

# Poor Mick - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

POOR MICK.

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Words and Music by Mickey Finn.

Did you ever hear of McGarry?  
Mike McGarry came from Darry;  
When he got half tight he felt sparry,  
Oh, he was each a devil to fight.  
He'd fall out wid a soldier or sailor,  
With a tailor or a nailer,  
And he'd even tackle a jailer;  
He was dying to slog every night,  
But one day thro' the streets he went rowlin',  
He was prowlin', he was growlin'.  
"Will nobody fight? "he was howlin',  
Till he met with a very cross gang,  
And says he, "Be the powers, I can bate ye;  
I can slate ye, I can ate ye;  
Stand there and I will massacre ye,"  
When one of the boy-ohs went-Bang!

Chorus.

So he put up his hands and he fought,  
At danger he never would wince,  
But they paralyzed McGarry, And he has had to carry  
his chin behind his ear ever since.

McGarry they rowled in the gutter;  
He went splutter, tried to mutter.  
But he had to go home on a shutter,  
And all night had to sleep on his nose.  
But the next day he got some more whiskey;  
Irish whiskey made him frisky,  
But the fighting he found rather risky,  
Still he thought be wud have one more dose.  
In the street then he started a-shoutin'  
And a-spoutin' and a-floutin',  
"All the Dimocrats I will be cloutin',  
But the cowardly spalpeens won't stop."  
Now there happened to be a great votin',  
Flags were floatin', voters gloatin',  
And aich on their candidate dotin'.  
When one of the voters went-Whop!

Chorus.

So he put up his hands and he fought,  
At danger he never would wince,  
But they paralyzed McGarry, and he has had to carry  
His whickers in a sling ever since.

Poor micky a fortnight lay groanin'  
And a-moanin' and ochonin',  
His carcass had not a whole bone in.  
So he lay in his bed and he swore  
That he wasn't a cowardly flunkey  
Or a monkey or a funky,  
But he must be a blatherin' donkey,  
And he'd never get drunk any more.  
So he went to a Salvation maytin';  
They were aitin', they were pratin'.  
Says Mick, "Let me be observatin'.  
You are a half-starved looking gang;  
Sure if it's cowl'd water you're drinkin',  
Sure I'm winkin', for I'm thinkin',  
You've all got a jag and you're blinkin'.  
Then one of the blaggards went-Bang!

Chorus.

So he put up his hands and he fought,  
At danger he never would wince,  
But they paralyzed McGarry, and he has had to carry  
A beefsteak on his eye ever since.

Poor Micky received such a scourgin',  
Such a scourgin', such an urgin',  
Be the powers, they'd to send for the surgeon,  
And he tuk Micky home in a sheet.  
Poor Micky was row led up in plaster.  
Says he, "Master, this disaster  
Makes me think that I'm not a laster,  
But I swear be me grandmother's feet  
That I'll never give in till I'm bated,  
Till I'm slated, dishlocated,  
The sev'nteenth of March this is dated,  
And I'll drink and I'll fight till I'm shtiffl!"  
So he yielded to whiskey's seductions;  
Oh, the ructions and destrutions,  
Then he swore he could bate Pat McGuckshions.  
"You're a liar! "says Pat, and went-Biff!

Chorus.

So he put up his hands and he fought,  
At danger he never would wince,  
But they paralyzed McGarry, and he has had to carry  
Two front teeth in his stomach ever since.