

Mrs Mccarthy's Party - song lyrics

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MRS. MCCARTHY'S PARTY.

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Words and Music by Frank C. Turner.

Mrs. McCarthy, stout and hearty,
Thought she'd give a birthday party
When her daughter, Mary Ann, was twenty-three;
She extended invitations,
To her friends and near relations,
For to call and have a time quite socially.
The Ryans and O'Briens were invited to attend,
The Bradys and O'Gradys led the van;
And the Irish politicians, .
All who held high positions,
Came to pay their respects
To handsome Mary Ann.

Refrain.

At eight o'clock we'all sat down to supper,
We cleared the floor to have a dance at ten;
At eleven we all felt frisky from drinking Irish whiskey,
And at twelve o'clock the fighting begin.

All the guests as they came in
Were received by Patsy Flynn,
And escorted to the parlor in big style;
The O'Learys from Galway,
Said that they had come to stay,
And to the parlor marched in single file.
Then social etiquette was quite forgotten for a time,
And Mickey Burke went out to fill the can;
With the singing and the dancing,
Sure the fun was quite entrancing,
And they wished long life
To the handsome Mary Ann.-Refrain.

Mrs. Terry got quite merry,
All from drinking "Tom and Jerry,"
And she vowed she'd break the leg of Mike O'Neil;
Mrs. Malony, oh, so tony,
Says, "be quiet, you old croney,"
Or on your body I'll dance a reel.
Then every one began to talk and tell what they could do,
The Ryans swore they'd kill O'Grady's gang;
Then they all began to battle,
And they made the windows rattle,
In the mansion of the
Handsome Mary Ann.-Refrain.

They all fought till they were tired,
And poor Patsy Flynn was fired
Through the parlor window out into the street;
Delia Clancy's nose was broken,
And Pat Ryan was a choking
Tom O'Grady who was stretched out at his feet.
The piano fell on Mickey Burke and squeezed him most to death,
He kicked and broke the jaw of Kate Mahony;
Mrs. McCarthy and McNally
Threw them all out in the alley,
And they left them there to
Fight it out alone.-Refrain.

The World is Coming to an End.

When you hear that somebody mobbed a plumber,
The world is coming to an end;

When the girls refuse ice cream in Summer,

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The world is coming to an end.
When a man, in the rain for an hour and a half,
Holds and compels you to listen to his chaff,
Then he tells you a "chestnut " that will make you laugh,
The world is coming to an end.

If you don't flop down on a banana peel,
The world is coming to an end;
When the color in the ladies' cheeks is real,
The world is coming to an end.
When lovers will cease to plot and to plan,
And give each other taffy when ever they can,
And when old maids turn their back on a man,
The world is coming to an end.