

And The Verdict Was - song lyrics

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AND THE VERDICT WAS.

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Life's short, very, very short, here we haven't long to stay;
So I'm giving you a rhyme, something in the short, sweet way.
Little Billy Bates fastened on his skates, but the ice was thin;
Suddenly a crack, wollop on his back, little Billy Bates popp'd in,
And the verdict was:

Refrain.

A little boy, a pair of skates,
Broken ice, heaven's gates.

Four pards played a game of cards, Poker was its name, I think;
Something where they handle chips, likewise handle lots to drink.
One pard drew a hand, said that "Pat" he'd stand; but his little pile.
When the others called, didn't he feel galled, oh, he wore a sickly smile,
And the verdict was:

Refrain.

A bobtail flush, asick'ning thud,
Aces four, name is mud.

Maria made the kitchen fire, threw in lots of kindling wood;
She was such a tidy girl, very goody, goody, good.
Fire it wouldn't go, lit up rather slow; kerosene she got,
Poured it from a can, like a little man, through the roof she flew, red hot,
And the verdict was:

Refrain.

A busted stove, a girl well done,
Angels wings, built for one.

Bill Dunn monkeyed with a gun, held it in a giddy style;
He had read the papers, too, so he wore a peaceful smile,
Then that gun he took and began to look down the barrel small;
Soon the trigger flew, and, the next he knew, Billy Dunn took in a ball,
And the verdict was:

Refrain.

A loaded gun-cannot tell how,
Pushing clouds-Bill knows now.

A cat on a high fence sat, youluded away his little yowl;
All the boarders woke from sleep, they began to swear and howl;
One flung out a boot, couldn't make him scoot: so they struck a light,
And they gave that cat, who was nice and fat, just a chunk of dynamite,
And the verdict was:

Refrain.

A little for, a claw or two,
Whiskers, which clouds blow through.

Jim Squash came from far Oshkosh, saw the sights in New York town;
Feeling tired when night came, thought, that, he would go lie down.
Took in a hotel, liked it very well, but for him, alas!
Ere he went to bed, with a heavy head, farmer Squash blew out the gas,
And the verdict was:

Refrain.

A giddy "lay," no cows to groom;
Meter us above, golden flume.