

Johnny Mac Adoo

The Clancy Brothers

There was Johnny McEldoo and McGee and me
And a couple or two or three
Went on a spree one day.
We had a bob or two, which we knew how to blow,
And the beer and whiskey flew and we all felt gay.
We visited McCann's, McLemann's, Humpty Dan's;
We then went into Swann's our stomachs for to pack.
We ordered out a feed, which indeed we did need
And we finished it with speed, but we still felt slack.
Johnny McEldoo turned red, white, and blue

And a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight.
He shouted out "Encore" with a roar for some more
That he never felt before such a keen appetite.
He ordered eggs and ham, bread and jam, what a cram,
But him we couldn't ram though we tried our level best,
For everything we brought, cold or hot, mattered not
It went down him like a shot, and he still stood the test.
He swallowed tripe and lard by the yard. We got scared,
We thought it would go hard when the waiter brought the bill.
We told him to give o'er but he swore he could lo'er
Twice as much again and more before he had his fill.
He nearly sucked a trough full of broth. Says McGrath,
"He'll devour the table cloth, if you don't hold him in."
When the waiter brought the charge McEldoo felt so large
He began to scowl and barge and his blood went on fire.
He began to curse and swear, tear his hair in despair,
And to finish the affair, called the shopman a liar.
The shopman he drew out and no doubt he did clout,
McEldoo he kicked about like an old football.
He tattered all his clothes, broke his nose, I suppose
He'd have killed him with a few blows in no time at all.
McEldoo began to howl and to growl by my soul,
He threw an empty bowl at the shopkeeper's head
It struck by Mickey Finn, peeled the skin off his chin,
And the ructions did begin and we all fought and bled.
The Peelers did arrive, man alive, four or five.
At us the made a drive, us all to march away.
We paid for all the meat that we ate, stood a treat,
And went home to ruminate on the spree that day.
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