

# Since Murphy Broke His Pledge - song lyrics

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Since Murphy Broke His Pledge.  
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Words & Music by James Thornton.

Tim Murphy was a sober man for sixteen months or more,  
During all that time he never raised a row;  
He did a thriving business in a corner liquor store,  
Where in partnership he was with Mike O'Dow.  
Election day was coming on, Murphy ran for Mayor-  
His money and his beer he gave away;  
He said, "If I'm elected I will give you all a job,  
Every one will loaf and get his pay."

At last election day arrived, his friends stood at the polls,  
They all got drunk on poor old Murphy's pelf:  
And when the votes were counted, sure, they only found but one,  
And that's the vote he voted for himself.  
He then cried out, "I'm cheated," his fury knew no bounds.  
He run into a blacksmith's for a sledge,  
He cried, "Give me my money back, or I'll elect myself,"  
He took a hammer out and broke his pledge.

'Twas then the fun began, he acted like a crazy man,  
He drove everybody from the street;  
He ran into a liquor store, then behind the bar he tore,  
And asked himself if he was going to treat.  
No policeman showed up that night, every cop was out of sight,  
The horse-cars stopped running all that day;  
The Chinee and the Dago men barred and locked their door, then  
They knew that the devil was to pay.

'Twas the Jim jams he had, he ran down the street like mad,  
'Till he came to a Dutchman's 'baccy store;  
He smashed in the window pane, then he smashed it out again,  
And killed the wooden Indian at the door.  
Down to One Lung's he ran, a dried up little Chineeman,  
And threw him in the washtub clothes and all;  
He played billiards with his queue, then he beat him black and blue,  
And now One Lung has got no lung at all.

He rang up the fire alarm, thinking it would be no harm,  
Very soon there was a busy scene:  
The engines and the firemen came, but couldn't see a sight of flame,  
While the hose played "The Wearing of the Green."  
They soon spied poor Murphy out, climbing up a water spout,  
If he fell he would surely lose his shape;  
They cried out, "Come down here, Tim," it had no effect on him,  
He was waiting there to see the fire escape.

They played the hose all over him, thinking it would sober him,  
He fell, but they caught him in a net;  
The noise soon brought the cops around, they soon had him gagg'd and bound,  
The fire-bells they all were ringing wet.  
They put the handcuffs on him then, although it took a hundred men  
To take him to the station house that night;  
They beat and they scolded him, then they blindfolded him,  
And Murphy shouted "Now I'm out of sight."

Next morn before the judge he stood, his whiskers were full of mud,  
I That he was sober now there was no doubt;  
They placed him under bonds for trial, his friends came in a little while,  
And with tin dippers bailed him out.  
Now there's peace in the neighborhood, for Murphy is behaving good,  
No more will he break things with his sledge;  
He's back in his shop again, he'll never drink a drop again,  
For he bought a pot of glue and fixed his pledge.