Wake Up Mccormick - song lyrics

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

Wake up McCormick.
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Composed by Ed. Joyce (of Joyce & Leslie).

As a Tam'ny Politician, shure, I've held a high position
Since the day I landed in America;
I banked up my money, soon the int'rist it grew strong,
And a boarding-house my wife has got to-day.
We have Mr. and Mrs. Healy, who come to their meals daily;
They live in a furnished flat on Avenue A;
Bricklayer McCormick, an old boarder, who is very seldom sober-
In the morning sure you'll hear my wife say:

Spoken-What?

Chorus.
Wake up McCormick, he's going to work to-day;
he owes me fifty dollars and I know that he will pay;
He's been on a drunk this five weeks, himself and Paddy Shay;
Mary Ann, wake up McCormick, he's going to work to-day.

In the parlor Sunday evening all the boarders do assemble
With their friends and their relations, high And low;
There's the Flannigans from Kerry, and O'Rooks from Londonderry,
And the Rileys and O'Gradys from Mao.
Mary Flynn plays the piano while she sings "Eileen Alanna";
She's accompanied by her brothers Mike and Dan;
Oh, they nearly set me looney singing "Little Annie Rooney,"
While McCormick he keeps shouting, "Rush the can!"

Spoke-What?-Chorus.

Our boarding house's the finest one, the best you ever seen;
We have boarders, shure, from almost every shore;
We've a German music teacher, and a Presbyterian preacher,
And the McAmaly family from Kildare.
Soon we'll have enough of money, and the boarding-house will close up;
In the summer we will go to the seashore;
We'll have fast horses in our stable, my wife Bridget will be able
For to lie in bed and holler out no more;
Spoken-What?- Chorus.