Hennessey's Baby - song lyrics

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

HENNESSEY'S BABY.
Copyright, 1892, by Catharine Doody.
By Patsy Doody.

Oh, I'm sorry to state, I'm in trouble of late,
With old Slattery as well as the childer;
They try all the while my temper to rile,
All my poor heart to bewilder.
When the baby he cries, he makes divil's own noise,
And the neighbors in droves he does bring;
Then the cradle I push, singing, hush, baby hush,
And this is the song that I sing:

Chorus.
Whish, you! whish, you! baby lie aisy,
Don't you see that yer mamma is nigh;
Oh. the noise that yer makin' will drive Slattery crazy,
Hush, hush, my darlin', an' be a good boy.

On a Saturday night the old man comes home tight,
An' all of his wages is spent;
Oh, my, how he'll howl, oh, dear, how he'll growl,
Not a-thinking of victuals or rent.
Be makes a bigger noise than a school full of boys,
An' his hat on the floor he will fling;
He'll sit down for awhile, you'll observes faint smile
When be lists to the song that I sing:- Chorus.

I lost Hennessey, dear, it is neatly a year,
An' Slattery's only a boarder;
It's love, sure, I think, that dhrives him to drink,
An' keeps his poor wits in disorder.
For when Slattery's gay, he's a flattering way,
Then it's, "Biddy, you dear little thing,
You're a widdy too long;" that is Slattery's song,
An' to Hennessy's baby I sing:- Chorus.