

McGinty's Wake - song lyrics

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McGINTY'S WAKE.

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn.

Now you all have heard tell of McGinty,
Who went down to the depths of the sea
To teach mermaids the hod to carry,
And was missing for many a day.
Well, to-day on his back he came floating
Round the dock with sea weed in his nose;
Though the fishes had eat both the shoes of his feet,
He was still in his best suit of clothes.

Chorus.

Have you seen McGinty's body? then the cry ran loud and clear,
And the ladies came in thousands for to see his face so dear;
They gazed on him with rapture, kissed him for his mothers sake,
We thought they'd surely steal the corps down at McGinty's wake.

Now we raised what was left of McGinty
By a derrick and chain round his heels;
And we started in scrubbing his whisker?,
To remove all the shrimps and the eels.
Then we tied up his toes in green ribbons,
And a shamrock we placed on his nose;
Then we banged out his hair in spit curls with great care,
And he still wore his best suit of clothes.

Chorus.

Have you seen McGinty's body? was the question through the town,
The same old Dan McGinty who was always falling down;
He'd have a coffin like a coal cart to remind him of his fate,
Sure we had to charge admission down at McGinty's wake.

In the night sure we brought out the whiskey,
And we passed around the snuff and the pipes;
When the manager of a dime museum,
McGinty's best suit tried to swipe.
He'd the pants nearly off when we spied him,
But we caught him and fractured his nose;
Then we all took a fright for the corps sat upright,
And yelled out, in his best suit of clothes.

Chorus.

Have you seen McGinty's body? were the first words that he said,
And he scared the wits from every man, they nearly tumbled dead;
The ladies fled with yells and shrieks, we thought we'd the snakes,
There wasn't a soul left of the crowd down at McGinty's wake.

Sure we thought it was only a fancy,
And perhaps that we had the nightmare;
So we crawled back to see were we dreaming,
But we couldn't see Mac anywhere.
He'd eloped and deserted us meanly,
Through the chimney he must have arose;
He flew up the flue and the whiskey went, too,
Along with his best suit of clothes.

Chorus.

Have you seen McGinty's body? the undertaker wants to know,
But his ghost has rheumatics and he'll have to toddle slow;
If you meat him just inform him that he made a foolish break,
For he lost a splendid funeral down at McGinty's wake.