

Isle De Blackwell - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

ISLE DE BLACKWELL.

As sung by Harrigan St. Hart.

Come, gather ye cracksmen and ganiffs so fly,
Maces And braces, shoplifters draw nigh;
I'll warble a ditty, while the Chorus you swell.
Of the blokes doing time on the Isle de Blackwell.

Chorus.

With my one two, and three, four, then all In line.
To the shoe shop and quarry, each bloke must keep time;
We work like a Turk, then back to our cells.
Such a grand Institution is the Isle de Blackwell.

Oh! there is a darling who'd sugar galore,
He hypothecated to the Canada shore;
The Doodle was heavy, he tripped And he fell,
Singing Moody and Sankey on the Isle de Blackwell.-Chorus.

Oh! there is a baby, 'tis a pity he's here,
He was nabbed by a hipper a-shoving the queer;
His people are nobby, on the avenue they swell,
He's a family skeleton on the Isle de Blackwell.-Chorus.

There's Scotty, our keeper, we all know his snoot,
He collars the old togs, and then hands out a suit;
Striped like a zebra, then it's good-bye, farewell,
We're regular boarders on the Isle de Blackwell.-Chorus.