

Darling Old Stick - song lyrics

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DARLING OLD STICK.

My name is bold Morgan McCarthy, from Trim,
My relations all died except one brother, Jim;
he is gone a-sojering out to Cow Bull,
I dare say he's laid low with a kick in the skull;
But let him be dead or be living,
A prayer for his corps I'll be giving,
To send him soon home or to heaven,
For he left me this darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue, it could tell you some tales,
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neils;
It made bits of skull fly about in the air,
And its been the promoter of fun at each fair.
For I swear by the toe-nail of Moses
It has often broke bridges of noses.
Of the faction that dared to oppose us-
It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it 'twas on Patrick's day,
Larry Fegan and I got into a shilley;
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy, -
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed Kate McEvoy;
Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
And, by Jabers! he brought in a dozen;
A doldhrum they would have knocked us in
If I hadn't the taste of a stick.

War was the word when the factions came in,
And, to pummel us well, they peeled off to their skin.
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,
And the first that came up I sent on his back;
Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy
(For he once humbugged sister Nancy);
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
To myself And a bit of a stick.

I smatkered her sweetheart until he was black,
She then tipped me the wink-we were off in a crack;
We went to a house t'other end of the town,
And we cheered up our spirits by letting some down.
When I got her snug into a corner,
And the whiskey beginning to warm her,
She told me her sweetheart was an informer,
Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick.

We got whiskificated to such a degree,
For support my poor Kate had to lean against me;
I promised to see her safe to her abode,
By the tarnal, we fell clean in the mud on the road.
We were roused by the magistrate's order
Before we could get a toe further-
Surrounded by peelers for murther
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Kate swore to the fact
That before I set too't I was decently whacked;
And the judge had a little more feeling than sense-
He said what I done was in my own defence;
But one chap swore again me, named Carey
(Though that night he was in Tipperary);
He'd swear a coal-porter was a canary
To transport myself and my stick.

When I was acquitted I leaped from the dock,
And the gay fellows all around me did flock;
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I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so often,
For the boys all imagined I'd see my own coffin;
I went And bought a gold ring, sir,
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sir,
So next night you come, I will sing, sir,
The adventure of me and my stick.