

# Mike McCarty's Wake - song lyrics

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MIKE MCCARTY'S WAKE.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

Mike McCarty died last week, of course he had a wake,  
We all went down to see him off on the trip he meant to take:  
Every one of us-Jerry Flynn And Tom Maginn, Pete and Pat O'Hare,  
All of us were friends of Mike's, and so, of course, was there.

Chorus.

Yes. we all went down to Mike McCarty's wake,  
And we all was asked whatever would we take,  
There was "bees'-wings," "gin-slings," punch and whiskey straight,  
Wine and brandy, ruin and candy-if you took water, it cost you a quarter,  
We all mixed drinks until we couldn't see,  
And we all got full, as full as we could be,  
And I won't forget the time we had that night, you bet,  
At Mike McCarty's wake.

Dignified and punctual, we all arrived at eight,  
Mike was looking illegant, as he rested there in state,  
And so natural, so we bowed respectfully, and drunk the corpse's health,  
For to have the wake, you see, he kindly left his wealth.

Chorus.

Tom Maginn got up to make a speech,  
A jug of gin was just within his reach,  
he said he'd some good points he wished to teach  
About McCarty, once so hearty, now the quietest one in the party.  
At ev'ry compliment, what do you think?  
All the boys stood up and took another drink,  
And I won't forget the time we had that night, you bet,  
At Mike McCarty's wake.

When the fun was at its height, McCarty sat up straight,  
Sure it was a fearful sight, and the effect was great;  
Holy Moses! he nearly scared as all to death, I lean'd against the wall,  
And when again I got my breath, he wasn't dead at all.

Chorus.

So we all went up and grabbed him by the hand,  
Just as if he'd come back from a foreign land,  
And McCarty he began to shout and dance,  
And said by chance, he had a trance,  
And if we'd a hurried him we might a buried him.  
Then we had a real old Irish reel, and McCarty like himself began to feel,  
And I won't forget the whiskey was so wet that night,  
At Mike McCarty's wake.