Throw Him Down, Mccloskey - song lyrics

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THROW HIM DOWN, McCLOSKEY.
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'Twas down at Dan McDevitt's, at the corner of this street,
There was to be a prize tight, and both parties were to meet
To make all the arrangements And see every thing was right-
McCloskey And a nagur were to have a finish fight;
The rules were London Prize Ring, and McCloskey said he try
To bate the nagur wid one punch or in the ring he'd die;
The odds were on McCloskey, though the betting it was small-
'Twas on McCloskey ten to one, on the nagur none at all.

Chorus.
"Throw " him down, McCloskey, " was to be the battle cry-
Throw him down, McCloskey, you can lick him if you try,
And future generations, with wonder and delight,
Will read on his hist'ry's pages of the great McCloskey fight.

The fighters were to start in at a quarter after eight,
But the nagur did not show up and the hour was getting late;
He sent around a messenger, who then went on to say
That the Irish crowd would jump him And he couldn't get fair play;
Then up steps Pete McCracken and said that he would fight.
Stand up or rough and tumble, if McCloskey didn't bite?
McCloskey says I'll go you, then the seconds got in place,
And the fighters started in to decorate each other's face.-Chorus.

They fought like two hyenas 'till the forty-seventh round;
They scattered blood enough around, by gosh, to paint the town;
McCloskey got a mouthful of poor McCracken's jowl;
McCracken hollered "murther" and his seconds hollered "foul"
The friends of both the lighters that instant did begin
To fight and ate each other, the whole party started in;
You couldn't tell the difference if you'd fighters if you'd try;
McCracken lost his upper lip, McCloskey lost an eye.-Chorus.