

SAN PATRICIOS (by Street Dogs 2009)

SAN PATRICIOS

Two hundred Irish go into Mexico
To fight a battle of manifest destiny
Driven by their Catholic conscience
They chose to rise and do what's right
Joined up with the natives for the fight

Confused then torn by aggression
Born against a sovereign land
El battalion, El battalion de San Patricios
El battalion, El battalion de San Patricios

Sick and tired of the anglo abuse of might
And of following orders from a bent U.S. regime
They joined ranks with the Mexican army
Red headed ones led by Johny Riley
When you stand behind your principles
You never lose

Confused then torn by aggression
Born against a sovereign land
El battalion, El battalion de San Patricios
El battalion, El battalion de San Patricios

Fight with Riley fierce and wild

Mirar aqui Rudy

Churubusco de el 72
No queridos en la corte marcial
50 colgados, 16 madriados
Portrados como trydores
Grito para ellos, grito para todos
Parados nunca calleron

So we celebrate Irish and Mexican unity
It was forged with blood during manifest destiny

Confused then torn by aggression
Born against a sovereign land
El battalion, El battalion de San Patricios

Led by Riley fierce and wild
They paid the highest price

El battalion, El battalion de San Patricios
El battalion, El battalion de San Patricios

NO IRISH NEED APPLY

I'm a decent boy just landed
From the town of Ballyfad;
I want a situation, yes,
And want it very bad.
I have seen employment advertised,
"It's just the thing," says I,
"But the dirty spalpeen ended with
'No Irish Need Apply.' "

"Whoa," says I, "that's an insult,
But to get the place I'll try,"
So I went to see the blackguard
With his "No Irish Need Apply."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.
I started out to find the house,
I got it mighty soon;
There I found the old chap seated,
He was reading the Tribune.
I told him what I came for,
When he in a rage did fly,
"No!" he says, "You are a Paddy,
And no Irish need apply."

Then I gets my dander rising
And I'd like to black his eye
To tell an Irish gentleman
"No Irish Need Apply."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

I couldn't stand it longer
So a hold of him I took,
And gave him such a welting
As he'd get at Donnybrook.
He hollered, "Milia murther,"
And to get away did try,
And swore he'd never write again
"No Irish Need Apply."

Well he made a big apology,
I told him then goodbye,
Saying, "When next you want a beating,
Write 'No Irish Need Apply.' "
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.
@Irish @work @discrimination
filename[NOIRISH
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HELP WANTED NO IRISH NEED APPLY

CONTRASTED FACES.

"Look on this picture, and then on that."—SHAKESPEARE.



Fig. 747. — FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



Fig. 748. — BRIDGET McBRATNEY.