



THE DOONY Song.

AIR,
When Johnny comes marching
home.

As Sung by MAT KELLY.

Entered according to Act of
Congress.

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There came a man from London Town—hurrah, hurrah !
A pugilist of great renown—hurrah, hurrah !
Chief of light weights he claimed to be,
'Till he met little Tommy of Californi.

Chorus—And we'll all feel gay when he goes marching home.

When Dooney entered in the ring—hurrah, hurrah !
He danced about like a harlequin—hurrah, hurrah !
But Tommy says he, with a wink and a smile,
"I'll cure you of Dancing after a while."

At the very first round, this bragging Bull—hurrah, hurrah !
Began to think his hands were full—hurrah, hurrah !
As Tommy let fly into Dooney's right eye
A very deep gash that made him quite shy.

Ah Dooney you came here for the belt—hurrah, hurrah !
And one you got 'twas made of felt—hurrah, hurrah !
When Tommy launched you a clip on the bill,
"That's one" says he "for the boys on the hill."

Says Chandler, now I'll bring in my right—hurrah, hurrah !
And quickly I'll end this fight—hurrah, hurrah !
And the punishment fell so thick and fast
That Dooney thought this fight was his last.

On round the twenty-third and last—hurrah, hurrah !
Poor Dooney, he was falling fast—hurrah, hurrah !
For the boy sent out a terrible lunge
Which broke his jaw and they threw up the sponge.

Poor Dooney you'll no more Harass—hurrah, hurrah !
By splurgen round wid cheek and brass—hurrah, hurrah !
California's pet has won the game,
And you have lost your money and fame.

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