Pat Malone Forgot That He Was Dead - song lyrics

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Pat Malone Forgot that He Was Dead.
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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, everything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;
he for life insurance spent all his money to a Cent,
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."
And so Put lay down and tried to make out that he had died,
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
r "If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse be must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."

Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,
And laid him out again upon the bed;
Then before the morning gray ev'rybody felt so gay,
They all forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,
And put him in the Coffin, with a pray'r:
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start
Until I see that some one pays the fare."
Then Pat. Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat. up in the coffin, while he Bald:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
Then Put Miilone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."

So the fun'ral started out on the cemetery route,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console:
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone'S last resting place,
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to Bee, just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end:
So, as coils began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled:
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
Then Put Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under, it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.