Faugh- A - Ballah
(FAUG- A-BOLLA)

Words by
ED. ROSE

Music by
ABE OLMAN

Moderato

There's a

Next
day the regi- men; A - cross the top was sent, They fought and fought and

new word used to - day, In the trenches so the say, It makes them fight with
day the regi- ment, A - cross the top was sent, They fought and fought and

all their might And it means to clear the way It's I - rish as can be And it
never stopped Till ev-ry man was spent The cap-tain cried; Now men, We'll

scares the en - e - my For when they hear this bat-tle cheer It's good-bye Ger-man - y.
have to res- cue them; Then came a cheer and we could hear the bat-tle cry a - gain.
CHORUS

Faugh-a-bal-la! the Dublin boys are here, Faugh-a-bal-la! just listen to them
cheer, We'll carry on till the last one is gone, And even then we will
come again Just to help the boys along by singing Faugh-a-bal-la! There's something troubling
Dublin And bog-ob, we know just who For we'll march right thru like the
Irish always do, When we sing Faugh-a-bal-la in the morning.

Faugh-a Bal-la!