
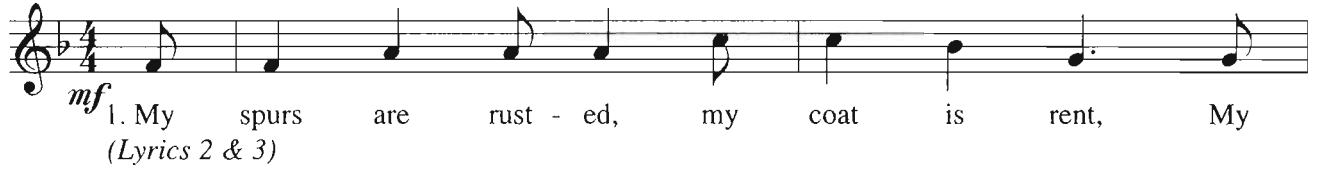


# The Rapparee

Words & Music by Seamus McGrath, Tom Brett, Michael O'Brian & James English

Moderately 





*mf* 1. My spurs are rust - ed, my coat is rent, My

(Lyrics 2 & 3)













plume is damp with rain, And the this - tle - down and the

















bar - ley - beard are thick on my hor - se's mane. But my





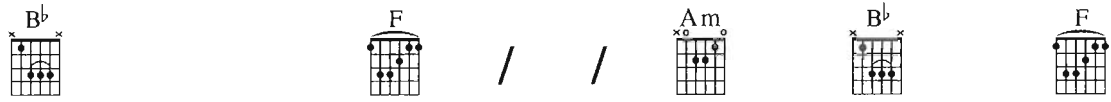








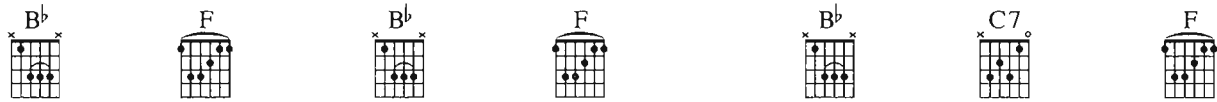


ri - fle's as bright as my sweet - heart's eyes, My arm is strong and


  
 free,                      What care have I for your king or laws? I'm an


  
 out - lawed rap - pa - ree!                      Lift your glass - es,


  
 friends, with mine, And give your hand to me, I'm


  
 Eng - land's foe, I'm Ire - land's friend, I'm an out - lawed rap - pa - ree!

*D.C.*

2. The moun-tain cavern is my home,  
 High up the the crystal air,  
 And my bed of limestone iron ribbed,  
 And the brown heath smelling fair.  
 Let George or William only send  
 His troops to burn or loot,  
 We'll meet them up on equal ground  
 And we'll fight them foot to foot.  
 Lift your glasses, friends, with mine (*etc.*)

3. Hunted from out our father's home,  
 Pursued by steel and shot,  
 A bloody warfare we must wage,  
 Or the gibbet be our lot.  
 Hurrah! This war is welcome work,  
 The hunted outlaw knows,  
 He steps unto his country's love,  
 O'er the corpses of his foes.  
 Lift your glasses, friends, with mine (*etc.*)