Dougherty's Boarding House - song lyrics

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Dougherty's Boarding House.

I'm going to try And tell you, so listen unto me,
About a panic boarding house in Frog street, No. 3.
Kept by a man named Dougherty, an Irishman, of course.
A regular European North American boarding house.

Chorus.
Cornelius Slaughtery, just from the battery, Timothy Regan, Mike McGlue,
Big foot Hennessy, Patsey Leary, all in one room, number two:
Jerry Rawley, the man from Galway, Pat McGlone, and a fellow called Mouse,
Cobblers, tailors, coopers, sailors, down at Dougherty's boarding house.

On week days we have liver, on Sundays we have mush,
And when the bell for dinner rings, you ought to see them rush;
And the way they make the landlord stare as each one makes a grab,
And demolish everything they see, 'twould make your heart feel sad.-Chorus.

And when at night we go to bed and try and get some sleep,
Then in walks big O'Donnell with his No. 15 feet;
And bedbugs, too, they stick like glue, and promenade in gangs.
And bottle-tailed flies get on your eyes, and mosquitoes on your hand. -Chorus.