Where's Mcginty - song lyrics

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WHERE'S McGINTY?
Written by Ben Collins. Sung by Lew Hawkins.

Now, the very latest craze we are blessed with nowadays,
To worry us and bother us to death,
To make us all to sleep, and make us all to weep,
And scare us so we rear to draw our breath;
On the corner of the street, and from every one you meet.
In the bar-room where you go for your gin fizz;
In the ball-room, or the park, you will hear the same remark,
Mister, can you tell me where McGinty in?

Refrain.
Perhaps he's gone to England, perhaps to Germany,
Perhaps he's gone to Dublin to set old Ireland free,
Perhaps he's gone to Panama, or some other place that's hotter;
Perhaps he's gone to Paris for to marry Mrs. Potter,
Perhaps he's gone to Russia to influenza with the Czar,
Perhaps He's waiting now to catch a State Street cable car,
Perhaps he's got old Queen Victoria's brothers, aunts and sisters
All helping him to catch the wind from "Jack, the Ripper's" whiskers,
Perhaps he's gone to photograph where Slavin fought in France,
Perhaps he's gone to give Jem Smith our Mary Walker's pants,
Perhaps he's gone to Italy to eat some macaroni,
Perhaps he flew to Kalamazoo with little Annie Rooney,
Perhaps he's gone with Jake Kilrain, 'way down to Mississippi;
Perhaps he's got the yellow jaundice, perhaps he's got the grip,
Perhaps he's with Ben Harrison and his old grandfather's hat;
But I do hope, for McGinty's sake, it's not as had as that.
Perhaps he's down on Clark Street eating an oyster stew,
Perhaps he's waiting for a tip on the races to come true,
Perhups the bottom of the sea has given Dan the cramps,
Perhaps he's with John Wanamaker stealing postage stamps.
Oh, Where's McGinty? that's the question nobody knows.
What's become of old Daniel, all dressed up in his new suit of clothes.