

Garryowen*

Garryowen (Owen's Garden) is a suburb of Limerick, Ireland.
This song was adopted as a march by a number of Irish regiments,
and later by the US 7th Cavalry

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend me your aid
To help me with the chorus:

Chorus:

*Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail.
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.*

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
Lest he be made very gory.

Our hearts so stout have got much fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

At the Little Big Horn we shall ride
Where Custer and his cavalry died
Tears of sadness we'll not hide
As we sing the Seventh's glory

We'll charge up the middle of old Iraq
When we meet Saddam, we'll give him a
smack
And we'll bring his head back home in a
sack!
To toast the Seventh's glory

So lock up your daughters and lock up your
stores
And bolt your windows and bar your doors
For here come the lads of the Indian Wars
To drink Garryowen in glory

Now we're goin' to leave our Limerick home
And seek our fortune on the foam
Around the world we will roam
From Garryowen in glory.

In old New York we shall see
Guys and dolls on the Battery
We'll tip our hat to Liberty
As her torch shines forth in glory

In Baltimore we shall dock
The girls 'round the ship shall flock
We'll go see if there's still "The Block"
That legendary whorey

To Old Georgetown we shall go
To get pulled by a mule on the C & O
If offered a pull, we'll nay say "No"
To liquify our story

To Wheaton town we shall sail ("sile")
The lasses there we'll beguile
We'll sing this song at the Royal Mile
And toast Garryowen in glory.

In Frisco town we will stay
We'll catch some oysters in the Bay
And we'll have fun and we'll be gay (!)
We've left Garryowen for surely

Gay Paree will ring our bell
We'll take a tour of the Tour Eiffel
In the Paris sewers we'll think we're in Hell
The smell is not Garry's glory

In Bangkok town we will dock
And see if there's still bang in our cock
It'll take one minute on the clock
But not in our subsequent story

Each cigarette boat to Miami goes
Carrying stuff to put up your nose
And soon on your grave we'll be putting a
rose
If you swallow their story

In London we'll dock at the Parliament
At Saville Row we'll get dressed like a gent
We'll drain the pubs 'till our money's all spent
And we'll go to sea very poorly ("porely")

To La La Land we'll proceed
In a Spielberg movie we'll get the lead
In *Variety* we will read
Our interview with Maury

Chorus

* Traditional song, first 3 verses traditional
and from www.mudcat.org; all other verses
written by Llewellyn Toulmin 2002