

# Darling Old Stick

Me name is bold Mor - gan Mc - Car - thy from Trim. Me re - la - tions all died ex - cept  
one broth - er Jim. Now he has gone sol - dier - ing out to Cow Bull. I dare  
say he's laid low with a kick in the skull. But let him be dead or a  
liv - ing, Sure a prayer for his soul I'll be giv - ing. For to  
see him safe home or in heav - en, For he left me his dar - ling old stick.

If the stick had a tongue, sure it could tell some tales,  
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neils,  
And made bits of skulls fly about in the air  
And been the promoter of fun at each fair.  
Och, I swear by the toenail of Moses  
It has often broke bridges of noses,  
Of the faction that dared to oppose us.  
Och, my darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it was on Patrick's Day,  
Larry Fagan and I got into a shilley;  
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,  
Where I danced and when done I kissed Kate McEvoy.  
Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin  
And, be jabers, he brought in a dozen,  
A doldrum they would have knocked us in  
If I hadn't my bit of a stick.

War was the word when the factions came in,  
And to pummel us well they peeled off to the skin.  
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack  
And the first that came up, sure I sent on his back.  
Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy  
(For he once humbugged my sister Nancy)  
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy  
To meself and me bit of a stick.

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I smathered her sweetheart until he was black,  
 She then tipped me the wink, we were off in a crack.  
 We went to a house t'other end of the town,  
 And when we cheered up our spirits by letting some down.  
 When I got her snug into a corner  
 And the whiskey beginning to warm her,  
 She told me her sweetheart was an informer,  
 Och, 'twas then I said prayers for me stick.

We got whiskificated to such a degree  
 For supportin' poor Kate had to lean against me.  
 I promised to see her safe to her abode;  
 By the powers, we fell in the mud in the road.  
 We were roused by the magistrate's order,  
 Before we could get a toe further,  
 Surrounded by peelers for murder,  
 Was meself and me innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Kate swore to the fact  
 That before I set to, I was decently whacked.  
 The judge having a little more feeling than sense  
 Said what I had done was in my own defense.  
 One fellow swore against me, named Carey,  
 Though that night he was in Tipperary,  
 But he'd swear a coal porter was a canary  
 To transport meself and me stick.

When I was acquitted I leaped from the dock  
 And the gay fellows there all around me did flock.  
 I'd a pain in me shoulder, I shook hands so often,  
 For the boys all imagined 'd see me own coffin.  
 And then I did buy a gold ring, sirs,  
 And Kate to the priest I did bring, sirs,  
 So the next night you come I will sing, sirs,  
 The adventures of me and me stick.

Note: My father always made his own axe handles, and in the evening after he had put the finishing touches on an axe handle, he would swing it back and forth between the first two fingers of his right hand and sing this song.