

The Land League Band - song lyrics

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THE LAND LEAGUE BAND.

The Land League Band turned out last night
With uniforms of blue and white,
Their instruments were shining bright,
The greatest in the land.
We have climbed the ladder of fame,
On the top rung cut our name;
And in fancy letters do flame
The Land League String and Brass Band.
We marched along upon Sixth Avenue,
We played the tunes that everybody knew;
The music was sweet, And each note so true,
And showed just what the Land League Band could do.

Chorus.

Oh! the ladles and the babies that live on the street,
Applaud with their hands and keep time with their feet;
All the folks from the table got up from their seat.
And run to the door when they hear the drums beat.

Come all ye jolly sailor boys and listen unto me,
While I relate a dreadful tale that happened on the sea;
It's of a jolly sailor boy, by name Jack Donohue,
For twenty years before the mast on board the Bugaboo.

At every party in the town.
Where all the spielers can be found;
Wherever they are we're always around,
To show what we can do.
We went to Brady's house la6t night.
The base horn blower put out the light.
Which nearly ended in a fight.
But was stopped by the Land League Baud.
Mahoney he got drunk on lemonade.
To walk home Mary Grogan was afraid;
And the divil a one of us knew the tune we played.
And b'iling drunk 'till daylight there we stayed.-Chorus.

Killarney's lakes and fells, Emerald isles and winding bays
luty's home, Killarney-ever fair Killarney.

We're going to give a ball purty soon.
We'll invite every white man and every coon;
We'll play "The Order of Full Moons,"
The affair will surely be grand.
The ladies with the fantastic toe.
The beauties of the dance will show;
You'll be satisfied when you go home
From the ball of the Land League Band.
The welcome that you'll get will be great to hear.
And we'll quench your thirst with a glass of beer;
The Land League Band will send up a rousing cheer.
And not a single man will get on his ear.-Chorus.

Oh! grammachree, I'd like to see old Ireland free once more.
And see the times we used to have in the good old days of yore
I'd like the harp and shamrock waving over Drill's shore,
I'd like to see old Ireland free, oh, grammachree asthore!