

Mahoney's Fourth Of July - song lyrics

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MAHONEY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

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Words and Music by J. W. Kelly. Written expressly for James H. Cullen.

When Jerry Mahoney was twenty-one he counted on having a spree;
He Sent his friends a fancy curd, to let them all know he was free;
he wanted amusement of every kind, and cheer for the hungry and dry.
And gave his freedom party on the glorious fourth of July.
The cards of invitation, sure, were at premium too;
And disappointed people I'm certain were more than a few;
The lawn was used for dancing, the decorations grand,
And Casey furnished music; for he had the loudest band:
Then a toast for the host, May he live to the day that he dies.

Chorus.

And the sun was shining fearfully, and we stood the heat most cheerfully.
And at night we parted tearfully at Mahoney's fourth of July.

The old and the young were enjoying themselves, for every one had their own
Till Jerry took a ginger ale, which seemed to have led him astray; [way,
He wanted to sing of the days gone by, and the beautiful days to come,
When Tommy Doolan shouted out, "Your singing is on the bum."
Just then by accident somebody threw a match away;
It fell among some fireworks they had for to finish the day,
The fireworks exploded, the crowd was on the run,
And not a soul would stay behind in the grove to see the fun;
Then a roast for the host, shure they wanted to knock out his eye.-Chorus.