

Mulrooney On A Bike - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MULROONEY ON A BIKE.

Copyright, 1894, by C. H. Kimball

Words and Music by Emmet Duffy.

Now it was a pleasant evening, sure, whin outside Mike Mulrooney's dure
A dude had left a bicycle quite safe, he thought,
Now whin the bike Mulrooney spied, he said, "Be gob sure I can ride,"
So Tim McFadden held it while on board he got,
McFadden thin gave him a push, and down the strate the bike did rash,
Just like a freight train off the truck, the boys all said:
He ran into a hack almost, And thin he struck an iron post.
Be flew up in the air and landed on his head.

Chorus.

Yerra, the strates were all blockaded whin the news got 'round

That Mulrooney he was thryin to ride a bike.

(Who's that?) Mister Mike Mulrooney, sure he must be looney,

Who would ever think he'd do the like?

(No indeed.) Sure his friends tried to persuade him not to roide,

But he said, "Just watch me, and I'll show yez how;"

(Wow, Wow.) Be said that it was aisy-the man was surely crazy,

And three doctors they are tending to him now.

Whin Mulrooney landed on his head, they rushed to see if he was dead-
The pavement was all broken where his head had struck;
He said, "'Twas but an accident. I wasn't watching where I wint,
I'll thry it wanst agin, perhaps I'll have more luck."
Be got upon the bike once more, and down the strate he madly tore;
He ran into a funeral and tipped the hearse,
Thin dashed right through a German band, and wrecked a Dago's pea-nut stand,
'Twas like a railroad smash-up, only ten toimes worse.- Chorus.

All the neighbors yelled 'till they were hoarse, Mulrooney took a zig-zag course,
From side to side, scared all the horses off the strate.
Be fell off once, he fell off twice-he wouldn't take a friend's advice;
He says, "I'll ride this darned machine, av I lose both fate."
Got on again, had not gone far, whin he struck an electric car;
He knocked it off the track, they thought that he'd stop thin.
His head was cut and straming blood, his clothes wor all destroyed with mud,
But he got on the bike And started off again.- Chorus.

The salvation army came along, Mulrooney dashed right through the throng;
Be nearly killed the captain-how the soldiers swore-
He smashed the base drum all to bits, thin Mrs Clancy's twins had fits
Whin they saw him a'timpt to rolde through Grady's store:
He dashed along at frightful speed, their warning shouts he did not heed.
A ditch was due to lay a sewer, and down wint Mike,
They with a derrick pulled him out. that he'll recover there's some doubt,
But av he does, be never more will ride a bike. - Chorus.