

It's A Good Thing Mccarthy Wasn't There - song lyrics

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IT'S A GOOD THING MCCARTHY WASN'T THERE.

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Flannigan and Riley, there was Murphy and Magee,
Casey and McGuigan, with old Muldoon,
They started out together so gaily and so free
To call on MacAnally last Sunday afternoon;
He sent out invitations about a score or more.
Invited all his neighbors to the Joy;
he didn't like McCarthy and he didn't ask the party.
For he'd only spoiled the christening of the boy.

Chorus.

It's a good thing McCarthy wasn't there last Sunday,
It's a good thing McCarthy wasn't there,
There'd been a jolly riot and you'd never got 'em quiet.
It's a good thing McCarthy wasn't there.

Whiskey by the gallon, shore the house was full of fun.
Everything was lovely as the flowers in bloom,
Till McGuigan got a wrangling with Jerry Donovan,
Down at MacAnally's last Sunday afternoon;
Then did Jerry crab McGuigan and hurl him to the floor
And struck O'Riley 'cause he interfered;
Then Miss Brady she did shout, shure there's murder, let me out!
And McGuffin pulled out all of Casey's beard.- Chorus.

McGuigan grabbed the poker and the kettle from the fire,
Donovan the ice-pick and short-end broom-
The way they wailed each other I thought they'd never tire,
Down at MacAnally's last Sunday afternoon;
Then the women screamed out murder! police and robbers, too,
And Rooney's widow nearly died of fright;
Then the coppers and patrol run in every living soul,
And we stopped behind the bars that Sunday night.-Chorus.