

# We Drew His Club Money - song lyrics

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

WE DREW HIS CLUB MONEY

Micky Rooney went and joined  
The Salvation Army in search of morality;  
He'd an illigant lump of a musical bump,  
So they gave him a drum to blow.  
he used to practice every night  
In an old back-yard behind the tenement.  
Till his father bursted the drum with a brick,  
And bursted Micky with his toe.

Chorus.  
We drew his club-money this morning,  
To the sexton we gave warning.  
No more he'll beat the drum, back again he'll never come.  
And we drew his club-money this morning.

A friend of mine, who thought he was bold,  
Joined the ranks of the Horse Artillery;  
He longed for war, for he'd oft been told  
He'd soon be captain of the gang.  
One day he'd got his musket to his nose,  
he was squinting down the barrel to examine the machinery,  
When he somehow tickled the trigger with his toes,  
And the gun went off with a bang.

Chorus.  
We drew his club-money this morning.  
To the sexton we gave warning;  
No more he'll touch the trigger, in the sky he cuts a figure,  
And we drew his club-money this morning.

Jeremiah Joskins went to see  
Professor Baldwin drop with his parachute;  
Jerry was bigoted and thought that he  
Could do the trick as well.  
So he went and he captured an old umbrella.  
And climbed on the scaffold where his father was a laborer-  
Nobody was there, so the poor little fellow  
Jumped off-and down he fell.

Chorus.  
We drew his club-money this morning,  
To the sexton we gave warning.  
No more he'll climb the scaffold, for his Sunday clothes are raffled,  
And we drew his club-money this morning.

Brannigan, the "bruiser," had a big bull-dog,  
That was known all around for its ferocity;  
It lay in the corner quiet as a log,  
Looking "green "as forty plants.  
The next-door neighbor was a "fly "young man,  
Also renowned for his roguish precocity,  
He was scaling the wall to steal a lump of coal.  
But the dog seized him by the 'pants'-and-

Chorus.  
We drew his club-money this morning,  
To the sexton we gave warning,  
That dog was short of meat, so it tore his trousers' "seat,"  
And we drew his club-money this morning.

Johnny married a maiden fair,  
Who was so shy and full of timidity,  
So he vowed the breeches he would wear.  
And wouldn't by his wife be "bossed,"  
But as soon as the honeymoon was passed,  
From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

His wife went in for a little variety;  
He found out who was the "boss "at last,  
When the tea-things at his head she tossed.

Chorus.  
We drew his club-money this morning,  
To the sexton we gave warning.  
He thought he'd try her mettle, so she floored him with a kettle,  
And we drew his club-money this morning.