

On The Midway The Jolly Bum Bum - song lyrics

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ON THE MIDWAY(The Jolly Bum Bum)

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Words and Music by Louis Ortenstein.

On the Midway it was grand! people came from every land;
Some looked queer, as you may guess, and still queerer looked their dress;
Some in gowns with sweeping trail, some in coats without a tail;
Some were dressed just like a clown, fancy patches all around.

Refrain.

On the Midway, from day to day, oh, what a life so gay,
From first daylight till late at night, but dance and song and play;
From East and West, with ev'rything best, the nations came and met;
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget,
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget.
People from Turkey-town had quite a merry round,
Diddle dura, diddle dura, jolly bum bum.
On the Midway, from day to day, oh, what a life so gay,

From first daylight till late at night; but dance and song and play;
From East and West, with ev'rything best, the nations came and met;
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget,
O, such a sight and such delight I never shall forget.

Rolly-pooly Esquimaux from the land of ice and snow,
Zero weather-and below where all fat on blabber grow,
Sat down on warm walrus rugs, drank from walrus-leather mugs,
Arctic wine-all free from drugs; slept on beds that had no bugs.-Refrain.

There were bare-kneed Highlanders, bare-backed South Sea Islanders,
And so many other blacks, with no garment on their backs.
Instead miss'nary for a meal, were content with beef and veal;
'Twas because on Midway ground no divine there could be found.-Refrain.

Donkey boys were quite a treat, with Egyptian stock complete,
Never stockings on their feet, tramped all day on "Cairo Street."
For a whip they had a stick, hit when donkey tried to kick;
On the camels, tough as a brick, people felt just like seasick.-Refrain.

There was King of Kipurthale, handsome, young, and very tall,
From his farmyard near Bengal, with his English friend and pal.
Three hundred wives he had in all -few, for King of Kipurthale;
One he brought, so left behind just two hundred ninety-nine.-Refrain.

A man had in his head a wheel, made of iron and of steel,
On it fastened thirty cars, people rolled up to the stars.
He, with lots of push about, rolled the wheel on Midway out,
And the people in its cars rode to Venus And to Mars.- Refrain.