John Riley

Grada

John Riley came from Gullway Town in the years of the Irish Hunger, He'd sail away to America~ when the country was much younger, Now the place was strange and work was scarce and all he knew was farming, So he followed all the other men to a job in the U.S. army, Adventure calls and some would run and this is their sad story, Some get drunk on Demon Rum and some get drunk on Glory, Now they marched down Texas-way to the banks of the Rio Grande, They built a fort on the banks above to taunt old Santa Anda, They were treated bad and paid worse and then the fighting started, And the more they fought the less they thought of the damned old U.S. army, Adventure calls and some would run and this is their sad story, Some get drunk on Demon Rum and some get drunk on Glory, When the church bells rang on Sunday morn they set his soul a-shiver, So the senoritas washed their hair on the far side of the river, John Riley and 200 more Irish mercenaries, They cast their lot, right or not, south of the Rio Grande, Now they fought brave under the flag of the Santa Trisio, Til the Yankee soldiers beat them down at the battle of Chur Abusko, And 15 men were whipped like bills on the cheeks they were hung unbranded, Made them dig the graves of 50 more who were hanging fate unhanded,

Adventure calls and some would run and this is their sad story,

Some get drunk on Demon Rum and some get drunk on Glory,

Music

John Riley stands and drinks alone in a bar in Vera Cruz,

And he wonders if it matters much if you win or if you lose,

Well I'm a man who can't go home, I'm a vagabond says he,

I'm a victim of this wander-lust and divided loyalty,

Adventure calls and some would run and this is their sad story,

Some get drunk on Demon Rum and some get drunk on Glory,

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Some get drunk on Demon Rum
Some get drunk on Demon Rum-

Lyrics submitted by Stephanie Evans.

Some get drunk on Demon Rum and some get drunk on Glory...

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