



ERIN GO BRAGH.

My name is Duncan Cambell from the shire of
Argyle.

I've travelled this country for many a long mile,
I've travelled thro' England & Ireland and a'
And the name that I go by is bold Erin go Bragh.

One night in old Rickey as I walked through
the street,

A saucy Policeman I chanced for to meet,
He stared in my face and gave me some jaw,
Saying when came you over from Erin go Bragh.

Then a switch of black thorn I held in my fist,
And across his big body I made it to twist,
When the blood from his napper I quickly did
draw,

I showed him a game played in Erin go Bragh.

If I were a Paddy and you knew't to be true,
But were I the devil pray what's that to you,
If it were not for that batten you hold in your paw
I'd shew you the game played in Erin go Bragh.

I know you're a Paddy by the coat that you wear
But you all turn Scotchmen soon as you come
here,

You have left your own country for breaking the
law,

We're seizing all strangers from Erin go Bragh.

I am not a Paddy, although Ireland I've seen,
I am not a Paddy, though in Ireland I've been,
But if I were a Paddy that's nothing ava',
There's many a bold hero from Erin go Bragh.

Then the people came round me like a flock of
wild geese,

Saying stop that dam rascal he has killed our
police,

For one friend he had I am sure he had twa,
It was very tight times with bold Erin go Bragh.

Then I came to a wee boat that sailed on the
Forth,

I packed up my alls and I steered for the north,
Farewell to old Rickey Policeman and all,
May the devil go with you says Erin go Bragh.

Now all you brave fellows that hear of this song,
I don't care a farthing to where you belong,

For I am from Argyleshire, in the Highlands so
braw,