

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Lurgan Town

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Oh Lurgan town's an altered town,
Since papish Hancock he came to it
If ye walk on the twelfth day of July,
Ye may depend he'll make you rue it,
And if you sing an Orange song,
Ye'll be jailed for eight and forty hours.
Fresh orders he has gave his police,
To make prisoners of none but ours.

cho: Whack fol la, Too rye ay
Whack fol right fol too rye addy

Lurgan hill is one high hill,
The devil's hill the truth I tell ye.
The Fenian master he lives there
Besides his name is Francis Kelly;
And every night the meeting's held,
About Repeal and Dan O'C@nnell;
And divil the man dare pass that way,
Unless his name is Pat or Donal.

We held a dance in ould Kilmore,
The Fenian bulldogs they came to it.
They danced our maids right round the floor,
And ordered Patrick's Day to play it
Garyowen and the White Cockade,
These were the tunes that they did want sirs,
As round the floor they danced our maids,
Sayin' "You never stood before such dancers."

The twelfth day of July came round,
We raised up thirty stand of colours;
And on that hill we raised an arch,
And on it printed "Here's no cowards,"
"Now," says Kelly, "If you come through
Your Orange blood we'll surely scatter."
We turned, shook hands, all we could do,
Was say, Boys remember the Boyne Water."

From The Orange Lark, Published by The Ulster Society