Mulligan's Funeral - song lyrics

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MULLIGAN'S FUNERAL
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Oh, there's grief about the city.
The people sob wid pity.
And sing a mournful duty,
At Mulligan- funeral.
Flags are all half mast,
And doleful sighs are cast-
Everbody's sighing.
That Danny should be dying.

Chorus.
Missis Murphy hallowed,
And Biddy Dooly squalled;
Dan McCarthy bellowed,
And l'alsey Began bawled.
Drums and fifes were plavln',
You'd hear a needle ftall,
When all the crowd were thronging
At .Mulligan's funeral.

Now the aldermen attended.
The carriages were splendid; '
the music swately blended,
At Mulligan's funeral.
Oh, the wake was grand,
Wid whiskey at command;
Every one acquainted,
And Miss McGuffy fainted.-Chorus.

Oh, 'twas babies on our Block" there,
that made the people flock there.
Played solid as a rock there,
At Mulligan's funeral.
Everybody said, ,
Twas sad that he was dead;
So wid music chanted.
Dan Mulligan was planted.-Chorus.