

The Night Pat Murphy Died

(original version)

Words & Music:
Traditional

A D A
The night Paddy Murphy died is a night I'll never forget.
A D A
Everyone got roarin' drunk and some not sober, yet.
A D A
As long as the bottle was passed around, everyone was feeling gay.
A D E7
And a lady came with bagpipes and music for to play!

CHORUS:

A D A
And that's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy.
A D E7
That's how they showed their honor and their pride.
A D A
They said it was a sin and a shame and they winked at one another.
A E D A D E A
Now, everything in the wakehouse went, the night Pat Murphy died.

Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner, pourin' out her grief.
When Kelly and his friends, came roaring down the street.
They crept into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole.
They placed the bottle on the corpse to keep the liquor cold.

CHORUS:

At three o'clock in the morning, some dirty blue-eyed scamp.
He wrote upon the coffin lid, "Herein lies a tramp."
They stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time.
And at a quarter after three, they argued it was nine.

CHORUS:

And everyone got merry, they didn't care for prayer.
Mrs. Murphy said she'd wait 'til all the gang were there.
Of all the sights I've ever seen that made me shiver with fear.
They took the ice right off the corpse, just for to chill the beer.

CHORUS:

Now everything was doin' fine, there was no ill at all.
'Til Finnegan told Flannaghan, "You've got an awful gall."
I thought that that might start a row, And sure enough it did.
For Flannaghan had carved his name upon the coffin lid.

CHORUS:

Then the fight got fierce & strong, everyone was in.
Someone knocked the whiskers off poor old Darby Flynn.
And Dirty Andy Burke was there, now whadda ya think he done?
He placed the corpse right on its head, in the corner just for fun.

CHORUS:

Someone hollered for the cops; they busted down the door.
They jumped upon ol' Paddy's back and they laid him on the floor.
They knocked him twice behind the ears and they knocked him on the head.
When they jumped up from his back, sure they found out he was dead.

CHORUS:

Mrs. Murphy started in, battled with them cops.
She chased 'em, every one of them; she chased 'em several blocks.
A lovely time was had by all, eighteen in court were tried.
For having caused a riot on the night Pat Murphy died.

CHORUS:

At eight o'clock in the morning, the procession left the house.
And everyone but poor ol' Mrs. Murphy was out soused.
They stopped on the way to the churchyard at the old Red Door Saloon.
They staggered in at nine o'clock and didn't come out 'til noon.

CHORUS:

Someone asked ol' Finnegan if anyone had died.
"Lou," says he, "I'm not quite sure, I just came for the ride."
They started out for the graveyard, all holy and sublime,
But found out when they got there, they'd left the corpse behind.

CHORUS: