

Hugh McCue - song lyrics

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HUGH McCUE.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Hugh McCue, a noted Irish pugilist:
Hugh McCue, a fighter through and through:
If McCue should ever hit you with his fist,
he would make you black and blue.
Hugh McCue, a party gave a week ago,
And it's true he had a lively crowd;
Timmy Murphy, when he drank a drink or so,
He was drunk and yelled aloud:

Chorus.

Hugh McCue, you mick, you.
You can bet your bottom dollar I can lick you;
Oh, you mick, I'm going to kick you,
With a knife I'm going to stick you,
I can lick you, Hugh McCue, you mick, you.

Hugh McCue, to little Timmy Murphy said,
"That will do, now, Timmy, don't get new."
"Now, McCue," said little Timmy, "on the dead,
I must have a fight with you
Then McCue got mad and threw him out the door,
Timmy landed on the trolley track,
When McCue said, "do you want to fight me more?"
Murphy only answered back:- Chorus.

"Oh, you mick, if you can fight, come out," said Tim,
"I can lick yourself and all your gang."
He went quick, and when McCue was thro' with him.
For an ambulance they rang.
In the bottom of the wagon Timmy lay.
Moaning, groaning, rolling side from side,
As they started in to slowly drive away,
From the ambulance he cried:- Chorus.

Timmy Murphy ev'ry kind of doctors tried,
But they couldn't cure him, it was found,
Through the fight he had with Hugh McCue he died,
Now he's in the cold, cold ground.
Hugh McCue, to see the grave he went alone,
Very blue he felt that day indeed,
Till he looked at what it said upon the stone,
This is what McCue did read:- Chorus.