Patrick Michael Mcnally - song lyrics

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

PATRICK MICHAEL McNALLY.
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Words And Music by B. H. Janssen.

There's a sport in our ward that looks like a lord;
He's always in style and in fashion;
The girls are all mad about this fine lad,
He's a daisy at what you call mashing;
Where'er he may go, he creates quite a show,
And round him will ev'ry one ratty;
He can speak like a king, he can play, waltz, and sing,
This sport, Patrick Michael McNally.

Refrain.
Patrick McNally lives down our alley,
he is the sport now that ev'ry one knows;
The girls are till crazy about this new daisy,
The man with the line London, English-made clothes.
His style is so graceful, his dressing so tasteful,
He's something odd And yet something new,
That whene'er you meet him someone will greet him
With, "Mister McNally, why, how do you do?"

Mary Ann Kate McCoy she loved this line boy;
His shape And his style were bewitching;
She worked on Broadway, made very good pay
At some kind of sewing or stitching.
She thought Pat immense, she had dollars, no sense;
They called her the queen of the alley;
And it did please her so when they talked of her beau,
This sport, Patrick Michael McNally.-Refrain.

They are married a year-the neighbors all fear
McNally don't do much supporting;
For Mary works more than ever before,
And Patrick has not forgot sporting;
He wanted a wife to support him thro' life-
'Twats lucky for Liz, Rose, and Sally;
For I'll wager a brick that poor Mary is sick
Of her sport, Patrick Michael McNally.- Refrain.