Darby Kelly





My grandsire beat the drum complete His name was Darby Kelly, O No lad so true at rat-tat-too At roll call or reveillez O When Marlbro's name first rose to fame So proud he rolled the Point of War At Blenheim he and Ramillies Fired all our champions to the core And O, his wrist has such a twist When home they marched with row-dow-dow With one great shout the boys came out The girls they gazed, you don't know how.

A son he had, who was my dad, The second Darby Kelly, O. As quick and true at rat-tat-too, At roll-call or reveillez O, When great Wolfe died, his country's pride, To arms, to arms the father beat, Each dale and hill remembers still How loud and long, how clear and sweet! And when from home from off the foam He led the march with row-dow-dow Och! what a shout the lads let out, The lasses looked, you don't know how.

And now, small blame, I bear the name And drum of Darby Kelly O. Myself as true at rat-tat-too At roll call or reveillez O. With Wellington, old Ireland's sun, I've beat the Mounseers out of Spain, And now we march through laurel arch And waving banners home again; And as my sticks the same old tricks They play with patt'ring row-dow-dow, Man, woman, child, they've all gone wild, The girls they gaze, you don't know how.