Terrance Mcmullin - song lyrics

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TERRANCE McMULLIN.
Sung by James Reilly.

My name it is Terrance McMullin.
I came from the sweet town of Trim;
Once I was stout, fat and hearty,
But of late I've grown awfully thin.
My business is lamp-post inspector,
A position I hold mighty well;
Every day as I go out inspecting.
There's a gang of young loafers will yell:

Chorus.
Wipe off your chin, pull down your vest,
Now, that's too thin, give us a rest;
Tralla-la-lee, now over the creek,
Get on to McMullin, the mick.

Now when I first came to your city,
They wanted to elect me for your mayor;
For my ways And my talk was so witty,
And if I got there I'd act on the square.
But I'd rather be lamp-post inspecting,
For that's what I know more about,
Make my friend Reilly the mayor,
Then that gang of young loafers won't shout;-Cho.