

Irish Song Lyrics

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Whack Fol The Diddle
(Peadar Carney)

I'll sing you a song of peace and love,
Whack fol the diddle all the di do day.
To the land that reigns all lands above.
Whack fol the diddle all the di do day.
May peace and plenty be her share
Who kept our homes from want and care,
God bless Mother England is our prayer.
Whack fol the diddle all the di do day.

cho:
Whack fol the diddle all the di do day.
So we say, Hip Hooray!
Come and listen while we pray.
Whack fol the diddle all the di do day.

When we were savage, fierce and wild
She came like a mother to her child.
She gently raised us from the slime
Kept our hands from hellish crime,
And sent us to Heaven in her own good time.

Now our fathers oft were very bad boys.
Guns and pikes are dangerous toys.
From Bearn Baol to Bunker Hill
They made poor England weep her fill,
But ould Britannia loves us still!

Now Irishmen, forget the past!
And think of the time that's coming fast.
When we shall all be civilized,
Neat and clean and well-advised.
And won't Mother England be surprised?

Recorded by Clancys