

Traditional Irish Folk Song

Irish

They come over here and they take all our land
They chop of our heads and they boil them in oil
Our children are leaving and we have no heads
We drink and we sing and we drink and we die

We have no heads, we have no heads

They come over here and they chop off our legs
They cut off our hands and put nails in our eyes
O'Grady is dead and O'Hanrahan's gone
We drink and we die and continue to drink

O'Hanrahan, no O'Hanrahan

They buried O'Neill down in Country Shillhame
The poor children crying a fe dee din de
Hin fle di din fle di din fle de din de
In hey bibble bibble hey bibble bibble hey fle bibble de

O'Hanrahan, no O'Hanrahan

We drink and we sing and we drink and we sing, hey!
We drink and we drive and we puke and we drink, hey!
We drink and we fight and we bleed and we cry, hey!
We puke and we smoke and we drink and we die, hey!

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