

Up The Border

The Wolfe Tones

Up The Border

Oh, then Basil Brugha's me name, with me orange sash I
came

For to beat me drum on the twelfth day of july
And the English queen and crown I'll never let them
down

,Up the Border, keep the border!', is me cry.

Now beyond in USA you'll no longer hear them say

For president no papish need apply

For in Belafst there is no hope for a man they call the
Pope

,Up the Border, keep the border!', is me cry.

Though were're born in Ireland we must try to
understand

That we all like to be English when we die.

Even heaven would be dull i fit hadn't got John Bull

,Up the Border, keep the border!', is me cry.

,Oh, then Basil be a dear,' said the wife to me one
year

,To paper up the kitchen you must try.'

So I got some sticky glue, put up red, white and blue

,Up the Border, keep the border!', is me cry.

Now I have some empty bags and I'll fill them up with
fags

I'll buy them down in Dublin on the sly

And the customs men I'll hook, for me name is Basil
Brugha.

,Up the Border, keep the border!', is me cry.

If Sinn Fein give me their spell sure Belfast can go to
hell

And the border will be blown up to the sky.