

## The Irish Navy

### The Dubliners

The Clíona, the Meabh and the Mucha  
The pride of the Irish navy  
When the Captain he blows on his whistle  
All the sailors go home for their tea

While the army is off in the Kongo  
In Cyprus or some foreign parts  
Our navy is strained to the limits  
Deploying its nautical acts  
One day from the Russian invader  
Defending our very odd fish  
We found it was just the red herring  
From the signals we got from the cis'

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Each year they go on manoeuvres  
To prepare for defence they are keen  
Sometimes it's the Lakes of Killarney  
More often the pond in the Green  
The canal it could be of assistance  
In defending our own holy ground  
But due to proposed legislation  
We'll have to sail all the way round

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We are a seafaring nation  
Defence of our land is a right  
We'd fight like the devil all morning  
Provided we're home by the night

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