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Morrissey and the Russian Sailor

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Come all ye gallant Irishmen wherever that you be,
I hope you'll take attention and listen unto me,
Till I sing about a battle, took place the other day,
Between a Russian sailor lad and gallant Morrissey.

'Twas in Terra del Fuego in South Amerikay,
Where the Russian challenged Morrissey, these words to him did say,
"I hear you are a fighting man and wear the belt I see,
Indeed I wish you'd give consent to have a round with me

Up speaks the gallant Morrissey with heart so brave and true
"I am a gallant Irishman was never yet subdued
For I can wear (beat?) the Yankee the Russian Bull or Bear
In honour of old Paddy's land and still the laurel I'll wear.

Oh, this enraged the Russian boy upon the Yankee land
To think that he should be brought down by any Irish man
Said he, "You are too light a frame and that without mistake
I'll have you to resign that belt or else your life I'll take."

To fight upon the tenth of March those heroes did agree,
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see.
The English and the Russians their hearts were filled with glee
For they thought the Russian sailor boy would kill brave Morrissey.

They stepped into the ring most gallant to be seen,
When Morrissey put on the belt along with the shamrock green,
Full fifty thousan' dollars as you may plainly see,
Which was to be the champion's prize whom win that victory.

They shook hands and walked around the ring, commencing then to fight;
It filled our Irish hearts with joy for to behold that sight
The Russian he led Morrissey up to the eleventh round,
With Yankee section cheers the valley did resound.

But Morrissey worked manfully in coming to the ground,
From that until the twentieth the Russian he put down;
The Russian called his second to have a glass of wine,
The Irish hero smiled and said, "The battle will be mine.

The twenty-eighth decided all, the Russian felt the smart

When Morrissey with a dreadful blow struck the Russian on the heart
The doctor he was sent for to help him out of pain,
But he said it was quite useless, for he'd never fight again.

So let us fill a flowing glass and here's a health to all,
To noble John E. Morrissey and Paddies evermore.

note: As far as anyone knows, this fight never took place. RG
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