The Old Feather Bed - song lyrics

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THE OLD FEATHER BED.
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Words by Ed. Harrigan Music by Dave Braham.

In the County Mayo long, long ago,
Me father himself look a wife;
'Twas all understood he'd do what he could
To provide for me mother through life.
His father, old Dougherty, gave all the crockery;
He gave up his table to ate off their bread;
Her mother, God save her, said all she could lave her
Was her bouncing big soft feather bed.

Chorus.
Me father and mother, me sister and brother,
Me granny and aunty and big Cousin Ted,
Me uncle, a sailor his nephew, a tailor,
All slept on the bouncing, big down feather bed.

When the ship Idaho came over, you know,
Me husband and me anyhow
Took passage outright in the dead of the night,
And anchored ourselves on the bow.
The rooms they were jumbled, the ocean was tumbled,
Sick of the sea and, begorra, half fed;
The ocean kept roaring, but I kept a-snoring
As I slept on the bouncing, big down feather bed.-Chorus.

In all sorts of weather I'd shake up the feathers
That mother herself she did pluck;
She staffed the old tick, 'twas herself had the knack
To trim off a turkey or duck.
It never was lumpy, to make your back humpy,
No bolster you'd need for to tuck up your head;
When I would get dozy, I'd lay down so cozy,
And sleep in the bouncing, big down feather bed,-Chorus.