Slattery's Mounted Fut - song lyrics

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SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FUT.

You've heard of Julius Caesar, and the great Napoleon, too,
And how the Cork militia beat the Turks at Waterloo;
But there's a page of glory that as yet remains uncut.
And that's the martial story of the Slattery Mounted Fut.
This gallant corps was organized by Slattery's eldest son,
A noble-minded poacher with a double-breasted gun;
And many a head was broken, aye, and many an eye was shut.
When practicing maneuvers in the Slattery Mounted Fut.

Chorus.
And down from the mountains came the squadrons and platoons,
Four-and-twenty lighting men and a couple of stout gossoons;
And when we marched behind the drum to patriotic tunes,
I We felt that fame would gild the name of Slattery'e Light Dragoons.

Well, first we reconnoitered 'round of O'Sullivan's shebeen-
It used to be the "Shop House," but we called it "'The Canteen;"
But there we saw a notice which the bravest heart unnerved-
"All liquor must be settled for before the drink is served."
So on we marched, but soon again each warrior's heart grew pale,
For rising high in front of us we saw the county jail;
And when the army faced about, 'twas just in tune to find
A couple of policeman had surrounded us behind.

Chorus.
Still down from the mountain came the squadrons and platoons.
Four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons:
Says Slattery: "We must circumvent these bludgeoning boothoons.
Or else it games they'll take the names of Slattery's Light Dragoons."

"We'll cross the ditch," our leader cried, "and take the foe in flank;"
But yells of consternation here arose from every rank,
For posted high upon a tree we very plainly saw -
"Trespassers prosecuted, in accordance with the law."
"We're foiled!" exclaimed bold Slattery, "here ends our grand campaign,
'Tis merely throwing life away to face that mearin dhrain;
I'm not as bowld as lions, but I'm braver nor a hen;
And he that fights and runs away will live to fight again."

Chorus.
And back to the mountains went the squadrons and platoons.
Four-And-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons;
The band was playing cautiously their patriotic tunes;
So sing the fame, if rather lame, of Slattery's Light Dragoons.

They reached the mountain safely, though all stiff and sore with cramp:
Each took a wet of whiskey nate to dissipate the damp;
And when they loaded all their pipes, bowld Slattery ups and said-
"To-day's immortal fight will be remembered by the dead;"
"I never shall forget "said he," while this brave heart shall beat,
The eager way ye followed when I headed the retreat;
Ye preferred the soldier's maxim, when desisting from the strife:
Best be a coward for five minutes, than a dead man all your life."

Chorus.
And there in the mountains lay in squadrons and platoons,
Those four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons;
They never more will march again to patriotic tunes,
Tho all the same they sing the fame of Slattery's Light Dragoons.