

# Brannigan's Pup - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

BRANNIGAN'S PUP.

Now old Mickey Brannigan had a bull-pup,  
He was bred of rare elegant stock;  
For seventeen hours a battle he fought,  
He did, by my soul, by the clock.  
His tail was a neat little bit of a stump,  
Bow-legged and two crooked eyes,  
One look at his ugly looking mug was enough.  
He was the devil himself in disguise.

Chorus.

Bow-ow-ow, what a pup to be sure.  
For fighting he'd never give up;  
There never was known such a wonderful dog,  
As Mickey Brannigan's pup.

He tore the tail off Maloney's best coat,  
Ate the bustle of Mary Ann Flynn,  
And run between young Kitty Mulligan's legs,  
Now wasn't that truly a sin.  
He caught up the Dutch shoemaker's dog,  
And shook him around like a rat,  
He murdered Tim Finnegan's beautiful goat,  
Ate the tail of McManus' cat.-Chorus.

An Italian came around with an organ one day,  
And a monkey tied fast to a string;  
And when the pup saw them he howled with delight,  
And made a most wonderful spring.  
He upset the monkey, grinder, And all.  
And bursted the organ inside;  
And be jabbers he tried to swallow the monk,  
But he choked on his tail and he died.-Chorus.