Irish-american Tea - song lyrics

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

IRISH-AMERICAN TEA.
Copyright, 1880, by F. Harding.

I've traveled this wide world over,
Thro' Australia, thro' France and Japan;
I've wined and I've dined with the nobles,
And spoken with many a man.
I've talked about sours and cocktails,
And all the drinks ever you see,
But the drink that knocked me out last night was
Some Irish-American tea.

CHORUS.
'Twasn't coffee, 'twasn't cocoa,
'Twasn't choc'late, not what he gave me,
But a mug of mixed ale, and I'll swear it was stale,
That was Irish-American tea.

I called on my friend Jerry Fagin,
Who lives on the next block below,
And I hadn't been seated live minutes,
'Till he became thirsty, you know;
Then he sent out his son with the pitcher
To O'Hagin's right over the way,
For to bring it back full to the brim with
Some Irish-American tea.

Chorus.
'Twasn't coffee, 'twasn't cocoa,
'Twasn't choc'late, not what he gave me,
But a mug of mixed ale, that would sicken a whale,
That was Irish-American tea.

While the boy was away with the pitcher,
Right in there walked ten or twelve more,
And along with them big fatty Casey,
Who had to be squeezed thro' the door;
When Fagin had got them all seated,
He sincerely did hope that they'd stay,
And with him partake of a beverage.
Called Irish-American tea.

Chorus.
'Twasn't coffee, 'twasn't cocoa,
'Twasn't choc'late, not what he gave me,
But a mug of mixed ale, that would sicken a whale,
That was Irish-American tea.

The pitcher was emptied like lightning,
Twas then that the fun it began;
They threw Mike McGuire out the window,
And he struck on a poor Chinaman.
Sure fat Casey he kicked like a bass-drum,
And Fagin's near dead, so they say,
But he's no one to blame but himself and
His Irish-American tea.

Chorus.
'Twasn't oolong, 'twasn't too long
In capsizing bold Patsy McGee;
They'd the divil's own fight thro' the whole live long night,
All thro' Irish American tea.