

Oh, me name is MacNamara, I'm the leader of the band
Although we're few in numbers, we're the finest in the land
We play at wakes and weddings and at every fancy ball
And when we play the funerals, we play the March from Saul
Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang
and the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bassoon
while I the pipes do play
And Hennesse Tennessee tootles the flute
And the music is something grand
A credit to old Ireland is MacNamara's band

Right now we are rehearsing for a very swell affair
The annual celebration, all the gentry will be there
When General Grant to Ireland came he took me by the hand
He said "I never saw the likes of MacNamara's band"
Oh the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang...

Whenever an election's on, we play on either side
The way we play our fine old airs fills Irish hearts with pride
Oh! If poor Tom Moore was living now, he'd make yez understand
That none could do him justice like old MacNamara's band.
Oh the drums go bang, and the cymbals clang... (repeat)