

Erin Go Bragh

Traditional; Dick Gaughan version

Ma name's Duncan Campbell fae the shire o Argyll
A've traivellt this country for mony's the mile
A've traivellt thro Irelan, Scotlan an aa
An the name A go under's bauld Erin-go-Bragh

Ae nicht in Auld Reekie A walked doun the street
Whan a saucy big polis A chanced for tae meet
He glowert in ma face an he gied me some jaw
Sayin, "Whan cam ye owre, bauld Erin-go-Bragh?"

Well, A am not a Pat tho in Irelan A've been
Nor am A a Paddy tho Irelan A've seen
But were A a Paddy, that's nothin at aa
For thair's mony's a bauld hero in Erin-go-Bragh.

Well A know ye're a Pat by the cut o yer hair
Bit ye aa turn tae Scotsmen as sune as ye're here
Ye left yer ain countrie for brakin the law
An we're seizin aa stragglers fae Erin-go-Bragh.

An were A a Pat an ye knew it wis true
Or wis A the devil, then whit's that tae you?
Were it no for the stick that ye haud in yer paw
A'd show ye a game played in Erin-go-Bragh.

An a lump o blackthorn that A held in ma fist
Aroun his big bodie A made it tae twist
An the blude fae his napper A quickly did draw
An paid him stock-an-interest for Erin-go-Bragh

Bit the people cam roun like a flock o wild geese
Sayin, "Catch that daft rascal he's killt the police!"
An for every freen A had A'm shair he had twa
It wis terrible hard times for Erin-go-Bragh

Bit A cam tae a wee boat that sails in the Forth
An A packed up ma gear an A steered for the North
"Fareweill tae Auld Reekie, yer polis an aa
An the devil gang wi ye," says Erin-go-Bragh.

Sae come aa ye young people, whairever ye're from
A don't give a damn tae whit place ye belang
A come fae Argyll in the Heilans sae braw
Bit A ne'er took it ill bein caad Erin-go-Bragh.