Funeral Party

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Oh, the other night I got an invitation to a funeral
But to me disappointment the f***er didn't die
So to ease our disappointment he took us out and treated us
And seein' as he apologized, we let the thing go by.
To ease our disappointment he took us out and treated us
He bought a quart of ale for a company of ten
When some one of us asked him whose money he was squanderin'
The fellow took his wallet out, we never asked again

Now, we got a concertina for to aid in the rascality
But none of us could play it though we tried our best and worse
We made an awful noise, and if it's any benefit
We played the thing so carefully that all the bellows burst
We got a boiled potato for to mend the concertina with
When someone hit Maloney with the carcass of a cat
He bottled up his whiskers, and he read out the riot act
He swore he'd put two hits upon the bastard who did that

When the owner of the beershop, he saw us all a'riotin'
He gave orders to get out but, at that we all refused
So he whistled in some loafers that were standin' round the corner and
For ten or fifteen minutes we was bodily abused
When we left the beershop, on down the road we started
When a bunch of hungry urchins, they pelted us with mud
We told them to chuck it -- they said that they were doin' that
And then they all ran off and they left us where we stood

Well, the next thing we got was a bunch of salvationers
They rifled all our pockets and they asked us, were we saved?
Poor little John McGintey got escorted to the station-house
For askin' a great policeman if his appetite was shaved
Oh, for to free McGintey we then took off our undershirts
And down to the pawnshop we took the bloomin' lot
We told him that we only wanted ten and six on them
There's enough on them already was the answer that we got

We got our ten and six all for to free McGintey with
Bad luck to that beershop that we passed along the way
For of course we couldn't pass it without having some refesherment
And we squandered all the money of the fine we had to pay
Now the drink bein' in us, the sense, it was all out of us

And for a bit of riotin' we quickly did repair
We battered one another till we all weren't worth three ha'pennies
You could have carpeted the floor with all the skin and hair

For McCarty hit McGintey and McGintey hit some other man
And every man hit any man against he had a spite.
Poor old Macnamara who was sittin' sayin' nothin' got
A kick that broke his jaw for not indulgin' in the fight.
We fought away like Turks until the police separated us
They took us to the jail with broken noses and black eyes
I got sixty days in prison and it was a lesson, sure:
I'll go no more to funerals until the bastard dies.

BR

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