

MASTER McGRATH

EIGHTEEN SIXTY-NINE BEING THE DATE OF THE YEAR
THOSE WATERLOO SPORTSMEN AND MORE DID APPEAR
FOR TO GAIN THE GREAT PRIZES AND BEAR THEM AWA'
NEVER COUNTING ON IRELAND AND MASTER McGRATH!

ON THE TWELFTH OF NOVEMBER, THAT DAY OF RENOWN
McGRATH AND HIS KEEPER THEY LEFT LURGAN TOWN,
A GALE IN THE CHANNEL, IT SOON DROVE THEM O'ER,
ON THE THIRTEENTH, THEY LANDED ON ENGLAND'S FAIR SHORE.

AND WHEN THEY ARRIVED IN BIG LONDON TOWN
THOSE GREAT ENGLISH "SPORTSMEN", THEY ALL GATHERED ROUND
AND ONE OF THOSE GENTLEMEN STANDING NEARBY
SAID, "IS THAT THE GREAT DOG YOU CALL MASTER McGRATH?"

THEN ONE OF THOSE GENTLEMEN STANDING AROUND
SAYS, "I DON'T CARE A DAMN FOR YOUR IRISH GREYHOUND!"
AND ANOTHER, HE SNEERED WITH A SCORNFUL "HA! HA!
WE'LL SOON HUMBLE THE PRIDE OF YOUR MASTER McGRATH."

THEN LORD LURGAN CAME FORWARD AND SAID, "GENTLEMEN,
IF THERE'S ANY AMONGST YOU HAS MONEY TO SPEND
FOR YOUR GRAND ENGLISH NOBLES I DON'T CARE A STRAW
HERE'S FIVE THOUSAND TO ONE UPON MASTER McGRATH."

OH McGRATH HE LOOKED UP AND HE WAGGED HIS OLD TAIL
INFORMING HIS LORDSHIP, "SURE I KNOW WHAT YOU MANE
DON'T FEAR NOBLE BROWNIOW, DON'T FEAR THEM, A GRÁ
WE'LL SOON TARNISH THEIR LAURELS," SAYS MASTER McGRATH.

LOVELY ROSE STOOD UNCOVERED, THE GREAT ENGLISH PRIDE
HER MASTER AND KEEPER WERE CLOSE BY HER SIDE
THEY LET THEM AWAY AND THE CROWD CRIED "HURRAH"
FOR THE PRIDE OF ALL ENGLAND, AND MASTER McGRATH.

NOW AS ROSE AND THE MASTER, THEY BOTH RAN ALONG
"I WONDER," SAYS ROSE, "WHAT TOOK YOU FROM YOUR HOME
YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED THERE IN YOUR IRISH DOMAIN,
AND NOT COME TO GAIN LAURELS ON ALBION'S PLAIN".

"WELL, I KNOW," SAYS THE MASTER, "WE HAVE WILD HEATHER BOGS
BUT, BEDAD, IN OLD IRELAND THERE'S GOOD MEN AND DOGS
LEAD ON, BOLD BRITANNIA, GIVE NONE OF YOUR JAW
STUFF THAT UP YOUR NOSTRILS," SAYS MASTER McGRATH.

WELL THE HARE SHE LED ON JUST AS SWIFT AS THE WIND
HE WAS SOMETIMES BEFORE HER AND SOMETIMES BEHIND
HE JUMPED ON HER BACK AND HELD UP HIS OULD PAW
"LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!", SAYS MASTER McGRATH!