Johnny McAdoo

There was Johnny McAdoo 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 blue,
And the beer and whiskey flew and we all felt gay.

We visited McCann’s, MacLamann’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 McAdoo turned as blue as a Jew,
And a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight.
He shouted out, “encore”, with a roar, for some more,
That he’d never felt before such a keen appetite.

He ordered eggs and ham, bread and jam, what a cram,
But him we couldn’t tram though we tried our level best.
For everything we bought, 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 he would go hard when the waiter brought the bill.
We told him to give o’er but he swore he could lower
Twice as much again and more before he had his fill.

He nearly sucked a trough full of broth; said McGrath,
“He’ll devour the tablecloth if you don’t hold him in.”
When the waiter brought the charge, McAdoo felt so large,
He began to scold and barge and blood went afire.

He began to coarse 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,
McAdoo he kicked about like an old football.

He tattered all his clothes, broke his nose, I suppose,
He would’ve he killed with a few blows in no time at all.
McAdoo began to howl and to growl, by my soul,
He threw an empty bowl at the shopkeeper’s head.

It struck by Mickey Flynn, peeled the skin off his chin,
And the ructions did begin and we all fought and bled.
The peelers did arrive, man alive, for a five,
At us began to drive for 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.