An Irishman's Dying Request - song lyrics

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An Irishman's Dying Request.
Recited by James T. Kelly.

Norah, the gang upon the corner
Has told me to lay down and die;
My darling, go and hang up the baker
For a piece of buckelberry pie;
My breath is getting very weak,
Once, you know, it was so strong,
So listen to my dying request,
For I know that I will not live long-

Tell my brother, Herman Fagan,
The poor man to-day he got one year,
Tell him when I go to Sandusky,
I'm going tb give up drinking beer;
Oh, the happy days we spent together,
When we used to call each other chumps.
No more we will parade the Bowery
Dropping our hats on cigar stumps.

Tell my red-headed hump-backed sister
She ought to put herself in hock,
She puts me in mind of a bag of peanuts,
Or a bole in the heel of a woolen sock;
Norah, our little dog has fleas,
We must shake the dizzy pup,
Come and kiss me when I'm dead,
For then I know I won't blow up.

Tell your father he's a darling,
As a lusher he takes the cake;
Tell him to buy some bad gin and tobacco.
So the gang can enjoy themselves at my wake;
Tell him to sing the Starry Banner,
For it I carried many a night;
Tell them all I came from Cork,
And that's the reason I'm flying light.

Norah, part my hair in the middle,
I think my end is drawing near;
I wish you would go to the corner gin-mill
And bang them up for a quart of beer.
Farewell, darling, it s time I was dead,
Good afternoon! oh, what do you say?
If any one asks why I kicked the bucket,
Tell them 1 couldn't stay away.