

# Mr Murphy's Will - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MR MURPHY'S WILL.

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

Mr. Pat Murphy lay on his death-bed,  
Mr. Mike Flaherty sat by his head.  
Trying to write the last words that were said.  
"Mickey," groaned Patrick, "O'i've told ye moi will,  
Bekase I made strength for the lasht cody-cil.  
Now thin," exclaimed Patrick, revived, "as moil frind,  
I lave ye tin dollars in cash ye must sphind  
On the lads who moi funeral sure will attind."  
Ah, Paddy, me darlint," said Michael, with pride,  
"To a fault ye are ginerous-hearted inside-  
Begorrah, the lads won't be missin' the ride.  
But, Murphy, plase tell me at wunst, if ye will.  
Whin shall we be sphindin the lasht cody-cil-  
Goin' or comin'?" "Whist, Mickey, be still  
While O'i'm thinkin'," said Patrick, a-scratching his chin,  
"To sphind It widout me that would be a sin-  
Moike, sphind it a-goin'-O'i'll be wid ye thin."