

The Town Pants

"Fare Thee Well Inniskillen"

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Our troop was made ready at the dawn of the day
From lovely Enniskillen they were marching us away.
They put us then on board a ship to cross the raging
main,
To fight in bloody battle in the sunny land of Spain.

Fare thee well Enniskillen, fare thee well for a while
And all around the borders of Erin's green isle;
And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom
And you'll all welcome home your Enniskillen Dragoons.

Oh Spain it is a gallant land where wine and ale flow
free
There's lots of lovely women there to dandle on your
knee
And often in a tavern there we'd make the rafters ring
When every soldier in the house would raise his glass
and sing

Well we fought for Ireland's glory there and many a
man did fall
From musket and from bayonet and from thundering
cannon ball
And many a foeman we laid low, amid the battle throng
And as we prepared for action you would often hear
this song

Well now the fighting's over and for home we have set
sail,
Our flag above this lofty ship is fluttering in the gale:
They've given us a pension boys of fourpence each a
day
And when we reach Enniskillen never more we'll have
to say.

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