

# Big Strong Man - Irish Folk

Have you heard about the big strong man?  
He lived in a caravan.  
Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnson fight?  
Oh, Lord what a hell of a fight.  
You can take all of the heavyweights you've got. (**Whatcha got**)  
We've got a lad that can beat the whole lot.  
He used to work here as a doorman  
Now he's off to fight George Foreman.

Chorus=====

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| E B |
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That was my brother Sylvest' (**What's he got?**)  
A row of forty medals on his chest (**big chest!**)  
He killed fifty varmen in the west; he knows no rest.  
Think of a man, **hells' fire**, don't push, **just shove**,  
Plenty of room for you and me.  
He's got an arm like a leg (**ladies' leg!**)  
And a punch that would sink a battleship (**Big ship!**)  
It takes all of the Army and the Navy to take the fall off George best.  
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Now, he thought he'd take a trip to Italy.  
He thought that he'd go by sea.  
He dove off the harbor in New York,  
And swam like a man from Cork

He saw the Lusitania in distress. (**What he do**)  
He put the Lusitania up his dress (**Big dress**)  
He drank all of the water in the sea, (**Big Swallow**)  
And he walked all the way to Italy.

## Chorus:

It takes all of the Army and the Navy to take the bra off mae west.

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He thought he take a trip to old Japan.  
They turned out a big brass band.  
You can take all of the instruments you've got,  
We got a lad that can play the whole lot.  
And the old church bells will ring (Hells bells!)  
The old church choir will sing (Hells fire!)  
They all turned out to say farewell  
to my big brother Sylvest'.

## Chorus:

It takes all of the Army and the Navy to take the wind out of Sylvest

*Original words and music Traditional*

Have you heard about the big strong man?  
He lived in a caravan.  
Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnson fight?  
Oh, Lord what a hell of a fight.  
You can take all of the heavyweights you've got.  
We've got a lad that can beat the whole lot.  
He used to ring bells in the belfry,  
Now he's gonna fight Jack Demspey.

That was my brother Sylvest' (What's he got?)  
A row of forty medals on his chest (big chest!)  
He killed fifty bad men in the west; he knows no rest.  
Think of a man, hells' fire, don't push, just shove,  
Plenty of room for you and me.  
He's got an arm like a leg (a ladies' leg!)  
And a punch that would sink a battleship (big ship!)  
It takes all of the Army and the Navy to put the wind up Sylvest'.

Now, he thought he'd take a trip to Italy.  
He thought that he'd go by sea.  
He dove off the harbor in New York,  
And swam like a great big shark.  
He saw the Lusitania in distress.  
He put the Lusitania on his chest.  
He drank all of the water in the sea,  
And he walked all the way to Italy.

He thought he take a trip to old Japan.  
They turned out a big brass band.  
You can take all of the instruments you've got,  
We got a lad that can play the whole lot.  
And the old church bells will ring (Hells bells!)  
The old church choir will sing (Hells fire!)  
They all turned out to say farewell to my big brother Sylvest'.