

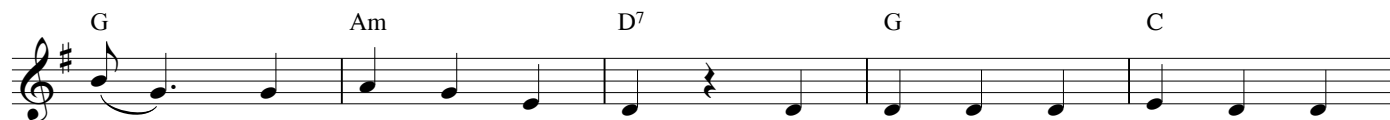
Irishtown Crew

Raucously, in 1 ♩ = 52

As sung by John Galusha



1. On the first day of A - pril, I'll nev - er for - get, The I - rish - town
 2. There was Hol - land and Bluch - er and Wil - liams and Brinn, And one Mack and
 3. They___ filled them - selves up___ on Rat - ti - gan's beer, And straight for the
 4. Ar - riv - ing at Cor - ners, they met more of the boys: There was Ear - ly and
 5. There was Nel - son Bur - to, a dear friend of mine, He used to go



boys___ at Rat - i - gan's met. They filled up their glass - es and
 Er - nie that drives the grey team. There was I - saac and Let - ty and
 Cor - ners they quick - ly did steer, Re - solved be - fore morn - ing they'd
 Duf - fy and Jim - my Mc - Coy, Yan - kee,___ Nee - ly,___
 court - ing one black An - gel - ine, With Tuck - er the ma - son that



swore sol - emn - ly That that ver - y day they'd go out on a spree! Sing
 Pad - dy and Joe, And one Mick - y Con - nors that lived down be - low.
 fin - ish their spree And spend a few hours with young Tom - my Mee.
 Cub and Tom Flynn, Joe Bur - to Pete Lind - say, and one Dan - ny Lynn.
 plas - tered our wall, And Black Pete Mitch - ell, the pride of them all.



fol the dol lad - die, Ri tol the dol lad - die, Sing fol the dol lad - die, Ri tol the lo day!

6. Money being plenty, the drinks they went 'round,
 And glass after glass of the spirits went down.
 In less than an hour not a man was in sight
 But was drunker'n a fiddler and wanted a fight!
Chorus

7. Tucker in the kitchen his way he did make,
 There sit Wallace Plumly, all the way from Long Lake.
 Says Gibney, "I'd have you may house to respect,
 This gentleman's here my house to protect.
Chorus

8. "I ask no odds of your house, I'd have you to know,
 For this Long Lake pup you have up here for show."
 So Plumly he quickly jumped out on the floor,
 And Tucker he kicked him right bang through the door!
Chorus

9. Then out in the street Plumly run like a pup;
 You couldn't see his coattails for the dust he kicked up.
 Saying, "I think myself I got in the wrong pew,
 For the devil himself couldn't match such a crew!"
Chorus

10. Gibney, he bolted and barred up his door,
 For love or for money wouldn't sell one drop more.
 "You're all drunk now, and you'll get not more."
 When slam! went the panels right out of his door!
Chorus

11. Some built a big bonfire to keep themselves warm,
 And others crawled off into Butler's barn,
 And some under Sullivan's shed went to sleep.
 And them that was too drunk, laid down in the street.
Chorus

12. For to conclude and to finish my song,
 Here's a health to Pat Ratigan, may he live long.
 To hell with you, Gibney, you're blind and can't see,
 And you'll never thumb no more whisky for me!
Chorus