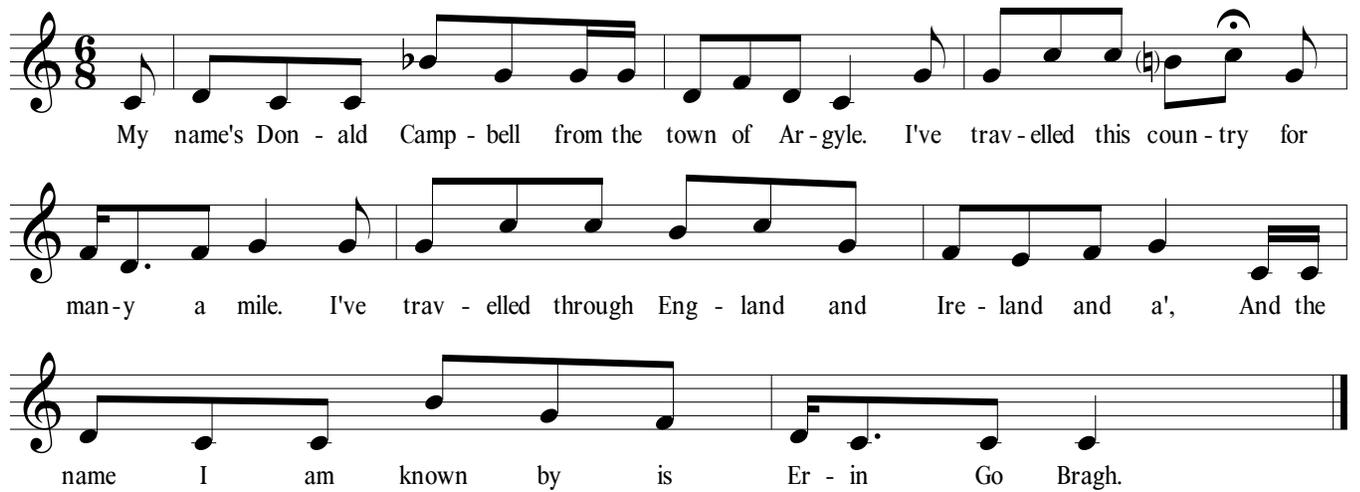


Erin Go Bragh



My name's Don - ald Camp - bell from the town of Ar - gyle. I've trav - elled this coun - try for
man - y a mile. I've trav - elled through Eng - land and Ire - land and a', And the
name I am known by is Er - in Go Bragh.

When first as a stranger I came to this place
A saucy policeman stared me in the face,
Stared me in the face and he gave me some jaw,
Saying, "Whence came you over, Erin Go Bragh?"

"Oh, I am no Paddy, though Ireland I've seen,
Oh, I am no Paddy, though in Ireland I've been,
For I am a Scotchman from the highlands awa'
Though I ne'er felt it shame to be called Erin Go Bragh."

"Oh, I know you're a Paddy by the cut of your hair,
I know you're a Paddy by the coat that you wear,
You left your own country for breaking the law
And deny you're a son of old Erin Go Bragh."

"Now if I was a Paddy and you knew it was true,
Or if I was the devil, now what's that to you?
Was it not for the wee thorn stick you hold in your paw,
I would teach you a game played in Erin Go Bragh."

I took the wee thorn stick that he held in his fist
And around his big body I made it to twist,
The blood from his napper I quickly did draw
Just like a bold son of old Erin Go Bragh.

His friends came around him like a flock of wild geese,
Saying, "You wild Irish villain, you've killed our police."
And where I had nae friend, on my soul, he had twa,
Tight times, you may believe, for old Erin Go Bragh.

I came to a wee boat that lay on the shore,
I picked up the oars and away I did steer.
"Adieu to policemen, to Scotland and a',
The devil go with you," says Erin Go Bragh.