

Morrisey And The Russian - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MORRISEY AND THE RUSSIAN.

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

'Twas in Terre-del-Fuego, in South America,
This Russian challenged Morrisey-these words to him did say:
' I hear you are a fighting man, and wear a belt, I see.
Indeed I wish you would consent to have a round with me."

Then Out spoke brave Morrisey, with heart both brave and true,
"I am a valiant Irishman that never was subdued.
For I can whale the Yankee, the Saxon bull or bear;
In honor of old Paddy's land I still the laurel wear."

Those words enraged the Russian boy upon the Yankee land,
To think that he should be put down by any Irishman.
Says he: "You are too light. a frame, and that without mistake,
I'll have you to resign the belt or else your life I'll take."

To fight upon the tenth of March these heroes did agree.
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see;
The English and the Russians their hearts were tilled with idee,
They swore this Russian sailor boy would kill brave Morrisey.

Those heroes stepped into the ring most gallant to be seen.
And Morrisey put on the belt bound round with shamrock green;
Full sixty thousand dollars then, as you may plainly see.
Was to be the champion's prize who would gain the victor.

They shook hands and walked around the ring commencing then to fight.
It filled each Irian heart with pride for to behold the tight.
The Russian he floored1 Morrisey up to the llth round,
With Yankee Russian and Saxon cheers the valley did resound.

A minute and a half our hero lay before that he could rise;
The word went all about the field, "he's dead." were all their cries,
But Morrisey worked manfully, and coming to the ground.
From that unto the 20th the Russian he put down.

The Irish offered four to one that day upon the prase,
No sooner said than taken up, and down they brought the cash.
They parried away without delay to the 32d round.
When Morrisey received a blow that brought him to the ground.

1'p to the 37th round 'twas fall and fall about.
Which made the foreign tyrants to keep a sharp look out;
The Russian called his second for to have a glass of wine,
Our Irish hero smiled and said: "This battle will be mine."

The 38th decided all. the Russians felt the smart-
Morrisey with a dreadful blow struck the Russian on the heart;
The doctor he was called upon to open up a vein.
He said it was quite useless, he would never fight again.

Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee Clipper, too,
From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Benicia Roy and Sheppard, he nobly did subdue;
So let us fill a flowing glass, and here is health galore,
To noble Johnny Morrissey and Paddies evermore.