

# Sheepshead Bay - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

Copyright, 1890, by Willis Woodward & Co.,

Words and Music by Edwin French.

The winter has come and the jolly, good fun  
At Sheepshead Bay is o'er,  
Pickin' the nags at the drop of the flag,  
That sport we'll see this year no more,  
Where the ladies en masse and every young last  
Are dressed so neat And gay,  
It's really no bluff, they're out for the stuff,  
Down at Sheepshead Bay.

Chorus.

There goes the bell, they're now at the post, get off of my feet, you jay,  
A hundred for me on Kingston, you see; it's a dead sure winner to-day--  
What! Murphy up? we're all in the soup- get out I you're right in the way;  
Now, what do you 'spec', he wins by a neck, down at Sheepshead Bay.

Barney Aaron will shout that they're all weighed out.  
Now bet your money free.  
There's a slippery tip on butter to-day,  
It's it very strong thing, now you tukc it from me.  
There's another Mike Kelly, why you're off your bass,  
Don't you give it away,  
Git out you young snipe, you've been hitting the pipe.  
Says his nibs to the tout at the Bay.-Chorus.

Now we will have a bottle of wine,  
And white seal has the call,  
So has McCarty, so has Fitzpatrick,  
But Jimmy McLaughlin's the boss of them all;  
I have lost my girl, I beard a cry,  
When some one they did say:  
My gracious sake, she gave him the shake,  
When he lost her at Sheepshead Bay.

Chorus.

There goes the bell, they're all in a bunch, I wonder who will win;  
The ladies are flirting, the niggers are betting and doing the pigeon-wing;  
Here they come and all in the stretch, our horse is all O. K,  
So come, my honey, we got the money, down at Sheepshead Bay.