

# Mamie Reilly - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MAMIE REILLY.

Parody-By Frank K. Forrest.

Little Mamie Reilly's a winner you can bet,  
She knows much of this wicked world, and hopes to know more yet;  
She's got a nice old poppa, just in from the Klondykes gay,  
The boys they shout, as they turn out, and this what they say:

Chorus.

Oh! Mamie Reilly, you're all right,  
Really, Mamie Reilly, you're a beauty bright,  
Could we blame ye, not on your nat'ral, Mamie,  
All the same, you know your game, Mamie Reilly.

Little Mamie Reilly, she dines on goldfish now.  
And has her teeth filled with the same, not gold, but bones, I vow,  
The other girls are jealous of Mamie's newest hair.  
Which once was red, and now instead, it's Klondyke, rich and rare.  
- Chorus.