

Irish Song Lyrics

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ROCKALL

Oh! the empire is finished no foreign lands to seize
So the greedy eyes of England are looking towards the seas.....
Two hundred miles from Donegal,.....
there's a place that's called Rockall
And the groping hands of Whitehall are grabbing at its walls

Cho:

Oh! rock on Rockall, you'll never fall....
to Britain's greedy hands
Or you'll meet the same resistance that you did in many lands.....
May the seagulls rise and pluck your eyes.....
and the water crush your shell,
And the natural gas will burn your ass and blow yis all to hell....

For this rock is part of Ireland, 'cos it' s written in folklore
That Fionn MacCoul took a sod of grass and he threw it to the fore,.....
Then he tossed a pebble across the sea,.....
where ever did it fall,
For the sod became `the Isle of Man' and the pebble' s called Rockall

chorus

Now the seas will not be silent, while Britannia grabs the waves
And remember that the Irish will no longer be your slaves.....
And remember that Britannia, well,.....
she rules the waves no more
So keep your hands off Rockall - it's Irish to the core.

chorus X 2 plus last line