

MacNamara's Band

[G]My name is Macnamara,
I'm the leader of a band,
And [C]though we're small in [G]number,
We're the [A7]best in all the [D7]land.
Of [G]course I'm the conductor
And I've often had to play
With[C] all the fine [G]musicians
That you]A7] read a[D7]bout to[G]day.

Chorus:

The [G]drums they bang, the cymbals clang,
The horns they blaze away,
Ma[C]Carthy puffs the [G]ould bassoon,
Doyle [[A7]And I the pipes does[D7] play.
[G]Hennessey tuteily tootles the flute,
The music is something grand,
And a [C]credit to ould [G]Ireland's boys
Is [A7]Macna[D7]mara's [G]Band.

Whenever an election's on
We play on either side,
And the way we play the fine ould airs
Fills every heart with pride.
If dear Tom Moore was living now
He'd make them understand
That none can do him justice
Like ould Macnamara's Band.

Chorus.

We play for fairs or weddings
And for every County Ball,
And at any great man's funeral
We play "The Dead March in Saul."
When General Grant to Ireland came
He shook me by the hand,
And said he never heard the like
Of ould Macnamara's Band.

Chorus.

Just now we are practicing
For a very grand affair,
It's an annual celebration,
All the gentry will be there.
The girls and boys will all turn out
With flags and colours grand,
And in front of the procession
Will be Macnamara's Band.