

shebeen
"garvaghy road"

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On a lonely Drumcree hill
Ten thousand Orangemen are waiting.
They want to walk the streets of Portadown
Their sashes and their flutes
Their bowler hats and suits
But they'll not be marching down Garvaghy Road

Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
"Hey baby let the free birds fly!"
It's plain for us to see
Take your tents up to Drumcree
Because you'll not be marching down Garvaghy Road

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling
Michael they are taking you away.
For you stole Trevelyn's corn
So the young might see the morn
But they'll still not be marching down Garvaghy Road

Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
"Hey baby let the free birds fly!"
It's plain for us to see
Take your tents up to Drumcree
Because you'll not be marching down Garvaghy Road

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young boy calling
Nothing matters Rangers cause we're gonna win the
league
Against the Famine and the Crown
I rebelled they cut me down
But they'll still not be marching down Garvaghy Road

Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
"Hey baby let the free birds fly!"
It's plain for us to see
Take your tents up to Drumcree

Because you'll not be marching down Garvaghy Road

Alone stands the Drumcree ridge
They are standing on the Ormeau bridge
Cause they want to do their walking on our streets
With the sound of foots and drums
But there'll be no more Orange scum
Marching down Garvaghy Road and the Ormeau
bridge.

Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
"Hey baby let the free birds fly!"
It's plain for us to see
Take your tents up to Drumcree
Because you'll not be marching down Garvaghy Road

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