

Irish Song Lyrics

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Peter Kerrivan

By Peter Kerrivan we are the Masterless Men,
We have no lord to serve we live by wile and nerve.
The British Navy they come in search of we,
Our trails through bog we lead,
We disappear.

Back on the Emerald Isle, the lord would sit and smile,
Taking all reward from our toil.
No more I'll serve my liege, for I've jumped ship you see.
I'll take my liberty,
And roam these shores.

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We have no lord to serve we live by wile and nerve.
The British Navy they come in search of we,
Our trails through bog we lead,
We disappear.

They deemed us outlaws, we roam this Southern Shore,
Those navy boys we rob and tease.
We steal their flour and beans, they'd take our liberty!
Those navy boys,
They'll not catch me.

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We have no lord to serve we live by wile and nerve.
The British Navy they come in search of we,
Our trails through bog we lead,
We disappear.

Back to the Butterpot, we run and duck their shot,
They'd stretch our necks on gallows high.
I'll not see Ireland's shore,
I'll toil for lords no more.
A Masterless Man,
Is the life I lead.

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