

The Captains And The Kings

The Dubliners

I remember in September when the final stumps were drawn
And the shouts of crowds now silent when the boisterous cheer had gone

Let us O Lord above us remember simple things
When all are dead to love us, Oh, the captains and the Kings
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We have many goods for export Christian ethics and old port
But our greatest boast is that the Anglo-Saxon is a sport
When the dart's game is finished and the boys there game of rings

And the draft and chests were lingoised, Oh, the captains and the Kings

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Far away in dear old Cyprus or in Kenya's dusty land
Where all bear the white man's burden in many a strange land
As we looked across our shoulder in West-Belfast the school-bell rings

And we sigh for dear old England, and the captains and the Kings

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In our dreams we see old Harrow and we hear the crow's loud caw
At the flower show our big marrow take's the pride from evil and war

Cups of tea and some dry sherry vintage cars, these simple things

So let's drink up and be merry for the captains and the Kings

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As I wandered in a nightmare all around great Windsor Park
Now what do you think I found there as I wandered in the dark?

'Twas an apple half bitten and sweetest of all things

Five baby teeth had written of the captains and the Kings

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By the moon that shines above us in the misty mornin' night

Let us cease to run ourself down and praise God