

## Dubliners "The Captains And The Kings"

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The Captains And The Kings

I remember in September when the final stumps were drawn

And the shouts of crowds now silent when the boisterous cheer had gone

Let us O Lord above us remember simple things

When all are dead to love us, Oh, the captains and the Kings

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We have many goods for export Christian ethics and old port

But our greatest boast is that the Anglo-Saxon is a sport

When the dart's game is finished and the boys there game of rings

And the draft and chests were linghuised, Oh, the captains and the Kings

And the draft and chests were linqhuised, Oh, the captains and the Kings

Far away in dear old Cyprus or in Kenya's dusty land Where all bear the white mans burden in many a strange land

As we looked across our shoulder in West-Belfast the school-bell rings

And we sigh for dear old England, and the captains and the Kings

And we sigh for dear old England, and the captains and the Kings

In our dreams we see old Harrow and we hear the crow's loud caw

At the flower show our big marrow take's the pride from evil and war

Cups of tea and some dry sherry vintage car's, these simple things

So let's drink up and be merry for the captains and the Kings

So let's drink up and be merry for the captains and the Kings

As I wandered in a nightmare all around great Windsor Park

Now what do you think I found there as I wandered in the dark?

'Twas an apple half bitten and sweetest of all things Five baby teeth had written of the captains and the Kings

Five baby teeth had written of the captains and the Kings

By the moon that shine's above us in the misty mornin' night

Let us cease to run our self down and praise God

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