

The Tune That Stopped The Fight - song lyrics

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The Tune that Stopped the Fight.
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Words and Music by Chas. B. Weston.
Arranged by Jerome Follette.

Tim Carey gave a party, it was a grand affair,
The neighbors for blocks around were all assembled there;
Some came in quite sober, others came in tight.
Murphy struck O'Rafferty And started up a fight.
There was trouble all around, murder in the air,
Nolan went for Dolanu and smashed him with a chair;
Carey tried to stop if, they said ho was a loon;
Every one was fighting, when the band struck up this tune:

Chorus.
"Ireland, sweet Ireland," the music did play,
We all left off fighting and went dancing right away;
Oh, what a racket, you never saw such a sight.
"Ireland, sweet Ireland," was tune tune that stopped the fight.

Early in the morning we started off for home,
No one knows where we went; around the city we did roam,
Drinking from the bottle, staggering left and right.
We met a big policeman and we had another fight:
We threw him on the sidewalk and we walked upon his breast;
Murphy Jumped upon him and nearly smashed his chest. i
Some one shouted "Kill him!" I think they would quite soon,
When a hand-organ on the corner played that good old Irish tune:- Chorus.

I never can forget it, no matter how I try.
When I came a-rolling home I had an awful eye,
My wife said something to me, my blood began to boil;
I started at the family for to do them up in style,
I smashed up all the dishes And upset all the chairs,
I pulled the landlord's whiskers and fired him down the stairs.
Some one shouted "Murder! He's crazy as a loon."
And the only thing that stopped me was that old familiar tune:- Chorus.