

Kelligrew's Soiree

(trad Newfoundland – FF Version)

A

♩ = 180

You may talk of Cla - ra No - lan's ball or a - ny - thing you choose, But it
could - n't hold a snuff - box to the spree at Kel - li - grews. If you want your eye - balls
straight - ened just come out next week with me; And you'll have to wear your glass - es at the
Kel - li - grews Soi - ree. There was birch rind, tar twine, cher - ry wine and tur - pen - tine,
Jowls and cav - a - lan - ces, gin - ger beer and tea; Pig's feet, cat's meat,
dump - lings boiled up in a sheet, Dan - de - lion and crack - ies' teeth At the Kell - i - grews Soi - ree.

Oh, I borrowed Cluney's beaver, as I squared my yards to sail;
And a swallow-tail from Hogan that was foxy on the tail;
Billy Cuddahie's old working pants and Patsy Nolan's shoes,
And an old white vest from Fogarty To sport at Killegrews.

There was Dan Milley, Joe Lilly, Tantan and Mrs. Tilley,
Dancing like a little filley; 'twould raise your heart to see;
Jim Brine, Din Ryan, Flipper Smith and Caroline;
I tell you boys, we had a time at the Kelligrews Soiree.

Oh, when I arrived at Betsy Snook's that night at half past eight,
The place was blocked with carriages stood waiting at the gate.
With Cluney's funnel on my pate the first words Betsy said:
"Here comes the local preacher with a pulpit on his head!"

There was Bill Mews, Dan Hughes, Wilson, Taft, and Teddy Roose,
While Bryant he sat in the blues and looking hard at me;
Jim Fling, Tom King, Johnson, champion of the ring,
And all the boxers I could bring to the Kelligrews Soiree.

"The Saratoga Lancers first," Miss Betsy kindly said;
Sure I danced with Nancy Cronan And her Grannie on the Head;
And Hogan danced with Betsy oh you should have seen his shoes!
As he lashed old muskets from the rack that night at Kelligrews.

There was boiled guineas, cold guineas, bullock's heads and picaninnies
And everything to catch the pennies, you'd break your sides to see;
Boiled duff, cold duff, apple jam was in a cuff;
I tell you, boys, we had enough at the Kelligrews Soiree.

Crooked Flavin struck the fiddler and a hand I then took in;
You should see George Cluney's beaver And it flattened to the rim;
And Hogan's coat was like a vest --- the tails were gone, you see.
Says I, "The devil haul ye and your Kelligrews Soiree!"

Notes: Second part of Nfld medley #3