

## Jerusalem Rap

### Seven Nations

I'm a stranger here from Ireland's shore  
I've been on the road six months or me  
Hikin', workin', travelin' in style  
I'm a vagabond from Ireland's isle.  
Me sunburned thumb stuck up in the air  
Many's the lift from here to there  
Cars, buses, vans and trains  
In the punishin' heat, the snow and the rain

Whack fol the diddle fol the dire ro day  
Whack fol the diddle fol the der oh  
Mrs. Dolan  
Yer son he isn't workin

I came from Dublin to Jerusalem town  
Had a drink or two on the journey down  
At a railway station called Gare du Nord  
Missed my train through gargling hard  
Three days later in Napoli on a Turkish boat  
I sailed to see, kept in a hot hole down below  
Travelin' tourist class you know

When the Promised Land came into sight  
The customs man gave me a fright  
"How much money have you got with you Joe?"  
I bluffed and said "50 pounds or so"  
He said "Shalom!" I said "Good day!"  
Grabbed my 'pipes and got fast away  
Down to the desert then I went  
Diggin' up history and livin' in a tent

It was in the gulf of Acaba  
I met some paddies and we had a fleadh  
Danced through the streets of Eilat town  
Sang Sean South of Garryowen  
I been travelin' I don't know  
Pack your gear, ya ruck & go  
Ya leave the craic for another bout  
Could damn well do with a pint of stout