Loveable, Likeable Leitrim Lad



Tim Malone was drafted
In the middle of the night
The sergeant said, "Come Tim, me
lad, We need you in the fight"
So Timmy laid his spade right down
And started with a bang
He grinned and as he went away
His buddies stood and sang

"Oh, he's a likeable lovable Leitrim lad And he hails from old Drumkireen. He's wearin' the stripes his daddy had And there's no man he'll be fearin' For he's off to join the colours Of the Fightin' Sixty-Nine, So cheer the lovable Leitrim lad As he marches up the line."