

## **Clancy Brothers**

### **"Master McGrath"**

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Eighteen sixty-nine being the date of the year  
The Waterloo sportsman, they all did appear  
To win the great prize and to bear it away  
Never counting on Ireland and Master McGrath  
And when they arrived there in London town  
The great English sportsman they did gather round  
One of the gentlemen gave an, "Ha ha  
Is that the great dog you call Master McGrath?"  
Lord Lurgon stepped forward and he said,  
"Gentlemen,  
If there are any among you have money to spend,  
For your great English greyhound I don't care a straw.  
Five thousand to one upon Master McGrath."  
White Rose stood uncovered, the great English pride -  
Her trainer and owner were both by her side.  
They led her away and the crowd cried, "Hurrah!"  
For the pride of all England and Master McGrath.  
As Rose and the Master, they both ran along,  
"I wonder," said 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 plains."

"I know," said McGrath, "We have wild heather bogs,

But you'll find in old Ireland we have good men and dogs.

Lead on, bold Britannia, give none of your jaw;

Snuff that up your nostrils," said Master McGrath.

The hare she led on, what a beautiful view,

As swift as the wind o'er the green fields she flew.

He jumped on her back and he held up his paw;

"Three cheers for old Ireland," said Master McGrath.

I've known many greyhounds that filled me with pride

In the days that are gone and it can't be denied,

But the greatest and the bravest the world ever saw

Was our champion of champions, brave Master McGrath

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