
The Rollicking Boys Around Tandragee. Séan Nós

Bourdon

1

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

So here's to the boys who are happy and gay
Singing and dancing and tearing away
Rollicksome, frolicksome, frisky and free
We're the rollicking boys around Tandragee

2

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 paltog
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

Here's to the boys who are happy and gay
Singing and dancing and tearing away
Rollicksome, frolicksome, frisky and free
We're the rollicking boys around Tandragee

3

Now the owl jaunting car is an elegant jolt
And Derry's a place that is famed for a holt
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 owl Ireland is Tandragee

Here's to the boys who are happy and gay
Singing and dancing and tearing away
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4

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

So here's to the boys who are happy and gay
Singing and dancing and tearing away
Rollicksome, frolicksome, frisky and free
We're the rollicking boys around Tandragee