

The Irish Spree - song lyrics

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THE IRISH SPREE.

A fortnight ago, boys, me And Martin Brallagan,
Timothy McCarty and Darby O'Callagan,
Went for a spree down to Patsy Murphy's restaurant.
And being fond of fun! of course, we look some girls along.
We said to Murphy: Bring as half a gallon in.
Also some whiskey for the girls, they're included in;
When he brought it in, we said shove it up to Flaherty,
For he's our boss, and will settle up on Saturday.
Murphy said: No! for he's had quite enough of us,
he strapped us and never got the stuff of us;
We'd done him brown, but we couldn't do him black again.
So he picked up the drink and was going to take it back again.
When up jumped McCarty. and asked him what he meant by it?
And swore if he did take it back he'd repent of it.
Murphy said: Och and was going to take the pitcher,
When up tamped O'Callagan, and neatly knocked his snitcher.
he shouted: Murder! Police! and Suicide!
Then to help him, Brallagan rushed up to his side,
Gave him such a kick it nearly knocked his belly in,
Then he called the barman. Patsy Kelly, in;
In came Kelly, and he had a lot of swagger, too,
Brought in a poker and tongues, and daggers, too;
He got a clout that very soon hit him down,
Since that day poor Kelly's never sit down.
Bang went the bottles, and bang went the glasses, too,
We were enjoying it, and so were the lasses, too;
Smash went the windows, and smash went the furniture.
Then on the fire we put it for to burn it, sure;
Then in the bar-room we turned the rum and whiskey on,
That's what the boys and girls all got frisky on.
Big John Burk and little Martin Brallagan
Served us a trick, forget we never shall again;
Only because they couldn't get a drop o' gin.
What does they Jo but goes and calls a copper in;
He got his head split, then we had the laugh at him.
For when he was down we used his own club on him.
He blew his whistle, when up came a score of them,
Privates, detectives, sergeants, and more of them;
They were no use, for we soon got the best of them.
And when on the ground we danced on every chest of them.
One got away, faith! it's true what I told you.
He brought back with him a regiment of soldiers,
Also a magistrate, because we wouldn't quiet act.
And what does he do, but he goes and reads the riot act.
They seized McCarty, and then little Brallagan,
Then into them went the girls and O'Callagan;
They left sixteen dead upon the floor, they did,
And then I sloped out of the back door, I did.
They have ten warrants out for murder and robbery,
As for myself they can all go to bobbery,
For I am going away as soon as day is dawning,
I set sail for Australia in the morning.