**The Night that Paddy Murphy Died**

**|v v^ ^v^|**

**G C G G/F# Em C D G**

**G C D G**

The night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never for-get

**G G/F# Em C D Dsus4 D**

Every man got roarin’ drunk, some still not sober yet;

**G C D G**

As long as that bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay

**G G/F# Em C D (NC) G**

O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

***Chorus:***

**G C G**

That's how they showed their res-pect for Paddy Murphy

**G G/F# Em C D Dsus4 D**

That's how they showed their honour and their pride;

**G C G**

They said it was a sin and shame and they winked at one a-nother

**G G/F# Em C D G**

And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

**G C D G**

As Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner pouring out her grief

**G G/F# Em C D Dsus4 D**

Kelly and his gang came tearing down the street

**G C D G**

They went into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole

**G G/F# Em C D (NC) G**

They put the bottle on the corpse to keep that liquor cold

***[Chorus]***

**G C D G**

At two o'clock in the morning after empty-in’ a jar

**G G/F# Em C D Dsus4 D**

Doyle lifts the ice box lid to see poor Paddy's mug

**G C D G**

We stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time

**G G/F# Em C D (NC) G**

And at a quarter after three we argued it was nine

***[Chorus]***

**G C D G**

At eight o’clock in the morning we finally left the house

**G G/F# Em C D Dsus4 D**

Every-one but poor old Mrs. Murphy was half-soused

**G C D G**

And someone asked Lou Milligan if any-one had died

**G G/F# Em C D (NC) G**

Well, Lou says he, I’m not quite sure, I just came for the ride

***[Chorus]***

**G C D G**

We stopped the hearse on George Street at the old red door Sa-loon

**G G/F# Em C D Dsus4 D**

We all went in at half past eight and didn’t come out ‘til noon

**G C D G**

We marched along to the graveyard, so holy and sub-lime

**G G/F# Em C D (NC) G**

But, when we got to the grave we found, we'd left poor Pat be-hind!

***[Chorus, Slow on last line into last verse]***

**G C D G**

‘Twas nearly twenty years ago we laid Pat under-ground

**G G/F# Em C D Dsus4 D**

And every year to celebrate we all pass the jug a-round

**G C D G**

We gather at the graveyard and pour vinegar in his ditch

**G G/F# Em C D >>**

‘Cause every-body hated that lousy son-of-a-… **>>**

***[Chorus x2]***

**G G/F# Em C D G**

And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

**G G/F# << Em\* >> C D (NC) G**

And every drink in the **<<** place was full **>>** the night Pat Murphy died