

Here is an alternative way to play measures 11-14

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
 But join with me, each jovial blade
 Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
 To help me with the chorus:

Chorus:

Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
 And pay the reckoning on the nail;
 No man for debt shall go to jail
 From Garryowen in glory.

We are the boys who take delight
 In smashing limerick lamps at night,
 And through the street like sportsters fight,
 Tearing all before us.

Chorus

We'll break the windows, we'll break down doors,
 The watch knock down by threes and fours,
 And let the doctors work their cures,
 And tinker up our bruised.

Chorus

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
 We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
 We are the boys no man dares dun
 If he regards a whole skin.

Chorus

Our hearts so stout have got us fame
 For soon 'tis known from whence we came
 Where'er we go they fear the name
 Of Garryowen in glory.

Chorus