Mulhaley On Baseball - song lyrics

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MULHALEY ON BASEBALL.
By George F. Marion.

I'm sorely perplexed about a son of mine,
Who's a victim of this ball game;
And from the way I've heard of his goings on,
'Pon my word, I think the gossoon's insane.
Less than a wee short year ago
A better boy ne'er trod our street.
But now he's bunged and battered.
It's a wonder at all he keeps his feet.
Now phat this baseball bawling is,
Faith, I really can't understand.
But the crimes they commit and the devilty they do
Would disgrace any civilized land.
Sure, I've not the heart to stand fornist the bar
And convict me only child,
But when I think of what he'll be after doing.
It almost drives me wild.
He's guilty, there's never a doubt, upon me word,
I know that his course is run;
At every step I fear some policeman will say:
Mulhaley, I want your son!
Yesterday morn, when I'd gone to me work.
He had me white Sunday pants cut off at the knees,
And, with a shirt scolloped over like a circus man,
He starts out, as bold as ye please.
He went to hunt for a diamond, he said:
(I suppose, to rob some jewelry store).
And, from what I hear, the clerks were in,
And indulged in a sort of war.
He said they knocked the pitcher out of the box,
For each one has a club called a bat;
The one he had I buried deep in the cellar,
For he says he knocked the poor man out with that.
He boasts of having rapped him several times,
And for each welt captured a base.
And, worst than all, he says in the sixth.
For two bags he caught him square in the face.
He says he was thrown out while stealing home,
(I suppose, 'twas with some of the swag),
The cold-hearted wretch then told me
The next two men then died at the bag.
I can hardly believe it's me own son
That stands before me own eyes,
And says, in the midst of his hideous work,
He went out in the field catching flies.
Then they whitewashed their victims,
(I suppose, to cover the traces of crime),
And, worst of all, roasted the umpire alive
For standing in with the other nine.
There was ten, I suppose, standing about,
For he assures me as a fact.
With a double he made in the lucky seventh,
He ripped the whole crowd up the back.
I'm afraid if I go home to sleep.
He'll murder us all in our beds;
By the morn, I suppose, the police will know all,
And offer a price for his head.
I think to the court-house I'd better go
And have a talk wid the chief of police,
And, if he's allowed to stop in the house this night,
I'll have him bound over to keep the peace.