

A Row in the Town (Erin Go Brath)

The Wolfe Tones

I'll tell you a story of a row in the town,
When the green flag went up and the Crown rag came down,
'Twas the neatest and sweetest thing ever you saw,
And they played the best games played in Erin Go Bragh.
Now here's to Pat Pearse and our comrades who died
Tom Clark, MacDonagh, MacDiarmada, McBryde,
And here's to James Connolly who gave one hurrah,
And placed the machine guns for Erin Go Bragh.
One of our comrades was down at Ring's end,
For the honor of Ireland to hold and defend,
He had no veteran soldiers but volunteers raw,
Playing sweet Mauser music for Erin Go Bragh.
Old Ceannt and his comrades like lions at bay,
From the South Dublin Union poured death and dismay,
And what was their horror when the Englishmen saw
All the dead khaki soldiers in Erin Go Bragh
One brave English captain was ranting that day,
Saying, "Give me one hour and I'll blow you away,"
But a big Mauser bullet got stuck in his craw,
And he died of lead poisoning in Erin Go Bragh.
Now here's to old Dublin, and here's her renown,
In the long generation her fame will go down,
And our children will tell how their forefathers saw,
The red blaze of freedom in Erin Go Braugh.