



THE RATLING BOYS OF PADDY'S LAND

You sons of Grantia list'n a while,
Will I sing the praise of Frin's Isle
Her soil is fertile rich and good
And supports her men with meat and spuds;
And her sons are gulland brave and strong,
Ban box an' dance and sing a song
With their skeelins where's the man
Like the ratling boys of paddy's land

CHORUS—

To praise the boys a hand can lend
No beat a for or serve a friend
For love and whiskey where's the man
Like the ratling boys of paddy's land

At a fair or races they are the pride
With a flowing bumper by their side
Good humoured takes a pint add a glass
And on his knee he prett'ly lads
The pipes plays up a merry tune
Him and his darling dance'd round the room
For an Irish jig where's the man
Like the ratling boys of paddy's land

In eighteen-hundred and fifty-four
Our Irish Champions did sail ore
With merry hearts the cross'd the sea
To whew the Ruision bear fair play
With bloody war and deadful fight
While cressing o'er the Almagh height
The faugh the Ruifons ten to one
And gave three cheers for paddy's land

At the battle of Balaklava too
With shot and shel the did subdue them
Vithough our numbers were but small
Our Fanghabonlas chase'd them all
At the storming of the Malacoff
Your Englishmen did laugh and scoff
And at the seige of the Redan
There was none so equal paddy's land

Their deeds should be recorded then
In Italy our brave Irishmen
Our holy Pope for to defend
Tho' few we were from paddy's land
From Cork Limerick Wexford and Kildare
Mipperary Kerry and sweet Clare
With Dublin to a hand did lend
Our Holy Pontiff to defend

Now to conclude and make an end
To those few lians that I have pend
Success at and oor Irish boys
Tho' Cannons roar the fear no noise
On Morn'sant Jean through fire and smok
They've corously an' Eggle to k
With faugh a lialas the r' cheers we e grand
Our ratling boys from paddy's land

