

# MORRISSEY AND THE RUSSIAN BEAR

*Performed by:* Denis McGrath

Come all ye gallant Irishmen wherever that you be,  
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me,  
I'll sing about a battle took place the other day,  
Between a Russian sailor boy and gallant Morrissey.

In Terra Delphi<sup>1</sup> going South Americay,  
The Russian called with Morrissey, those words to him did say,  
Said, 'He who are a fighting man and wear a belt I see,  
Indeed I wish you would consent and have a round with me.'

Now out spoke brave Morrissey with a heart so brave and true,  
'I am a fighting Irishman that never was put down,  
For I can beat a Yankee, section the poor Bear,<sup>2</sup>  
The honorable Paddy's land, I'll still the laurel wear.'

This enraged the Russian boy all on the Yankee's land,  
To think that he should be put down all by an Irish man,  
Said he 'You are too light of frame and that without mistake,  
I'll have you to resign the belt or else your life I'll take.'

To fight all on the 10<sup>th</sup> of March those heroes they agreed,  
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see,  
Those English and the Russian boys, their hearts were filled with glee,  
They thought the Russian sailor boy would kill brave Morrissey.

Our hero stepped into the ring was gallant to be seen,  
Morrissey put on a belt bound round with shamrock green,  
For six thousand dollars as you may plainly see,  
It was to be the champion prize that gained that victory.

Until the 27<sup>th</sup> rounds was fall and fall about,  
Which made this foreign trainer to keep a sharp lookout,  
The Russian called a second to have a glass of wine,  
Our Irish hero smiled and said, 'The battle will be mine.'

The 28<sup>th</sup> decided all the Russian he fell smart,  
And Morrissey with a dreadful blow he struck him on the heart,  
The doctor he was called for to open up a vein,  
He said it was quite useless, he never would fight again.

Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee Leopard<sup>3</sup> too,  
The Benetia Boy and Shepherd the noble did subdue,  
Let us fill a flowing glass here to good health galore,  
To noble Johnny Morrissey and the lovely Shamrock Shore.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Editor's note: Terra-del-Fuego.*

<sup>2</sup> *Editor's note: the Saxon bull or bear.*

<sup>3</sup> *Editor's note: Clipper.*