

Clancy Wasn't In It - song lyrics

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CLANCY WASN'T IN IT.

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I'll ne'er forget the day I saw Pat Clancy playing ball,
The day was line, but very hot, the crowd was rather small;
Pat won the toss and took the bat, the other side went out:
And then the greatest game began that's been played hereabout;
As Clancy was an amateur, had never played a game,
he couldn't tell a "ball" from "strike," he thought them both the same;
He only played one inning and that one was with regret;
He went home on a stretcher And I haven't seen him yet.

Chorus.

Clancy wasn't In it from the very start;
He thought the game was easy, out it broke his heart;
He'll never play a game again, on that I'd like to bet;
The way they laid him out that day he won't forget.

He took the bat into his hand, the ball shot quickly by-
"Strike one," the umpire loudly cried, but Clancy said, "You lie!"
I never struck the ball at all, don't try those tricks on me;
I'll let you know just when I strike, send on the ball to me;
he stood there with uplifted bat, the ball came like a shot.
And struck Pat Clancy in the face, he fell down on the spot;
he lay like dead for quite a while, but just as he "came to"
And sadly asked the umpire, "I suppose that was strike two?"-Chorus.

At last he really struck the ball, and darted for the base;
He went so fast he tripped and fell, but reached it on his face.
Now, Clancy, when he hits the ball, you run and never stop;
And when you get near second-base, land on it with a flop!"
The ball was hit, and 'twas a foul, but Clancy didn't care;
He ran like mad and gave a jump, then sailed down through the air;
He knocked the baseman off his feet, they both fell in a heap;
And Clancy's clothes were all in rags, while he was "knocked to sleep." -Cho