

Yours Truly, Mr Dooley - song lyrics

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YOURS TRULY, MR. DOOLEY.
Copyright, 1893, by Frank Harding.
Words and Music by James Thornton.
Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

Oh. it's just about three weeks ago, three weeks ago to-day,
I met a friend of mine in Duff's saloon;
We shook hands very cordially and then we had a drink,
And then we had another very soon.
We talked of Ireland's welfare, of Gladstone and home rule,
I soon fell asleep, the chair it was my bed;
But Dooley put me in a hack and drove up to my door,
And before he left me this is what I said:

Chorus.
"Dooley, when you meet me I like the way you treat me,
I never will forget you, John, wherever I may be;
And remember, Mr. Dooley, while my name is Mike O'Hooley,
That I am your servant truly, you're a dear friend to me."

Next day I called on Dooley and we went down to the track,
He said he knew a horse that couldn't lose;
He borrowed twenty from me but said he would pay it back
And present me with a brand-new pair of shoes.
Now Dooley's horse was in the lead, my heart, it jumped with joy,
It beat a horse named "cabbage" by a head;
I looked around for Dooley, but nowhere could he be seen;
When next day I met him this is what I said:

Chorus.
"Dooley, when you meet me I like the way you beat me,
I never will forget you, John, wherever I may be;
And remember, Mr. Dooley, that I'm not your servant truly,
And if ever you should need a friend, don't call on me."