

The Stage - Driver On The Knickerbocker Line - song lyrics

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THE STAGE - DRIVER ON THE KNICKERBOCKER LINE.

Composed and sung by Unsworth.

Now, white folks, pay attention, I'se gwane to sing a song;
I hope it's going to please you, though it isn't very long;
It's about one of the old boys so callous and so fine-
For he drove an omnibus on the Knickerbocker line.

He was such a favorite wherever he went,
And he never was known to knock down a cent;
He slung a graceful whip; for he was bound to shine
Like a high-salaried driver on the Knickerbocker line.

He was driving down Broadway the other afternoon.
When, just as he was passing a lager-beer saloon,
'Twas there he spied a young gal, the prettiest e'er was seen:
She'd just arrived that morning from the Jersey quarentine.

Oh! whar' are you going, young woman? he said.
She guv' him a look dat like to Kill him dead-
She handed up her band-box and den got up herself-
She so exprised George Henry dat he nearly lost his breff.

He thought he'd caught an heiress, a Southern Lucy Neal,
Like the galliant French capting and the maid of Mobile.
Says she: the sun am very hot, gib me half of your umbrella;
My name is Miss Piehimmeson, and I peddles sasaparilla.

When George heard this news, which couldn't have been was,
His mug it did turn yellow, and he rolled off the bus.
Dey bathed his head in vinegar, to take away the scars,
And now he's driving mules on the Second Avenue cars.