

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London Came an Irishman one day.
As the streets are paved with gold Sure, everyone was gay,
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, Then he shouted to them there:

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye, Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.
(repeat)

Paddy wrote a letter To his Irish Molly-O,
Saying, "Should you not receive it, Write and let me know!"
"If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly, dear," said he,
"Remember, it's the pen that's bad, Don't lay the blame on me!"

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Molly wrote a neat reply To Irish Paddy-O,
Saying "Mike Maloney Wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly Or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly: Hoping you're the same!"

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It's a long way to Tipperary To the sweetest girl I know!
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An alternative concluding chorus, bawdy by contemporaneous standards:
That's the wrong way to tickle Mary, That's the wrong way to kiss.
Don't you know that over here, lad They like it best like this.
Hooray pour Les Français Farewell Angleterre.
We didn't know how to tickle Mary, But we learnt how over there.