

The Irish Stew - song lyrics

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THE IRISH STEW.

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Words and Music by Joe Hart.

A week ago last Friday night, I never will forget,
McCarthy gave a christ'ning of his youngest child, his pet;
The whiskey it flowed freely and set everybody wild;
Out went the lights, they had a fight, when all fell on the child.

Chorus.

Murphy looked like a potato, McFarland like a carrot,
O'Reilly got hit with a dumpling, and they fired him up in the garret;
O'Brien got hit with an onion, his eyes turned black And blue;
Now, I tell you, before they were through 'twas a real old Irish stew.

Cora Muldoon put on more airs than any one in the place;
She tried to dance with McKenna, but he fell and broke his face;
McCarthy thought his daughter Nell with McCormick was too thick,
So he struck poor "Mac" on the top of his head with a great big walking-stick.

Chorus.

Fighting commenced again; Casey's face looked a beet;
McKenna got hit with a cabbage that knocked him clean off his feet;
O'Grady threw a cauliflower, And squash and turnips flew;
McCarthy got wild when he found his child in that real old Irish stew.

Old Reilly looked down from the garret, said he 'd like to cry;
Casey, do me a favor, send me up my other eye;
McLaughlin lost his new false teeth, Fitzgerald couldn't walk;
They bound Mulcahey's head with ice in a bran-new table-cloth.

Chorus.

Pat was sent home in a cart, he couldn't sec at all;
And when they found old McManus he was under the mat in the hall;
O'Grady was out in the woodshed, and Casey in the flue;
Oh, they forgot to christen the child from that real old Irish stew.