

The Irish Navy

The Clona, the Meabh and the Mucha
The pride of the Irish navy
When the Captain he blows on his whistle
All the sailors go home for their tea

While the army is off in the Kongo
In Cyprus or some foreign parts
Our navy is strained to the limits
Deploying its nautical acts
One day from the Russian invader
Defending our very odd fish
We found it was just the red herring
From the signals we got from the cis'

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Each year they go on manoeuvres
To prepare for defence they are keen
Sometimes it's the Lakes of Killarney
More often the pond in the Green
The canal it could be of assistance
In defending our own holy ground
But due to proposed legislation
We'll have to sail all the way round

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We are a seafaring nation
Defence of our land is a right
We'd fight like the devil all morning
Provided we're home by the night

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