

Ragged Pat - song lyrics

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

RAGGED PAT.

They call me Ragged Pat, my clothes and my hat.
Although they are tattered and tore;
Sweet flowers, my friend, they stuck to the end
Until poverty came at the door.
When I was a small lad I had a bad dad,
Mean and cruel in his ways;
Each dollar and cent for whiskey he spent
Until death came and carried him away.

Chorus.
Flowers! Bouquets! Flowers! I cried;
While roaming the street, I do not look neat,
I'm struggling for mother and I.

My mother she was taken sick and forced to her bed,
And there she lingered with pain;
She called me to her bed, and this is what she said:
Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
The next morning I arose, went out into the street
To earn one penny for bread:
When I returned home my sad heart did mourn
To find that my mother was dead.

Chorus.
"Evening Sun!" Papers! "Evening Sun! "I cried;
While roaming the street, I do not look neat,
I'm struggling for mother and I.