

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Night Pat Murphy Died

The Night Pat Murphy Died

The night Pat Murphy died is a night I'll never forget
Everyone got roarin' drunk and some not sober yet;
As long as the bottle was passed around and everyone feeling gay
And a lady came with bagpipes and music for to play

Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner, pourin' out her grief
While Kelly and his friends, those dirty, robbin' thieves
They crept into the anteroom and a bottle of whiskey stole
They placed the bottle on the corpse to keep the liquor cold CHORUS

cho: And that's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honor and their pride;
They said it was a sin and a shame and they winked at one another
Now everything in the wakehouse went, the night Pat Murphy died

At three o'clock in the morning, some dirty blue-eyed scamp
He wrote upon the coffin lid, ""Herein lies a tramp,""
They stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time
And at a quarter after three, Sure they told her it was nine.

And everyone got merry, they didn't care for prayer
Mrs. Murphy said she'd wait 'til all the gang were there
Of all the sights I've ever seen that made me shiver with fear
They took the ice right off the corpse, and they placed it on the beer

Now everything was doin' fine, there was no ill at all
'Til Finnegan told Flannagan, ""You've got an awful gall.""
I thought that that might start a row, And sure enough it did
For Callahan had carved his name upon the coffin lid

Then the fight got fierce & strong and everybody in
Someone knocked the whiskers off poor old Darby Flynn
And Dirty Andy Burke was there, Now whadda ya think he done?
He placed the corpse right on its head, In the corner just for fun

Someone hollered for the cops; they busted down the door
They jumped upon ol' Paddy's back and they laid him on the floor
They knocked him twice behind the ears and they knocked him on the head
When they jumped up from his back, Sure they found out he was dead

Mrs. Murphy started in, battled with them cops
She chased 'em, every one of them; She chased 'em several blocks

A lovely time was had by all, eighteen in court were tried
For having caused a riot on the night Pat Murphy died

At eight o'clock in the morning, The funeral left the house
And everyone but poor ol' Mrs. Murphy was out soused
They stopped on the way to the churchyard at the old Red Door Saloon
They went in there at nine o'clock And they didn't come out 'til noon

Someone asked ol' Finnegan if anyone had died

""Lou,"" says he, ""I'm not quite sure, I just came for the ride.""

They started out for the graveyard all in a very straight line

But when they reached the grave, they found they'd left the corpse behind

CHORUS

This version sung by Finest Kind RG

IO'D

OCT98