Sunday Night, When The Parlor's Full - song lyrics

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Sunday Night, When the Parlor's Full.
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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

My Johanna lives up in Harlem,
Sunday night, boys, sure I go there;
Three long years her I've been a-courting,
She's a beauty beyond compare;
There's a kitchen, bedroom And parlor.
Piano to push and pull;
They throw me out in the hallway,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

Chorus.
There's a kitchen, bedroom and parlor, a piano to push and pull.
They stand me out into the hallway, Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

My Johanna is always singin'
"Hold the Fort, for I'm left behind ";
"Eilleen Allanna went on a picnic,"
"For Heaven's sake now pull down the blind!"
Pat Murphy gives recitations
On the taking of Sebastopol;
They set me on the refrigerator,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

Chorus.
There's Dan Burns, the gladiator; Dionysius Carahull,
Making love to sweet Johanna, Sunday night, whin the parlor's full.

I went and spoke to Johanna's mother,
Said her daughter had shaken me;
Then her mother condescended
To throw me into the street, you see;
Then Johanna shouted "Papa!"
He fell upon me like a bull;
I'll keep away from sweet Johanna,
Sunday night, when the parlor's full.

Chorus.
There's Syd Welsh, the whiskey brewer, in Tammany Hall, boys, he has a pull,
Making love to sweet Johanna, Sunday night, when the parlor's full.