

# Dan O'brien's Raffle - song lyrics

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DAN O'BRIEN'S RAFFLE.

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Written and composed for, and sung by Miss Haggie Cline.

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Dan O'Brien gave a raffle to his friends a week ago.  
The gang got hot when I threw forty-four;  
Then they started in to fighting, and I really do believe,  
They'd kill me when they got me on the floor.  
I fought them like a tiger 'till O'Brien broke my nose,  
Broke my ribs before the others had begun;  
Then they hit me with a poker, turned spittoons upon my clothes.  
It's a good thing that I didn't have my gun.

Chorus.

If you've money you can bet it, I never will forget it,  
I'll hold the grudge until the day I'm dying;  
And I'll live to see the day when the penalty he'll pay.  
And I will live to slaughter Dan O'Brien.

There wore ten or twenty men started kicking at me then,  
Their boots gently into me they drove;  
Then they hit me forty cracks with the butt end of an ax,  
Some one swore that I upset the stove.  
When the half of them was done the other half begun,  
I said my prayer and thought I had to die;  
When a O'Brien to finish all, stood me up against the wall  
And turned the excelsior water in my eye.

Chorus.

If you've money you can bet it, I never will forget It,  
I'll hold the grudge until the day I'm dying;  
And I'd give a hundred pounds to fight a single round,  
To show you all that I can lick O'Brien.

They thought they had me killed when my Irish blood they spilled.  
O'Brien says. Don't hurt me any more!  
Then to show his noble heart, and to give me a good start,  
He gently shoved me through the barroom door.  
On the very spot I fell I heard a curious bell,  
Twas the ringing of the patrol wagon sound;  
When O'Brien shouted strong, Will you take the turkey along?  
But I slighted him and never looked around.

Chorus.

If you've money you can bet it, I never will forget It,  
I'll hold the grudge until the day I'm dying;  
And if I can't have his life. I will go and lick his wife.  
But I would sooner go and lick O'Brien.