The Irish Jubilee - song lyrics

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THE IRISH JUBILEE.
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Words by J. Thornton. Music by Chas. Lawlor.

Oh. a short time ago, boys, an Irishman named Doherty
Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority,
He felt so elated that he went to Dennis Cassidy,
Who owned a bar-room of a very large capacity,
he said to Cassidy. go over to the brewer
For a thousand kegs of lager beer And give it to the poor,
Then go over to the butcher-shop and order up a ton of meat,
Me sure and see the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat.
Send out invitations in twenty different languages,
And don't forget to tell them to bring their own sandwiches;
They've made me their Senator, And so, to show my gratitude,
They'll have the finest supper ever given in this lattitude-
Tell them the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty,
Assisted on the bag-pipes by Felix McCafferiy;
Whatever the expenses are, remember I'll put up the tin.
And any one who doesn't come, be sure and do not let him in.

Cassidy at once sent out the invitations,
And everyone that came was a credit to their nations;
Some came on bicycles, because they had no fare to pay.
And those who didn't come at all made up their minds to stay away;
Two-by-three they marched in the dining-hall,
Young men And old men. And girls that were not men at all,
Blind men and deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn,
Single men. double men And men who had their glasses on;
Before many minutes nearly every chair was taken,
'Till the front rooms And mushrooms were packed to suffocation;
When every one was seated, they started to lay out the feast;
Cassidy said, rise up and give us each a cake of yeast;
He then said, as manager he would try And fill the chair;
We then sat down and we looked at the bill-of-fare;
There was pigs-head and gold-fish, mockingbirds and ostriches.
Ice cream And cold cream, vasaline And sandwiches.

Bluefish. green-fish, fish-hooks and partridges,
Fish-balls, snow-balls, cannon-balls and cartridges;
Then we eat cat-meal till we could hardly stir about;
Ketchup hurry-up. sweet-krout and sour-krout,
Dressed beef and naked beef, and beef with all its dresses on.
Soda-crackers, fire-crackers, limburger-cheese with tresses on,
Beefsteaks and mistakes were down on the bill-of-fare;
Boast-ribs and spate-ribs, and ribs that we couldn't spare,
Reindeer and snow-deer, dear me and antelope;
And the women eat so-mushmellon, the men said they cantalope;
Red herrings, smoked herrings, herrin's from old Erin'e Isle,
Bologna and fruit-cake, and sausages a half-a-mile;
There was hot-corn and cold corn, corn-salve and honeycomb,
Reed-birds, read books, sea-bass and sea-foam.
Fried liver, baked liver. Carter's little liver pills.
And every one was wondering who was going to pay the bills.

For desert we had tooth-picks, ice-picks and skipping-rope.
And washed them all down with a big piece of shaving-soap;
We eat everything that was down on the bill-of-fare.
Then looked on the back of it to free if any more was there.
Then the band played, horn-pipes, gas-pipes, and Irish reels,
And we danced to the music of the wind that shakes the barley-fields,"
Then the piper played old tunes and spittoons so very fine
That in came Peiper Heidseck and handed him a glass of wine;
They welted the floor till they could be heard for miles around;
When Gallagher was in the air, his feet was never on the ground;
A fine lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon.
And those who couldn't dance at all were dancing with their slippers on;

Some danced jig-step, door-steps and highland flings.
And Murphy took his knife out And tried to cut a pigeon-wing;
When the dance was over. Cassidy then told us
To join hands together And sing this good old chorus:

(after last VERSE.)
Should old acquaintance be forgot, wherever we may be,
Think of the good old times we had at the Irish Jubilee.

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