

Since Sullivan's Gone On The Stage - song lyrics

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Since Sullivan's Gone on the Stage.
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Words by W. Retisor. Arranged by O. Bonnell.

Something I will sing to you 'bout the topics that are new,
And of things that will come true, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Hotel-keepers sneak from view, oysters won't stop in the stew,
Scanlan can't sing "Peek-a-boo," since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Some think him lazy, some think him crazy, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Some think John L. should not star, just because he used to spar,
But some queer things there are, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Papers say 'tis naught but trash, plot mixed up like corn-beef hash.
But, "Isaac," how they make the cash, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Now is it not queer he does not drink beer, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Do they mean to have the fair; if they do, will he be there?
If he is, how they will stare, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Booth and Barrett are N. G.; Henry Irving we won't see,
Bands won't play "Annie Laurie," since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Two drinks of whiskey 'twill make him frisky, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Girls their stick of gum won't chew, minstrel jokes must all be new,
Board-bills must be paid when due, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
The winds will blow as of yore, but get shaved the day before,
Then you will not feel so sore, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Oh, he's out of sight, now isn't that right, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Tobacco fiends in street cars sit, and I almost have a fit.
When I see them, how they spit, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Where is Uncle Sam's navy? "Out of sight," away at sea.
Gone to set old Ireland free, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage, [stage.
When John L. is near the scenes shake with fear, since Sullivan's gone on the

If you meet a pretty girl, one you think could be your pear),
Help you through this busy whirl, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Take her by the hand And say, you may work all night and day,
Sunday morn give me your pay, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
He has to be smart, a great thinking part, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

If an actor sings old songs, never heard of chestnut gongs,
With the angels he belongs, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Annie Rooney, she's a bore, and the singer makes me sore;
I get a brick, nothing more, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Takes but a minute to see he's in it, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.

Our girls this truth won't confess, that like men they try to dress,
Or that young men do caress, since Sullivan's gone on the stage;
Girls will say that I'm unfair, yet there's one thing I would swear,
Our pants they would love to wear, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.
Since Sullivan's gone on the stage, since Sullivan's gone on the stage,
Every one knows the wind it still blows, since Sullivan's gone on the stage.