Miss Fogarty’s Christmas Cake

Frank Horn, words and music

\[ J = 70 \]

\section*{VERSES}

\begin{verbatim}
As I sat at my win-dy last eve-nin',
Miss Mul-li-gan want-ed to taste it,
Mrs Fogarty proud as a pea-cock,
Ma lo-ney was took with the col-ic,

let-ter man brought un-to me,
real-ly there was n't no use,
smill-in' and blink-in' a-way,
Nul-ty com-plain'd of his head,

hoo-ly come o-ver to tea,
count-n't get none of it loose,
spill'd a whole brew-in' of tay,
swore that he wish'd he was dead,

sent it, So I wint just for old friend-ship's sake,
hatch-et, And kil-ly came in with a saw,
'ster-ics And there she did wrig-gle and shake,

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-ze a-ny man's jaw.
thanks Mis-ses Fo-gar-ty," sez I, "But I'd like the re-sate of that cake,
ev-e-ry man swore he was poi-son'd thro' 'a-tin' Miss Fo-gar-ty's cake.
\end{verbatim}
There was plums and prunes and cher-ries, And cit-ron and rai-sons and cin-ny-mon too. There was nut-meg cloves and ber-ries, And the crust it was nail’d on with glue. There was car-ro-way seeds in a-bund-anse, Sure ’twould build up a fine stom-a-chache, You would kill a man twice af-ter ’a-ting a slice of Miss Fo-gar-ty’s Christ-mas cake.

Notes: Copyright 1883 by W F Shaw
Thank you McKenzieMusic for the chords