

Pull The Bell, O'reilly - song lyrics

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PULL THE BELL, O'REILLY.

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Words by Dave Mullen. Music by Robert A. Mullen.

I took a job as conductor upon a cross-town line,
Where the wages they were very poor and the chance to skin was fine.
One night while at the ferry I got a crowd aboard;
I started 'round to get the fare as happy as a lord.
There were twenty-three aboard the car, I thought it would be mean
If I couldn't make some money, so I only rang eighteen;
I stood upon the platform, feeling kind of stout:
Two fellows who sat near the door then started for to shout:

Chorus.

Ding the bell, O'Reilly, we're on to you there;

Pull the bell, O'Reilly, and ring up the fare;

I'll ride right to the office and I'll report you there;

Come now, O'Reilly, and ring up that fare.

To a fancy ball I took my girl, there was a jolly crowd.
And the dancers 'round the room would twirl with dresses short and loud.
I took my lady to a seat and looked on at the sport,
And watched a little nigger gal And a big fat clown cavort.
There was Uncle Sam and Liberty and a bumner with a can.
And the dudes with little school-girls and a pig-tail Chinaman.
The time it passed on merrily, we could no longer stay,
We thought we'd have another dance, when the band commenced to play:- Cho.

Last New Year's day I made a call upon some friends of mine;
I wished them a happy New Year, and we had some cake and wine;
I kept on drinking liquor till my head commenced to spin;
I said Gladstone was a fakir and Parnell was a skin.
Now what I said had riled my friends-they threw me to the floor.
They kicked me all around the place and put me out the door,
And when I reached my home that night my head was all swelled out:
I could not get my key in right and a gang commenced to shout:- Chorus.