

Wolfe Tones, The Boys Of Fair Hill

The smell on Patrick's Bridge is wick- ed.
How does Fa - ther Mat - thew stick it?
Here's up them all says the boys of Fair - hill.
Come boys, spend a day with our Harrier Club so gay:
The cry of the hounds it will make your heart thrill.
And, when you hear Conan Doyle say:
"The Amoured Car has won today,"
Here's up 'em all say the boys of Fair Hill.
First you go to Fahy's well for a drink of pure clean water,
The finest spot on earth sure the angels do say,
Where thousands came across the foam.
just to view the Blarney Stone.
Which can be seen from the groves of Fair Hill.
First you go to Quinlan's pub - that is where you join our club,
Where around us in gallons the porter does flow,
First they tap a half-a-tierce and drink a health to

Dashwood's race;

That's the stuff to give 'em say the boys of Fair Hill.
Come boys and spend a day with our Hurling Club so gay
The clash of the ash it will make your heart thrill;
The Rockies thought that they were stars, till they meet the Saint Finbarr's,
Here's up 'em all say the boys of Fair Hill.

Single line verses:

If you want to join our Club just go down to..... pub.
Paddy Barry hooked the ball - we hooked Paddy, ball and all.
Cathy Barry sells drisheens, pints of Murphy and pigs crubeens.
Cathy Barry sells drisheens, fairly bursting at the seams.
Shandon Steeple stands up straight and the River Lee flows underneath
The Blarney hens don't lay at all and when they lays they lays 'em small.
The smell from the river is something wicked, how do FatherMatthew stick it?
The Blackpool girls are very small up against the sunbeam wall.
The Montenotte girls are very rude; they go swimming in the nude.
In Blackrock there is no law - the next Lord Mayor is Andy Gaw.
Christy Ring he pucks the ball - we puck Christy, ball and all.