

McCormick's Irish Flat - song lyrics

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McCORMICK'S IRISH FLAT.

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Words and Music by Ed. Barry.

Come gather 'round me neighbors and listen to me song,
I'll tell you of me troubles and I'll not detain you long;
For sorry was the moment that ever I drive a tack,
Or laid down me Brussels carpet, in McCormick's Irish flat.

Chorus.

For the Halys and the Dalys, the Flynnns and McElroys,
They nearly drive me crazy with their babies and their noise;
There's a Custom-house inspector and a County Democrat,
And all live down together in McCormick's Irish flat.

Sure I hangs out me washing when the weather it is clear;
Be jingoes, it is stolen by the gang that's in the rear;
Arrah! 'pon me soul, they climbed me pole, took an undershirt of Pat's;
Ah! last night at nine they cut me line in McCormick's Irish flat.-Chorus.

They light bonfires in the street and fill the room with smoke-
Do you know, Mrs. Dugan, me old man would like for to choke.
If you send out for a pint of ale, they'd talk of this and that;
On every flight there is a fight in McCormick's Irish flat.-Chorus.

Of a hot night in the summer time they never let me sleep,
For they're singing "Annie Laurie "out on the fire-escape;
Sure I can never close an eye between them and the cats;
For every brick there is a Mick in McCormick's Irish flat.-Chorus.

'Tis in the Fifth Election, me boys, we hold our grip.
All bundled, boys, together, far down, high and tip,
We sweep them all before us, bold, solid Democrats;
Five hundred men registered from McCormick's Irish flat.-Chorus.