

## Bing Crosby

### "Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan"

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There's many a man that rode a horse across the  
western  
plain,  
There's never been one like the Irishman, O'Sullivan  
was the name.

He never packed a shooting iron, The need he never  
felt,  
With two shillelaghs always there, a'hanging on his  
belt.

O yippee ki yi oh, me bucko,  
B'gorrah an yippee ki yo,  
Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan, he'd give any man a go.

[Har the shillelagh. You know we call it the Tipperary  
rifle. You never have to reload it.]

This bronco-busting Irishman/ From the heart of Erin's  
Isle/ it was after living peaceful, like/ he always  
wore a smile.  
But when the smile was leaving him/ In a fight he'd  
come unwound/ Bad cess for any crossing him/ They'd  
wind up on the ground.

O yippee ki yi oh, me bucko/ b'gorrah an yippee ki yo/  
Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan/He'd give any man a go.

[Why he was so strong was Sullivan, He could put his  
right hand in his own left pocket, nd hold himself out  
at arm's  
length. No man could do that. It's O'Sullivan I'm  
talking  
about. Oh, well he could.]

At throwing the rope for branding calf/ He was a mighty  
man/ At throwing his two shillelaghs now/ The fastest  
in the  
land.

T'would be a sad mistake me boys/ To reach for a 44/

Before you could get the hammer cocked/ He'd have  
you  
on  
the floor.

O yippee ki yi oh, me bucko/ b'gorrah an yippee ki yo/  
Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan/He'd give any man a go.

[Did you know O'Sullivan played the Irish Harp? No. Oh,  
sure, and he did. He put 75 strings on his two  
shillelaghs,  
He'd stretch them out 24 feet, and he had four  
leprechauns  
dancing on them to make the music. Oh, the wonder of  
it. Sure and he would charm the coyotes out of the  
hills]

Across the range from morn 'til night/ He rode for days  
and days/ A'fixin' fences here and there/ And a picking  
up the strays.

A cattle spread he really built/ As big  
as Ireland/ Where he could range a million head/ And a  
shamrock be his brand.

O yippee ki yi oh, me bucko/ b'gorrah an yippee ki yo/  
Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan/He'd give any man a go.

A bit of his lip, he back of his hand, and the toe of  
his shoe to boot. Oh, Two Shillelagh O'Sullivan.

[Now if you're ever riding through the sagebrush  
wilderness, and you suddenly come upon acres and  
acres  
of shamrock sprinkled with stardust, well, you'll be  
after knowing, that you've just arrived at the O  
Sullivan spread, Known has the Lazy Leprachauns. Stop  
in, won't you? Sure, and they'll give you a belt of  
Bushmill's.]

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