

He'll Never See His Mother Any More - song lyrics

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He'll Never See His Mother Any More.
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Words by Bennett Scott. Music by A. J. Mills.

I've had a row with the man next door, a champion at fighting;
He swears he always kills his man, by fair means or by biting.
He got me In a corner, and said, "Now prepare for death!"
I did not use my fists at all, but floored him with my breath.

Chorus.
He'll never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
The sweet perfume sealed his doom;
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
See his mother any more.

Now once I knew a donkey, who for many years had grafted,
Until he got too old for work, then from the shafts was drafted!
They took him to the spiced beef works and rang the warehouse bell.
Poor Neddy gave a loud Hee-Haw, for he knew very well-

Chorus.
He'd never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
His pain was brief, he's now corned beef;
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
See his mother any more. ____

The laziest of lazy men was my poor barmy brother;
He was what you'd call a cannibal, he lived upon his mother-
We even had to lace his boots, the slightest thing he'd shirk;
But one dark night he had a dream, he dreamt he was at work.

Chorus.
He'll never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
It turned his brain, he died insane;
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
See his mother any more.

A quack invented certain pills to beat all other makers;
The rapid sale of this "safe cure" made work for undertakers;
One night the quack walked in his sleep and went towards a shelf,
Got one of his own patent pills and swallowed it himself.

Chorus.
He'll never see his mother any more,
He's gone to the golden shore;
Exit quack, wife in black-
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
See his mother any more.

When I sit down to eat a meal I never leave a shaving:
I've had no grub for near a week, I'm ravenous and raving;
My neighbor has a nice young fowl, whose bones I long to pick;
And so to-night when all is dark I'll interview that chick.

Chorus.
He'll never see his mother any more,
He'll go to the golden shore;
It's all U. R. when he dines with me-
He'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
See his mother any more.