Biddie Doyle - song lyrics

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BIDDIE DOYLE.

Oh! I have come over here, Biddie Doyle,
For to tell you pretty clear, Biddie Doyle,
For to gain your heart and hand,
As you will understand,
And to be at your command, Biddie Doyle.
So I will always prove true.
No matter what you do,
And I will stick to you like glue, Biddie Doyle.

Oh! the Summer is past and gone, Biddie Doyle,
And the Winter is coming on, Biddie Doyle;
And the stormy winds will blow,
It will hail, rain and snow,
And what will become of you, Biddie Doyle.
What will you do at all.
When the snow begins to fall.
With your back against the wall, Biddie Doyle.

You know how it is yourself, Biddie Doyle,
You will soon be on the shelf, Biddie Doyle:
You know you are old enough,
And your face is getting rough,
Another year will make you tough, Biddie Doyle.
So leave off your lamentation.
And increase the population,.
Or you*are not worthy of your nation, Biddie Doyle.

Oh. when I go on a spree, Biddie Doyle,
I will raise lots of fun, you'll see, Biddie Doyle;
If I should come home tight,
Don't try to raise a fight,
Or I'll give you a box that will make you quiet, Biddie Doyle;
Don't call the neighbors around me.
Or if you do, I'll surely pound you,
And I will spit on you and drown you, Biddie Doyle.