

This Song must not be Sung in MUSIC HALLS without M^r G.W. Hunter's permission.

McGilligan's Wedding



Written by
WAL PINK.

Composed by
**FRANK
AYLMER**



HOBANKS LITH

SUNG BY
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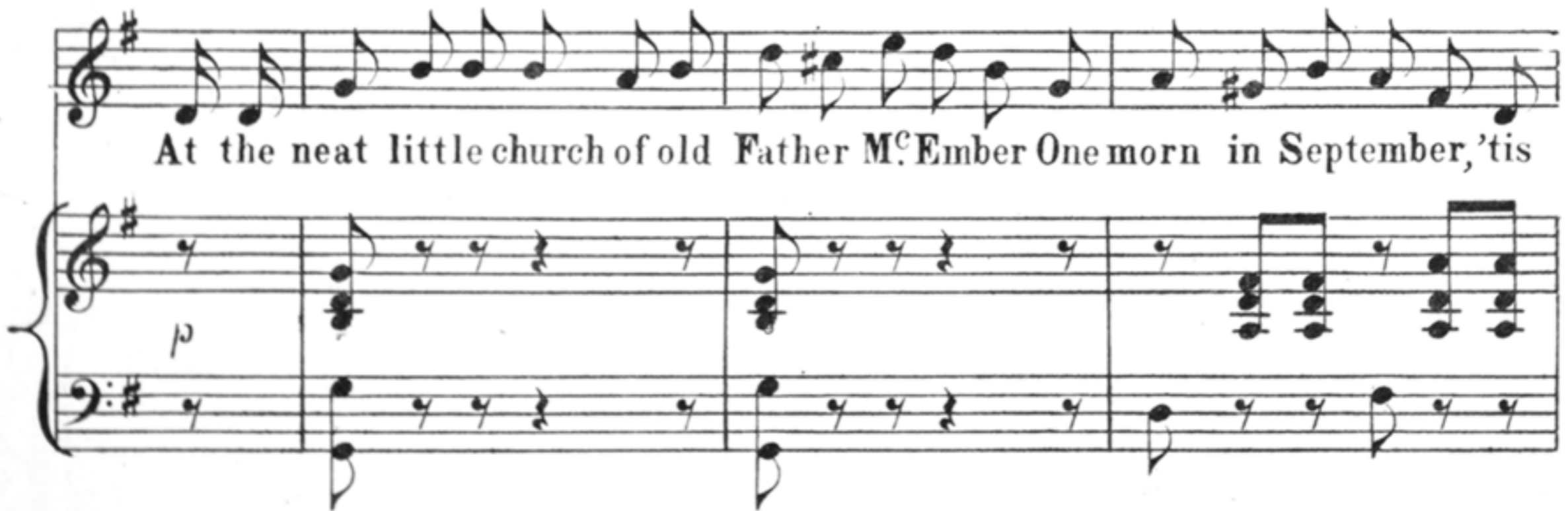
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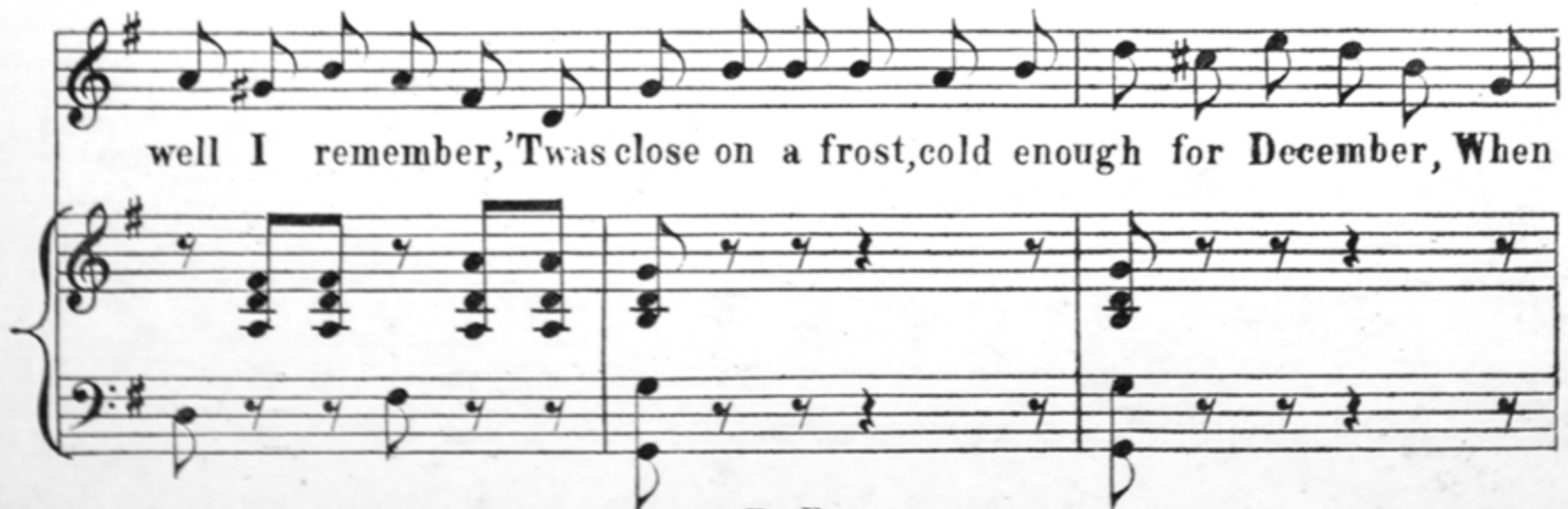
PIANO: *f*



At the neat little church of old Father M^c Ember One morn in September, 'tis



well I remember, 'Twas close on a frost, cold enough for December, When



Barney Mc Gilligan's wedding took place, The bride was the charming Pa-

tricia O' Brady, A neat little lady, who turn'd up O' Thady, Be-

cause a jackass of his ugly self made he, And join'd the militia bad

seran to his face! The parson was there and neighbours galore, With

Bridget O' Moore, and bridesmaids a score, They had patent lin_o - li um

right up the floor, To carry the thing out in style, The scene in the vestry was

over and done, The two were made one, we laugh'd at the fun, And

for a salute Kelly fired off his gun, As slowly they came down the

aisle; . . . 'Twas nothing but kissing and laughing and crying, The

organ was playing, the boys were hurrahing, For good luck to both widow

Brady was praying, And tears big as eggs they were shedding; They

pelted the el-e-gant couple with rice, Old slippers and shoes, it was

awfully nice, Well, I wishd I'd been married myself once or twice In the

church at M^c Gilligan's wedding...

At the neat little church of old Father M^c Ember,
 One morn in September, 'tis well I remember,
 'Twas close on a frost, cold enough for December,
 When Barney M^c Gilligan's wedding took place;
 The bride was the charming Patricia O' Brady,
 A neat little lady, who turned up O' Thady
 Because a jackass of his ugly self made hé,
 And joined the militia, bad seran to his face!
 The parson was there and neighbours galore,
 With Bridget O'Moore and bridesmaids a score,
 They had patent linolium right up the floor,
 To carry the thing out in style;
 The scene in the vestry was over and done,
 The two were made one, we laughed at the fun,
 And for a salute Kelly fired off his gun,
 As slowly they came down the aisle.
 'Twas nothing but kissing and laughing and crying,
 The organ was playing, the boys were hurraing,
 For good luck to both widow Brady was praying,
 And tears big as eggs they were shedding,
 They pelted the elegant couple with rice,
 Old slippers and shoes, it was awfully nice,
 Well, I wished I'd been married myself, once or twice
 In the church at M^c Gilligan's wedding.

To breakfast we went after these ceremonies,
 'Twas held at Maloney's, the worst of old cronies,
 The joints were hog's trotters and pickled polonies,
 With bride cake and little boys naked on top;
 Says I, it is time now the cake to be carving,
 Without more palaving, the bride commenced jaring,
 O'Doyle took the first piece as if he was starving,
 When Barney M^c Gilligan told him to stop:
 He swore hard and fast if O'Doyle touched the cake,
 Without any mistake, a fair ruction he'd make,
 And nigh every bone in his body he'd break,
 And terrible things he would do;
 But M^c O'Doyle simply murmured "all right
 If you're so polite, I'm ready to fight,"
 So they cleared all the tables and chairs out of sight,
 And then came a hullabaloo.
 For each tried the other to give a good licking,
 With dodging and tricking, and scratching and kicking,
 Their fingers in each others eyes they were sticking,
 And gallons of gore they were shedding;
 When right in the midst of the bother and scene,
 Somehow or another I got shoved in between,
 And both took my head for a punching machine,
 On the day of M^c Gilligan's wedding.

Now when they had finished their noses a wringing,
 They all commenced singing, the fidler was stringing,
 And on his old fiddle pong panging and pinging,
 To get it tuned up for the dancing all square.
 Father M^c Gee the flute was thumbing,
 The piano strumming, a funny tune humming,
 'Twixt "God save the Queen" and "The Campbells are ^{coming}"
 A conglomerated and mixed up affair;
 Then sweet Kitty Flynn for a partner I found,
 A dancer renowned, we went skipping round,
 Like any race horse we got over the ground,
 Till I suddenly missed Kitty Flynn;
 I searched through the place, went on every floor,
 No Kitty I saw, I raved and I swore,
 But I found her at last with a round dozen more,
 Making love to a gallon of gin.
 We kept up the singing and dancing and laughing,
 All merrily chaffing, the pongelow quaffing,
 Some of 'em whiskeying, others four-halfing,
 Till I made allusion to bedding;
 Then M^c M^c Gilligan ended the route,
 Says he to his wife, you are sleepy no doubt,
 So he opened the door and he slung us all out,
 On the night of his glorious wedding.

Going home Ted M^c Mollow, such queer songs did hollow,
 That blackguards did follow, says I to M^c Mollow,
 Just come to my house and a thimbleful swallow,
 And wait till the rascals have gone out of sight;
 He did, and we drank till we scarcely could waddle,
 It got in my noddle, says Ted I shall toddle,
 I felt like a mooney half screwed molly coddle,
 And scarcely could speak but I murmured good-night!
 Then rolled into bed, that they'd gone I'd no doubt,
 But when he went out they set up a shout,
 And gave him an elegant smack on the snout,
 And busted out laughing like mad.
 I rushed to the door and there I found Ted,
 Well, nearly half dead, who's done it I said,
 When somebody dropped half a brick on my head,
 Which made me feel awfully bad;
 The blackguards they gave me a kicking for nothing,
 A thrashing and sloshing, a bashing and boshing,
 My bandages now form a tidy week's washing;
 While they on the "mill" are now treading;
 Should M^c Gilligan's wife die, I am very sure he
 At his second wedding will never see me,
 I will go to his funeral with pleasure and glee,
 But never again to his wedding.