

Fiddler's Green, The Night Pat Murphy Died

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
Some of the boys got loaded drunk, and they ain't got sober yet
As long as a bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay
O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honour and their pride
They said it was a sin and shame and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

As Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner pouring out her grief
Kelly and his gang came tearing down the street
They went into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole
They put the bottle with the corpse to keep that whiskey cold

About two o'clock in the morning after emptying the jug
Doyle rolls up the ice box lid to see poor Paddy's mug
We stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time
And at a quarter after two we argued it was nine

They stopped the hearse on George Street outside Sundance Saloon
They all went in at half past eight and staggered out at noon
They went up to the graveyard, so holy and sublime
Found out when they got there, they'd left the corpse behind!

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Well every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died!