

Branigan's Band - song lyrics

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BRANIGAN'S BAND.

We marched behind the Branigan's band on the great St. Patrick's day,
With fifes and drums a-playing martial airs,
From Ulster, Munster, Connamara, you see we are on hand,
To march with the music to the tune of the Branigan's band ;
Oh! we marched so gaily down the street,
And everyone we meet says, don't they step it neat!
We smile or all the girls we meet,
While marching down behind the famous Branigan's band.

Chorus.

Mark time, keep step, forward march away ;
With eye s out, toes in, march in grand array;
Shoulder arms, with head erect, together hand in hand,
Like heroes bold, the young and old will march with the Branigan's band.

The chambermaids in the big hotels, they raise the windows high,
For handkerchiefs, they're waving towels, to catch our soldier's eyes;
They've left their hash to come out and mash, when the marshal gives corn-
Then we all raise our hats to the tune of the Branigan's band ;
Oh! don't their hearts go pit-a-pat,
As each one lift's his hat, the lean as well as fat,
Says there's my Dan, there goes my Pat,
He's the daily swell that's with the famous Branigans band.
Mark time, keep step, forward march away, &c,

Oh, we had a ball in Emerald Hall, and an illigant supper too-
There was beans and peas and frigazees, and oysters fat for you,
With pickled stews and hullabaloos, and Irish quail so grand ;
Beets and cheese, and some potheen for the boys of the Branigan's band ;
Oh ! It's then we sung, and danced a reel.
And oh! how good we fed, we make the ladies squeal,
So when morning comes it's home we steal.
With the boys all drunk as lords, with the Branigan's band.
Mark time, keep step, forward march away, &c,