Miss Fogarty’s Christmas Cake

Frank Horn, words and music

As I sat at my windy last evenin’, The
Miss Mullican wanted to taste it, But
Mrs Fogarty proud as a peacock, Kep’
Ma looney was took with the colic, Mc

G C G

let-ter man brought un-to me, _ A littl’ gild’ed in-vi-ta-tion, Sayin’ Gil
real-ly there was n’t no use, _ They work’d at it o-ver an hour, _ And the
sniff’in’ and blink’in’ a way, _ ’Til she fell o-ver Flanigan’s bro-gans And
Nulty com-plain’d of his head, _ Mc _ Fad-den laid down on the so-fy And

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G D G E G

hoo-ly come o-ver to tea, _ Sure I knew that the Fo-gar-ty’s
count’n’t get none of it loose, _ ’Till Fo-gar-ty wint for the
spill’d a whole brew’in’ of tay, _ ”Oh, Gil-hoo-ly” she cried ”you’re not
swore that he wish’d he was dead, _ Miss Da-ly fell down in hy-

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sent it, So I wint just for old friend-ship’s sake, _ And the
hatch-et, And _ Kil-ly came in with a saw, _ That_
”a-tin”, Try a littl’ bit more for my sake.” _ ”No,
ster-ics And _ there she did wriggle and shake, _ While_

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C G D G D

first thing they gave me to tack-le, was a slice of Miss Fo-gar-ty’s cake._
cake was e-nough by the pow-ers, To par-a-ize a-ny man’s jaw._
thanks Mis-ses Fo-gar-ty,” sez I, ”But I’d like the re-sate of that cake._
ev’ry man swore he was poi-son’d thro’ _ ’a-tin’ Miss Fo-gar-ty’s cake._

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CHORUS

There was plums and prunes and cherries, And citron and raisons and cinnymon too. There was nutmeg cloves and berries, And the crust it was nail'd on with glue. There was carroway seeds in abundance, Sure 'twould build up a fine stomachache, You would kill a man twice after 'ating a slice of Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake.

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Thank you McKenzieMusic for the chords