Baby Mccoy - song lyrics

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BABY McCOY.
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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by W. McCarthy.

When Dan McCoy got married, twenty-seven years ago,
He wanted to obtain a little boy;
As time went on. the neighbors said that he was very slow;
Until, last week, the father jumped for joy.
At last he'd got a son-he was bent on having fun;
At every door he gave a joyful knock.
He felt quite reconciled, and to christen that dear child,
he invited all the neighbors on the block.

Chorus.
The Hooligans, the Doolagans, put on their Sunday hats;
Three hundred Dutchmen came along from Tim O'Mara's flats;
The Raffertys and Caffertys went nearly wild with joy,
On the Sunday afternoon they christened baby Dan McCoy.

The neighbors looked upon the child, as each one made a call;
The ladies kissed the baby's pretty face;
A great big Dutchman said it wasn't like McCoy at all;
O'Reilly said the joke was out of place;
he seized the Dutchman by the throat and swore he'd have his life,
Unless he'd beg the pardon of McCoy:
Declaring it was slander upon a neighbor's wife,
And detrimental to the baby boy.- Chorus.

Four hundred kegs of lager beer, three hundred pounds of beef,
Two hogsheads of the finest "rock and rye,"
Were placed before the company, which banished every grief,
And made the water float in every eye.
They drank to Dan McCoy, And praised his darling boy,
Till not a mother's son of them could speak;
And if it could be done, just to finish up the fun,
They hoped he'd have a baby every week.- Chorus.