Pat Malony's Family - song lyrics

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

PAT MALONY'S FAMILY
Sung by Harrlgan and Hart.

Me name is Mike Malony,
I'm a carpenter by trade;
I married Molly Higgins,
Who all my trouble made.
She'd as many of relations
As fishes in the sea;
They ate me out of house and home,
And destroyed me family.

Chorus.
There's her father and her mother,
And her sister, and her brother,
1700 babies laying on their knees;
Her uncles and her cousins, and her aunties by the dozen,
Lived upon the earnings of Patrick Malony.

My pants would fit her uncle,
Her dress would fit her niece;
I have to sleep upon the roof,
Or I never have no peace.
They made me buy them dainties,
Root beer by the pail;
I'd have to wait till they were full
Before I'd get me male.

Chorus.
There was pudding, there was mutton
That would make you burst a button;
And a fiery -headed Corkonian by the name of Pat Cloney,
To superintend the table, to put me in the stable
While they ate up all the labor of Patrick Malony.

Her uncle wore my stockings,
My hat would fit his head;
Whin tired out wid labor
They'd kick me out of bed.
I put up every pinny
For to keep them from Bellevue.
I wish the Coroner would sit
On my wife and all her crew

Chorus.
There's her nephews and her nieces,
That come from several places;
1700 grandmothers and mothers-in-law, you see;
A wagon load of Dalys, McSweegan and the Halys
Lived on the earnings of Patrick Malony.

There's her second cousin's brother,
And his toothless old step-mother,
And 1600 emigrants from Ireland, you see;
Wid their boxes and their bedding,
On my Ingrain carpet treading,
They lived upon the earnings of Patrice Malony.

Chorus.
There's the Brady's, and the Gradys-
Dacent perfect ladies, always axing charity,
From my family you see;
One husband was a loafer, the other was a toper,
Depending on the friendship of Patrick Malony.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk