Hungry Man From Harlem - song lyrics

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HUNGRY MAN FROM HARLEM
Banjo Song-Sung by James Weston.

Of a hungry man, I am going to sing,
And pity to your hearts 'twill bring,
He could eat up almost ev'rything,
This hungry man from Harlem.
He could eat a hundred times a day.
And his boarding bill he couldn't pay,
But he got outside of a bale of hay,
This hungry man from Harlem.
And the way he'd eat, he couldn't be beat,
All kinds of meat, both sour and sweet,
He eat up ev'rything there was in the place,
And he bit a big chunk from his mother-in-law's face.
He eat up his father, devoured his mother,
He eat up his sister, and tackled his brother,
He eat up umbrellas and tackled the stove,
And bit a broad-side of the servant girl's nose.
And that's the way that he did eat.
This hungry man from Harlem.

He struck the city the other day,
And for a meal he couldn't pay,
So he took a walk along Broadway,
This hungry man from Harlem.
And the very first thing he chanced to meet
Was a German band coming down the street,
He could gobble them up as fast as they come,
He swallow'd their music and eat up their drum,
He met a crowd, coming home from the ball,
They began to dance, and he swallow'd them all.
He went to the ferry, and he swallow'd the boat,
He went to the polls and he swallow'd a vote.
He went to the pump and swallow'd the handle,
He eat up the report of the Brooklyn scandal,
And being disgusted with grub so light,
He swallow'd himself and went out of sight,
And that's the last that ever was seen
Of the hungry man from Harlem.