It's A Custom In Ireland - song lyrics

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IT'S A CUSTOM IN IRELAND.
Copyright, 1892, by Frank Tousey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

When a lad meets a colleen, to give her a wink
Is a custom in Ireland.
Aye, and then to make love to her over a drink,
Is a custom in Ireland.
And that's how I courted Miss Norah O'Shea,
I coaxed and cajoled her till she named the day,
And then sure I tuk her to ould Father Fay;
That's a custom in Ireland.

Chorus.
Then we had rum and whiskey, we wor frisky,
Then we had praties, cabbage, baccy, day,
And then we had ructions and destructions.
By the hokey we enjoyed ourselves on my wedding day.

Oh, we had a fine coach wid a driver in blue,
That's a custom in Ireland.
And then someone, for luck, struk me wid an ould shoe,
That's a custom in Ireland.
Says I, "thank you kindly, that's luck, I suppose,"
I turned to the spalpeen and gave him a dose;
Begorra, for luck sure I shifted his nose,
That's a custom in Ireland.- Chorus.

Bare we got to the church and the knot soon was tied,
That's a custom in Ireland.
Then they all tried to get the first kiss from the bride,
That's a custom in Ireland.
Big Johnny Mulcahy and Danny McGraw,
They grabbed at herself, their intentions I saw,
Handed them each such a "puck "on the jaw,
That's a custom in Ireland- Chorus.

Then the lot of them got, oh, mirockulous drunk,
That's a custom in Ireland.
And to sleep on the floor sure the most of them slunk,
That's a custom in Ireland.
We danced and we drank, and to sing I did rise,
And gave them a verse of "Two lovely black eyes;"
Be Heavens! I got them, to my great surprise,
That's a custom in Ireland.- Chorus.