

The Scientific Man - song lyrics

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THE SCIENTIFIC MAN.

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Words and Music by James McAvoy.

A month ago last Friday night, Mike Casey he was full,
And whenever he has liquor in he's crosser than a bull;
He was drinking down at Tom McCunn's, I'll not forget the night,
When from politics the conversation drifted into fight.
In the days of old Dau Donnelly down to the present time.
The devil a man that ever walked could bate him in his prime;
The argument that Casey give, discorced with McCann,
When he said John L. would scarcely be a child in Donnelly's hands;
Then one word brought another on, and Casey give the lie,
McCann he leaped across the bar and pipped him in the eye;
Some one says, "While they're at it now, just let them have it out,"
-Then Casey's gang they made a ring, and all commenced to shout:

Chorus.

Do him Casey, chew him Casey, soak him with your right,
Upper-cut him, now back-heel him, show him you can fight;
Hug him Casey, slug him Casey, show your sporting blood,
If you punch him once between the eyes I think his name is mud.
You have no pudding, Casey, they all commenced to howl,
The only way he'll lick you he might do it on a foul;
We will match you with Fitzsimmons if you'll ever lick McCann,
And remember that you're up against a scientific man.

Some one says, "We'll have fair paly, or stop the fight right here,
And make McCann stop biting first, and loosen Casey's ear;"
"Don't dare to lay a hand on them," says Grogan, at the bar,
"Let them have it rough And tumble for they don't know how to spar."
McCaun he had the Nelson lock on Casey's collar bone,
He was giving Casey all that he could do to hold his own;
And when Casey he was under, his friends they interfered,
And when he rolled on top of Mac, it's then they bowled and cheered.
They very near upset the bar while wrestling around,
And thro' excitement some one knocked the sporting ticker down;
"Well, may the best man win," says I, "If Casey or McCann,"
So I made a proposition that I'd fight the winning man.

Chorus.

Choke him Casey, soak him Casey, don't you let him rise,
If you have La Blanche's pivot you'll do it if your wise;
Get his whiskers in your teeth, just shake him like a rat,
I wouldn't give a nickel for his chances after that.
He's the hardest little thumper you ever ran agin,
You can make a monkey of him, that's providing he don't win;
You are big enough to ate him, knock him foolish if you can,
Upon me word, you're up against a scientific man.

McCann, we thought, would surely quit, when Casey got a punch.
It knocked him up agin the counter where they ate the lunch;
They asked for thirty seconds, but the referee he kicked,
He gave the fight to Tom McCann, told Casey he was licked.
They rubbed him down, and walked him round, he hardly had a scratch,
Says he, "Where is your unknown? now with him I'll make a match."
Says I, "Me buck, on, I'm your man," says he, "How do you fight?"
Says I, "The very same as Casey fought you there to-night."
We clinched, I'm sorry for to say, he licked me In one round,
I was not the man I thought I was, I very quickly found;
He fainted right, and with his left he landed on my ear.
While I lay silly on the floor, I thought that I could hear:

Chorus.

Ah! there Casey, lay there Tracy, both of you's are scrubs,
McCann can lick the pair of you's and give you's two big clubs;
You fight like some old woman, you are only fit to talk,
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Then they woke both me And Casey up, and told us take a walk.
As both of us went out the door, McCann he says, "Good-night,"
Says he, "But don't come in here again, a looking for a fight;
I'll lick a whole cart load of you's, or me name is not McCann,
And don't forget to-night, you's met a scientific man."