



THE SPANIARD THAT BLIGHTED MY LIFE

1911

Music by: Billy Merson
Lyrics by: Merson
Cover artist: none

This rather odd novelty song is one of the earliest "Jolson" songs, barely into his career, Jolson performed it in the stage show, *"The Honeymoon Express."* Subtitled on the cover as "Al Jolson's Great Spanish Song," I'm not sure if any song could be less Spanish than this one. The charm of this song is in the words and certainly not the music. If it were not for Jolson's involvement and it's early significance to his career, this song should probably been completely forgotten the week after it's first performance. However, perhaps because of it's quirky and zany nature, it seemed to have survived for several decades, even once being recorded by Bing Crosby.

This was William Edward's party piece and he performed it at the war-time concerts Eden Park residents held at the St John's Church Hall. Edith accompanied him on the piano.

THE SPANIARD THAT BLIGHTED MY LIFE
(Billy Merson)

List to me while I tell you
Of the Spaniard that blighted my life
List to me while I tell you
Of the man who pinched my future wife

'Twas at the bull fight where we met him
We'd been watching his daring display
And while I went out for some nuts and a programme
The dirty dog stole her away



Oh yes! Oh yes!
But I've sworn that I'll have my revenge!

If I catch Alphonso Spagoni, the Toreador
With a mighty swipe I will dislocate his bally jaw!
I'll find this bullfighter, I will
And when I catch the bounder
The blighter I'll kill
He shall die! He shall die!
He shall die tiddly-i-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti!
He shall die! He shall die!
For I'll raise a bunion on his Spanish onion
If I catch him bending tonight!

Yes, when I catch Spagoni
He will wish that he'd never been born
And for this special reason
My stiletto I've fetched out of pawn

It cost me five shillings to fetch it
This expense it has caused me much pain
But the pawnbroker's promised when I've killed Spagoni
He'll take it in pawn once again

Oh yes! Oh yes!
So tonight there will be dirty work

If I catch Alphonso Spagoni, the Toreador
With a mighty swipe I will dislocate his bally jaw!
I'll find this bullfighter, I will
And when I catch the bounder
The blighter I'll kill
He shall die! He shall die!
He shall die tiddly-i-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti!
He shall die! He shall die!
For I'll raise a bunion on his Spanish onion
If I catch him bending tonight!

I tracked him to London
And he gave me the slip once again
And they told me this morning
That he'd doubled and gone back to Spain

But whatever it costs me I'll catch him
Then no more will he give me the slip
With my last one and ninepence on Sunday
I'm going to Spain by the Sunday League Trip

Oh yes! Oh yes!
And then the dark deed will be done

If I catch Alphonso Spagoni, the Toreador
With a mighty swipe I will dislocate his bally jaw!
I'll find this bullfighter, I will

And when I catch the bounder
The blighter I'll kill
He shall die! He shall die!
He shall die tiddly-i-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti!
He shall die! He shall die!
For I'll raise a bunion on his Spanish onion
If I catch him bending tonight!