal lights who've grown too old and gray  
To longer love the soothing tones of a fine street pianay;  
I'd like to have the cranky lot upon some island drear,  
With a mighty steam caliope to play them by the year.  
He plays ' Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, "Down went McGinty, " too,  
Where did you get that hat, " and the old "Red. White and Blue,"  
' Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle, " even "Old Black Joe,"  
And a song that always breaks my heart, called "Listen to my tale of woe."