My Father Sold Charcoal - song lyrics

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

My Father Sold Charcoal.

When I was a servant in sweet Tipperary, oh'
I was as smart as the divil,
And just as contrairy, oh!
An Irish Gossoon;
And great was th' applause of it;
My father sould charcoal,
And that was the cause of it.
An Irish Gossoon,
And great was th' applause of it;
My father sould charcoal,
And that was the cause of it.

Arrah! my mother, poor soul! had a habid of drinking, oh!
She fell in a ditch,
Which set her to thinking, oh!
A mammoth phratee,
And great was the size of it;
Me mouth held a dozen,
Which widened the breadth of it.
Me mouth held a dozen,
Which widened the breadth of it;
My father sould charcoal,
And that was the cause of it.

At a break-down or reel,
It's highly undutiful,
And if to remember,
You need not so stare at me;
Sure I can wear my brogans,
Both behind and in front of me.

And how does yeas do?
I see yeas all laugh at me;
And what would yeas give
For a nice photograph of me?
And if to remember,
You need not so stare at me;
Sure I'll give every mother's son of yeas
A lock of the hair to me.