

The Raffle For Monaghan's Stove - song lyrics

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The Raffle for Monaghan's Stove.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Odd Monaghan used to be clerk to a mason.
He carried up mortar and bricks in a hod;
One day afther havin' too much of the crayther.
He slipped from the ladder and fell to the sod.
Oh, they had to pour soup through his nose wid a funnel,
He laid for a year without makin' a move.
Whin he got on his crutches, his friends all assimabled
To get up a raffle for Monaghan's stove.

Chorus.

The Bradys and Gradys, along wid their ladies,
The Moonys and Roony's all came in a drove;
The Reagans and Fagans, along wid the Geogbans,
All came to the raffle for Monaghan's stove.

There was Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole and their daughter,
A bouncin' big girl wid a foot like a ham;
Rosanna McMullen and big Biddy Nolan,
Her mouth always open just like a dead clam.
There was ould Mr. Duffy wid nine of his family,
. Alonzo McCarthy and Felix O'Dowd,
Old crooked-back Kelly, and Moogan, the miser,
McSwiggen, the fighter, came in wid a crowd.-CHORus.

They drank till they all got as drunk as the devil.
The whiskey gave out and the raffle began;
I'll bet you a dollar I'll win it says Duffy,
Oh, ho! You're a gambler, says Conny Moran.
Just then McNamara caught young Johnny Reilly
Wid three loaded dice, and he kicked up a fuss.
He swore he was chatin', then young Johnny Reilly
Just hit McNamara a clout in the puss.-Chorus.

McMullin called Peter McNulty a liar,
O'Shay left a terrible eye on McCann;
Ould Monaghan lifted up one of his crutches
And laid Faddy Duffy as flat as a pan.
Biddy Nolan made Mrs. O'Donnell yell morthor,
And then the police they came up in a drove;
MeSwiggin, the fighter, leaped out of the windy.
And took all the money for Monaghan's stove.-Chorus.