

# The Sands of Mexico

## The Chieftains

We went down to Churubusco,  
But the devil got there first;  
The road was hard, the way was long,  
Churu busco was far worse.  
Pressed in the Union Army  
And ordered off to go  
Along the southern border  
To the sands of Mexico.

Now we come from Cork and Kerry,  
That emerald world has past,  
My Mary would be pleased to know  
I'm a praying man at last!  
In this distressed country  
Little comfort do we know;  
My Bible is my road map  
On the sands of Mexico.

When the road is cold up yonder,  
I'll be there,  
The boys will harmonize  
A lovely Irish air.  
Take a message to my Mary,  
She's the one that's true I know:  
When you saw me I had fallen  
On the sands of Mexico.

Now the army used us harshly,  
We were but trash to them,  
Conscripted Irish farmers  
Not first class soldier men.  
They beat us and they banged us,  
Mistreated us, you know,  
But they couldn't make us killers,  
On the sands of Mexico

That's why we call it faith,  
That's why we call him Lord,  
That's why I threw away  
My Yankee sword.  
Our John Riley seized the day  
And marched us down the road,  
And we wouldn't slay our brothers,  
On the sands of Mexico.  
Instrumental bridge

Faith and righteousness  
Was all in vain,  
Irish blood was spilled  
once again.  
As I stand upon the gallows,  
It cheers the soul to know  
History will absolve us  
On the sands of Mexico.

The sands of Mexico,  
The bloody sands of Mexico!

La historia me absolverá  
On the sands of Mexico.