

The Gals Of Dublin Town

Now 'tis of a famous Yankee ship, to New York we wuz bound
And our captain being an Irishman, belonging to Dublin Town

Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah! For the gals of Dublin Town
Hurrah ! for the bonnie green flag
and the Harp without a Crown

And when he gazes on that land, that town of high renown
Oh, it's break away the green burgee and the Harp without a Crown

Chorus

'Twas on the seventeenth of May we arrived in New York Bay
Our captain being an Irishman must celebrate the day

Chorus

With the Stars and Sripes way high aloft and fluttering all around
But underneath his monkey-gaff flew the Harp without a Crown

Chorus
Now we're bound for frisco, boys, and things is running wild
The officers and men dead drunk, around the decks they pile

Chorus

But by tomorrow morning, boys, we'll work without a frown
For on board the saucy Shenandoah flies the Harp without a Crown

Chorus 2x