

The Rollicking Boys Around Tandragee

Good luck to all here now barring the cat
That sits in the corner there smelling a rat
O wheesht your philandering girls and behave
And saving your presence, I'll chant you a stave
I come from the land where the pritties grow big
And the girls neat and handy can swirl in a jig
And the boys they would charm your heart for to see
Those raring fine fellows 'round Tandragee.

Chorus

So here's to the boys who are happy and gay
Singing and dancing and tearing away
Rollicks and frolicks, and frisky and free
With the rollicking boys around Tandragee

No doubt you have heard of Killarney I'm sure
And sweet Innishowen for a drop of the pure
Dublin's the place for the strawberry beds
And Donnybrook Fair for the cracking of heads
Have you e'er seen an Irishman dancing palltóg
How he faces his partner and turns up his brogue
He shakes at the buckle and bends at the knee
They're wonderful dancers in Tandragee.

Chorus

Now the oul jaunting car is an elegant joul
And Derry's a place that is famed for a houl
Among the green bushes that grow in Tyrone
And the County Fermanagh for muscle and bone
But for feasting and dancing and fun at the fair
Sure there's no one can match with the Rakes of Kildare
Green Erin's my country, the gem of the sea
But the gem of oul Ireland is Tandragee.

Chorus

O where is the man, either Christian or Turk
Could equal the bold Robert Emmett or Burke
O where is the lawyer can speak up like Dan
The devil another, bad luck to the one
And where is the singer can sing like Tom Moore
Whose melodies charm all dull care from your door
But we'll beat them all yet boys, and that you will see
For we're raring fine fellows round Tandragee.

Chorus

