


Morrissey and the Black



The image shows two staves of musical notation in 8/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics, ending with a double bar line.

You brave sons of Er-in, come list-en to me, While I sing you the prais-es of John Mor-ris-sey, Who has
late - ly been chal-lenged for five thou-sand pounds to fight Ned, the Black, of Tem-ple-more town.

The age, weight and height of this Black I will tell;
His age twenty-seven, weight two hundred and twelve,
His voice like distant thunder did sound,
Six feet and four inches he stood on the ground.

The twelfth day of March this big fight did begin.
Stripped off to the buff and jumped into the ring,
“Oh, lay down your belt,” the Black he did say,
“Or your life I will take in the ring on this day.”

Then Morrissey jumped into the ring like a bear,
Saying, “Here stands the bones of an Irishman here.
I’ve never been conquered by black, white, nor brown;
My country can prove it for miles around.”

The first, second and third they were fought in great style,
When Morrissey turned to his country and smiled;
The sixth, seventh, eighth, and from that to the twelfth,
When Morrissey received seven blows on the belt.

Then up speaks the Irish, these words they did say,
“We’ve bet all we have on your head on this day,
Now never for bribery your country disown;
We have bet all we have this day on your bones.”

The fourteenth and fifteenth were fought in great style,
When Morrissey turned once more and he smiled,
And up to the eighteenth severely knocked down
He bled from his ears as he lay on the ground.

Refreshed by John Henan, that second of fame,
Who once had been champion all o’er the salt main,
Then down on the Black with a terrible stroke
He left him for dead with three ribs of his broke.