I Say, Mike - song lyrics

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I SAY, MIKE!
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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

I'm living in a neighborhood, and such a neighborhood,
To see the sights on Saturday night would do your heart good;
Foreigners of every nation down there you will meet.
On a Sunday when they're out in force, believe me it's a treat.
The Yank who likes his pork and beans, the Chinaman his rice,
The Dutchman and his sauerkraut, with an odor mighty nice;
The bold and fearless Irishman, who nothing can disparage,
When he can fill himself chocked full of corned beef and cabbage.

Chorus.
I say, Mike! What? Hold your breath! don't you hear the noise?
What's that? There's a ruction down among the boys;
Listen! Yes! To Dolan's bell they've tied McCarthy's cat,
And now they're looking for the chinaman that ate the rat.

They howl all day in "double B flat, at night they reach "high C,"
They work the growler all day long, for full they're bound to be;
Talk about their ancestors, their betters won't allow.
But tell about their doings with a where, when and how.
The row begins when the Irishman the Chinaman he pounds.
The Dutchman and the nagur slug like mischief for four rounds:
The Yankee with a cunning smile, he acts like a referee,
The cop on the corner looks the other way, says: That's no place for me.

Chorus.
I say, Mike! What? Hold your breath! did you hear the news?
What's that? Biddy Ghrogan stole Pat Feeney's shoes;
Listen! Yes! O'Donovan sarv'd Daly such a trick.
For kissing Julia Brady stove his head in with a brick.

A week ago last Thursday, just two weeks next Thursday night.
Nearly everybody in the neighborhood got "tight;"
To raffle off a blooded horse they borrowed Casey's dice.
Then shook all night till broad daylight, and kept the horse on ice.
McFinneean shook "forty-two, " and quickly sold his chance,
O'Brien he shook "forty-three, " they shouted, yelled and danced;
McGinty in his Sunday suit came rushing through the door,
He grabbed the dice like a gambler bold, and shook out "forty-four."
Spoken.-Then he said:

Chorus.
I say. Mike! What? Come here, quick! I'll tell you what you'll do!
What's that? Take the horse and carry him home with you;
Listen! Yes! Go And a rope and hitch him in the shed,
When Mike went looking for the horse, he found him stiff, stone dead.

McGinty then got furious, and this is what he done:
He jumped upon a herring box, and then commenced the fun;
He called his gang and shouted loud: "My kingdom for a horse,
Produce one quick, I ask you, don't compel me to use force.
I can stand a joke as well as any man you ever met.
But I never have mistook a dead horse for a live one yet."
The lights went out and every one began to kick and "cuff,
McGinty hollered: "Im no hog, I know when I have enough."

Chorus.
I say Mike! What? Oh. my head! what have they done to me?
What's that? They've closed both eyes up and I cannot see;
Listen! Yes! What do you think? they tried to take my life,
Then threw me in an ambulance and sent me to my wife.