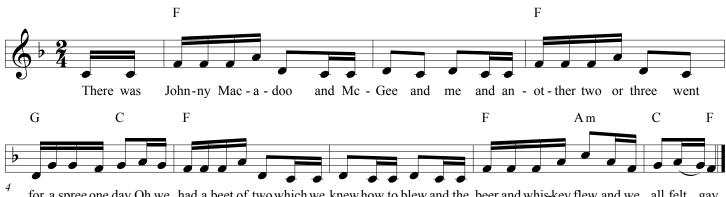
The Spree

Sung by Tom Brandon 1958 Collected by Edith Fowke Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



for a spree one day Oh we had a beet of two which we knew how to blew and the beer and whis-key flew and we all felt gay.

Tom Brandon bumped the key up a semitone for each succeeding verse:

Then to visit Humpy Dan, MacLaman, Mary Ann And from there into the Swan, our bellies for to pack What they brought us, big or not, cold or hot, little or lot It went through us like a shot and we all felt slack

So the beer he got out, no doubt, he could clout Macadoo he knocked him out, like an old football Oh he tattered all his clothes, broke his nose, I suppose He'd have killed him with the blows, just in no time at all

Them McGee began to howl, and growl upon my soul And he threw the empty bowl at the shop-keeper's head But he struck for Paddt Flynn, knocked the skin off his chin And the ructions did begin, and we all fought and bled

So the police did arrive, man alive, four or five And for us they made a dive, for to carry us away Oh we paid for all we ate.....Stood a trate (treat) And went home to ruminate, on the spree we had that day

This has all the hallmarks of an Irish or Irish-American music hall song, although I have yet to see a published version of the music for it. In the 1960s the Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem recorded a version they called "Johnny McEldoo".