I Remember, I Remember - song lyrics

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

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER!
As sung by George Mason.

I remember, I remember that boarding house forlorn.
The little window where the smell of hash came in the morn.
I mind the broken looking-glass, the mattress like a rock,
The servant-girl from County Clare, whose face would stop a clock.

I remember, I remember the gutta-percha hen
They used to serve for chick of spring to thirteen hundred men.
We blasted it with dynamite, we vexed its bones full sore,
In vain; 'twas served up fricasseed for two or three days more.

I remember, I remember the next room's fiendish wight,
Who practiced the B flat cornet from early morn till night.
We Stood his dreary "Peek-a-Boo," "Sweet Violets," and more,
But when he tried "We Never Speak," we wallowed in his gore.

I remember, I remember the lengthy weekly bill
Received by me with shudders, and the symptoms of a chill.
I also call to mind the night when no one was about.
When into space I dropped my trunk, And through the dark skipped out