D
Beauing, belling, dancing, drinking,
A
Breaking windows, cursing, sinking
D
Every raking, never thinking,
G A D
Live the Rakes of Mallow,

D
Spending faster than it comes,
A
Beating waiter's bailiffs, duns,
D
Bacchus' true begotten sons,
G A D
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

One time naught but claret drinking,
Then like politicians, thinking
To raise the sinking funds when sinking.
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

When at home, with da-da dying,
Still for mellow water crying,
But, where there's good claret plying
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives,
Going where the devil drives,
Having sweethearts, but no wives,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
Raking as at Mallow.

Then to end this raking life,
They get sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
And wish again for Mallow.