

# The Battle Of Limerick - song lyrics

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THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK

By Thackeray.

Ye Genii of the nation,  
Who look with veneration,  
And Ireland's desolation on saying deprecate;  
Ye sons of General Jackson,  
Who thramp on the Saxon,  
Attend to the thransacuon upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schmbng,  
A tyrant and a humbug,  
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,  
Our fortitude and valliance  
Instructed his battalions  
To rispict the galliam Irish-upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation  
No city in this nation  
So grand a reputation could boast before,  
As Limerick prodigious,  
That stands with quays and bridges,  
And ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,  
'Tis William Smith O'Brine  
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more?  
O the Saxons can't endure  
To see him on the flure,  
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valliant son of Mars  
Had been to vis t Par's.  
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor;  
And to welcome his return  
From pilgrimages furren,  
We invited him to day on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board  
Young Meagher of the sword;  
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;  
And Mitchil of Belfast  
We bade to our repast,  
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould  
These patriots so bould.  
We took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;  
And with ornamints and banners  
(As becomes gintale good manners)  
We made the loveliest day-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sows  
To see the butthered rowls,  
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,  
And the muffins and the crumpets,  
And the band of harps and thrumpets,  
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay  
Would be proud to dthrnk the lay  
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;  
And, since the days of Strongbow,  
There never was such Congo-  
Mitchel dthrank six quarts of it-by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry  
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Connellan beheld this sworry  
With raise and imulation in their black hearts' core;  
And they hired a gang of ruffins  
To interrupt the muffins,  
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shanuon shore.

When full of day and cake  
O'Brine began to spake;  
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar  
Of a ragamuffin rout  
Began to yell and shout,  
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,  
They batthered and they banged;  
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;  
They smashed the lovely windies  
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),  
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,  
Drowned puppies and dead rats,  
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;  
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,  
Cabbage stalks, And wooden legs,  
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame,  
And upset the milk and crame;  
And the honorable gintlemin, they cursed and swore;  
And Mitchil of Belfast,  
'Twas he that looked aghast,  
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely day was spilt  
On that day of Ireland's guilt;  
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kill! Boys, where's the back door?  
'Tis a national disgrace:  
Let me go and veil me face":  
And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"  
Says Meagher of the sword:  
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore";  
But the best use Tommy made  
Of his famous battle-blade  
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine  
Was raging like a line;  
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;  
In his glory he arose,  
And he rushed upon his foes;  
But they bit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and Dithragoons  
In squadthrons and platoons,  
With their music playing chunes, down upon as bore;  
And they bate the rattatoo.  
But the Peelers came in view,  
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.