

Hurrah for Paddy's Land

Old Time Songs and Ballads that are dear to the Irish heart of Hibernians, Outdoor Men, Sailors, Lumber Jacks, Soldiers, Men of the Great Lakes, Railroadmen, Miners, etc.

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Beautiful Isle of The Sea !

Beautiful Isle of the Sea
Smile on the brow of the waters !
Dear are your mem'ries to me,
Sweet as the songs of your daughters,
Over your mountains and vales,
Down by each murmuring river,
Cheer'd by the flow'r-loving gales,
Oh ! could I wander for ever !
Land of the True and the Old,
Home ever dear unto me—
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful Isle of the Sea !
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the Sea !

Oft, on your shell-girdled shore,
Ev'ning has found me reclining,
Visions of youth dreaming o'er,
Down where the light-house was shining,
Far from the gladness you gave,
Far from all joys worth possessing,
Still, o'er the lone, weary wave,
Comes to the wand'rer your blessing !
Land of the True and the Old,
Home ever dear unto me
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful Isle of the Sea !
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the Sea !

Erin, Mavourneen.

When the pure sense of honor shall cease to inspire thee
And kind hospitality leaves thy gay shore ;
When the nations that know thee, no longer admire thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.
When the trumpet of fame shall cease to proclaim thee,
Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of yore,
When the muse and the record of genius disclaim thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.
When thy brave sons no longer are generous and witty
And cease to be loved by the fair they adore,
When thy daughters no longer are virtuous and pretty,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

Erin Is My Home.

Oh, I have roamed in many lands,
And many friends I've met,
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I wish to roam ;
Oh, steer my bark for Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.
If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore,
And if Columbia were my home,
Her freedom I'd adore ;
Tho' pleasant days in both I've passed,
I dream of days to come ;
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.

Paddy's Island of Green.

Ah, pooh, botheration, dear Ireland's the nation
Which all other nations together excels ;
Where worth, hospitality, conviviality,
Friendship, and open sincerity dwells.
Sure I've roamed the world over, from Dublin to Dover,
But, in all the strange countries wherever I've been,
I ne'er saw an island, on sea or on dry land,
Like Paddy's own sweet little island of green.

In England, your roses make beautiful posies ;
Provoke Scotia's thistle, you'll meet your reward ;
But sure, for its beauty, an Irishman's duty
Will teach him his own native plant to regard :
Saint Patrick first set it, with tear-drops he wet it,
And often to cherish and bless it was seen ;
Its virtues are rare, too it's fresh and it's fair, too
And flowers but in Paddy's own island of green.

Oh, long life to old Ireland, its bogs and its moorland,
For there's not such a universe under the sun
For honor, for spirit, fidelity, merit,
For wit and good fellowship, frolic and fun !
With wine and with whiskey, when once it gets frisky
An Irishman's heart in true colors is seen,
With mirth overflowing, with love it is glowing
With love for its own native island of green.

Paddy's Land.

Come, all ye boys of Paddy's land, who are inclined to roam,
To reap the English harvest so far away from home,
Be sure you're well provided with comrades bold and true,
For you have to fight both day and night 'gainst John Bull and his crew.

CHORUS.—Then hurrah, my boys, for Paddy's land,
'Tis the land I do adore,
May heaven smile on every child
That loves that shamrock shore.

When we left home for Dublin, the morning it being clear,
And when we got on board the boat, we gave three hearty cheers,
Saying : Good-bye, my boys, to that dear old land, we ne'er may see it more,
For we're going to fight, both day and night, all for that shamrock shore.

Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

We sailed away from Dublin Quay, and ne'er received a shock,
Until we landed in New York 'longside of the dock,
Where thousands of our countrymen they were all in that town,
And " Faugh a ballagh !" (clear the track) were the words that passed all round.

Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

Then away we went, in merriment, to drink bourbon and wine,
Each lad he gave his favorite toast for the girl he left behind ;
We sat and sang, made the ale-house ring, despising Erin's foes,
Or any man that hates the land where St. Patrick's shamrock grows.

Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

Hyland's mammoth Hibernian songster: a collection of over 500 songs that are dear to the Irish heart, including sheets of selected music and numerous toasts and sentiments (c1901)

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And They Called it Ireland.

Did you ever hear the story of how Ireland got its name
I'll tell so you'll understand from whence ould Ireland came.
No wonder we are proud of that dear land across the sea,
For this is how my good ould mother tould the tale to me :

Sure, a little drop of Heaven fell from out the sky one day.
And it settled on the ocean in a spot so far away,
And when the angels found it, it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, " Suppose we leave it, for it seems so peaceful there."

And they showered dew upon it just to see the shamrocks grow,
It's the only place you'll find them, no matter where you go ;

Then they sprinkled it with star dust, just to make her lakes
so grand,
And when they had it finished, they called it Ireland.

Its the Home of the Shillalah and the wondrous wishing well,
And there's not a spot on God's green earth where there's such
lakes and dells.
No wonder that the angels loved her Shamrock-bordered shore,
Its a little drop of Heaven, and I love it more and more.

The Clipper Ship "Dreadnaught."

We have a flash packet, she's a packet of fame
She belongs to New York and the "Dreadnaught" is her name ;
She is bound for the ocean where the stormy winds blow,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

Now we are laying at the Liverpool dock,
Where the boys and the girls on the pier-heads do flock,
And they gave us three cheers while their tears down did flow,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

The "Dreadnaught" is lying in the river Mersy,
Waiting for the tug Constitution to tow us to sea,
She tows around the Black Rock where the Mersy does flow
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go

And now we are howling on the wild Irish sea,
Where the sailors and passengers together agree,
For the sailors are perched on the yard arms, you know,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go

Now we are sailing on the ocean so wide,
Where the great open billows dash against her black side,
And the sailors off watch are all sleeping below,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go

And now we are sailing off the banks of New Foundland,
Where the waters are deep and the bottom is sand,
Where the fish of the ocean they swim to and fro,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

And now we are howing off Long Island's green shore,
Where the pilot he bards us as he's oft done before,
Fill away your main top. sails, port your main tack also
She's a Liverpool packet, Lord God, let her go.

And now we are riding in New York Harbor once more,
I will go and see Nancy, she's the girl I adore,
To the parson I'll take her, my bride for to be,
Farewell to the Dreadnaught and the deep stormy sea.

O'Brien With His High-Water Pants.

My name is O'Brien from Harlem,
I am an Irishman as you may see ;
I can sing like a thrush or a starling.
Of the little bird up in a tree.
But the gang standing there on the corner,
They are trying the steps and the dance,
And they cry out whenever I'm passing,
" There is O'Brien with his high-water pants."

Chorus—

They tell me go over to England,
And pay a short visit to France,
And there to bring out me new fashion,
And call them the high-water pants.

Last night sure I went to the theater.
Along with my first cousin Dan ;
We hired a sate in the parka,
Behind the big man in the band ;
When a nager came out with a banjo,
He played up a Highland clog dance,
And he gave out a gag and conundrini
About O'Brien and his high-water pants.

Last week I walked down on the bowery.
Along with me friend, Paddy Brock,
We just dropped into Geoghan's,
To git a drink of his rye and rock,
When the gang all cried, " There's Dan O'Leary,"
The bartender shot me a glance,
" Howld your tongue then," says he to the loafers,
That's O'Brien with his high-water pants."

Skibbereen.

Father, dear, I often hear you speak of Erin's Isle,
It seems so bright and beautiful, so rich and rare the soil ;
You say it is a bounteous land wherein a prince might dwell,
Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell.

My son, I loved my native land with favor and with pride,
Her peaceful groves, her mountains rude, her valleys green and wide;
It was there I lived in manhood's prime and sported when a boy,
The Shamrock and Shillalah was my constant boast and joy.

But lo ! a blight came o'er my crops, my sheep and cattle died,
The rent ran due, the taxes, too, I ne'er could have supplied ;
The landlord turned me from the cot where born had I been,
And that, my boy, is the reason why I left old Skibbereen.

It is well do I remember that dark November day,
When the landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away ;
They set the roof a-blazing with a demon yell of Spleen,
And when it fell the crash was heard all over Skibbereen.

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground,
And fainted in her anguish at the desolation around
She ne'er recovered, but passed away from life to Malchasene,
And found a grave of quiet rest in poor old Skibbereen.

Then sadly I recall the days of gloomy Ninety-eight,
I rose in vengeance with the boys to battle again' fate ;
We were hunted through the mountains as traitors to the queen.
And that, my boy, is the reason why I left old Skibbereen.

You then, my son, was scare three years old and feeble was your frame,
I would not leave you with my friends, you bore my Father's name;
I wrapped you in my kosamane, at dead of night unseen,
I hove a sigh and bade good-bye to poor old Skibbereen.

Then Father, Father, when the day for vengeance they will call,
When Irishmen o'er field and fin will rally one and all,
I will be the man to lead the band beneath the flag so green,
While loud on high, we will raise the cry " Revenge for Skibbereen."

Colleen Bawn.

In the golden fields of Limerick,
Close by the Shannon stream,
There lives a maid that holds my heart,
And haunts it like a dream ;
With shining showers of golden hair,
As gentle as a fawn.
Her cheeks would make the red rose pale,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Her hands are whiter than the snow.
Upon the mountain side.
And softer than the creamy foam,
That floats upon the tide :
Her teeth like drops of pearly dew,
That sparkles on the lawn,
Oh, the sunshine of my life she is,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Although she seldom speaks to me,
I think on her with pride.
For seven long years I courted her,
And asked her to be my bride ;
But dreary spells of cold neglect
Is all from her I have drawn.
For I'm but a poor laboring boy.
And she's the Colleen Bawn.

And to leave old Ireland far behind
Is oft times in my mind,
To go roaming for some other bride.
And country for to find ;
But I have seen some low spalpeens.
Upon her footsteps vaughn,
Which keeps me near to guard my dear,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

The ladies of Limerick have that way,
Throughout old Erin's Isle,
They have fought upon the city walls
As they did in days of yore ;
They have kept away the enemy.
All night until the dawn,
And most worthy of the title
Is my darling Colleen Bawn.

As I Rode Down Through Irishtown.

As I rode down through Irishtown one evening last July,
The mother of a soldier in tears I did espy,
Saying, " God be with you, Johnnie dear, although you are far away,
For you my heart is breaking since you went to the Crimea.

" Oh, Johnnie, I gave you schooling, I gave you a trade likewise.
You need not have joined the army if you had taken my advise,
You need not go to face the foe where cannons loud do roar,
Think of the thousands that have fallen now upon that Russian shore.

He joined the Fourteenth regiment, it was a splendid corp,
They landed honorable mention upon the Russian shore ;
He fought in foreign engagements with the loss of men each day.
And there is many a mother shedding tears for sons that are far away.

" You fought at Kurksharosko where you did not succeed,
likewise at the valley of Inkerman, where thousands there did bleed,
You fought at Balaklava, too it was there you gained the day,
And my darling is a hero although he's far away.

" It was when we attacked Sebastapool, it was there you'd see some play,
The very ground we stood upon it shook, the truth I say,
The clouds were black with heavy smoke from bomb shells firing there,
And thousands weltering in their blood that went to fight the Bear.

" The English said they would gain the seas whate'er might be their doom,
And thousands there a-falling, cut down in their youthful bloom,
There Paddy's sons with English guns their valor did display,
And together with the sons of France, thank God, we gained he day.

“ Had your heart been made of iron for them you would shed tears.
To see those heroes falling, cut down in their youthful years
To see those heroes falling and weltering in their gore,
Far from their home and friends, my boys, upon that Russian shore.

“ So now to end and finish and to conclude my song,
I thank the God above me for having survived so long,
Likewise my poor old mother, ’twas her I did adore.
And I hope, dear mother, to meet you safe in Garryowne once more.

The Hat Me Father Wore.

I am Paddy Miles, an Irish boy, from far across the sea,
For singing or for dancing, oh, I think I can please ye,
I can sing and dance with any man as I did in days of yore,
And on Patrick’s day I long to wear the hat me Father wore.

Chorus—

Its ould but it’s beautiful, the best you ever seen,
It was worn for more than ninety years in that little isle so green ;
From me Father’s great ancestors it descended with galore,
It’s a relic of ould dacency, it’s the hat me Father wore.

I bid you all good evening, good luck to you, I say.
And when I’m on the ocean I hope for me you’ll pray ;
I am going to me happy home in a place called Ballymore,
To be welcomed back to Paddy’s land with the hat me Father wore.

And when I do return again, the boys and girls to see,
I hope that with ould Erin’s style you’ll kindly welcome me,
And sing me songs of Ireland to cheer me more and more,
And to make me Irish heart feel glad with the hat me Father wore.

Tidy Irish Lad.

I’m a tidy bit of an Irish lad, as you can plainly see,
And I like a drop of the creature when I go out upon a spree ;
I like a drop of the creature in a good old Irish style,
And a better drop cannot be had than is sold in the Emerald Isle.

Chorus—

Far away from our native country, me boys, we sometimes roam,
We won’t forget we are Irishmen, although we’re far from home.
Oh, they say no Irish need apply, it is a thing I don’t understand,
For what would the English army do if it were not for Paddy’s land ?
Whenever they went to battle they never were known to win,
Except when the ranks they filled up with the best of Irishmen.

It was at the battle of Waterloo, Sebastapool the same, -
The sons of Paddy’s land they showed that they were game ;
They gave three hearty cheers, me boys, in a good old Irish style,

And we walloped the Russians at Inkerman, did the boys of the
Emerald Isle.

Shanty Man's Life.

A shanty man's life is a wearisome one,
Although some say it's free from care,
It's the swinging of an axe from morning till night.
In the forest wild and drear,

Or sleeping in the shanties dreary
When the winter winds do blow,
But as soon as the morning star, does appear,
To the wild woods we must go.

At four o'clock in the morning our old greasy cook calls out,
" Hurrah, boys, for it's day,"
And from broken slumber we are aroused,
For to pass away the long winter's day.

Transported as we are from the maiden so fair,
To the banks of some lonely stream,
Where the wolf, bear and owl with their terrifying howl,
Disturb our nightly dreams.

Transported from the glass and the smiling little lass,
Our life is long and drear ;
No friend in sorrow nigh for to check the rising sigh,
Or to wipe away the briny tear.

Had we ale, wine or beer our spirits for to cheer,
While we're in those woods so wild,
Or a glass of whiskey shone while we are in the woods alone,
For to pass away our long exile.

When spring it does come in double hardship then begins,
For the water is piercing cold ;
Dripping wet will be our clothes and our limbs they are half
froze,
And our pike poles we scarce can hold.

O'er rocks, shoals and sands give employment to old hands.
And our well bended raft we do steer.
Oh, the rapids that we run, they seem to us but fun,
We're the boys of all slavish care.

Shantying I'll give o'er when I'm landed safe on shore,
And I'll lead a different life,
No longer will I roam, but contented stay at home,
With a pretty little smiling wife.

When McGuinness gets A Job.

Last winter was a hard one, Mrs. Riley, did you say
Faith, myself it is that knows it for many a long day ;
Your old man wasn't the only one that sat behind the wall,
There was my old man McGuinness didn't get a job at all.
The contractors they promised him work on the boulevard.
To handle the pick and shovel and throw dirt on the car ;
Six weeks ago they promised him that work he'd surely get,
But believe me, my good woman, they're promising him yet.

Chorus—

Then cheer up, Mrs. Riley, don't give way to the blues,
You and I will cut a shine with bonnets and new shoes,
And as for me I have done a-sighing, no more I'll cry or sob.
But I'll wait till times get better and McGuinness gets a job.

The Italians, devil take them, ' why don't they stay at home.'
Sure, we have enough of our own sort to eat up all our own ;
They come like bees in summer and in winter they go away,
The contractors hire hundreds for sixty cents a day ;
They work upon the railroad, they shovel dirt and slush,
But there is one thing in their favor, Italians never lush ;
They always bring their money home, they drink no beer or
wine,
And that's something I would like to say about your old man
and mine.

The spring time is coming and soon we'll all get work,
McGuinness will go back to his trade, sure he's a handsome clerk :
You should see him climb the ladder, as nimble as a fox,
Faith, he's the boy that can juggle the old three-cornered box ;
The boss he's always bawling, " Hi there, don't you stop,
Keep your eyes upward, don't let no mortar drop."
My old man is very careful, nothing he e'er lets fall,
And damn the word you'd hear him say to my old man at all.

No Irish Wanted Here.

I am an Irish laborer, both hearty, stout and strong,
Idleness I never loved, to our race it don't belong ;
I have still the strength and will to toil, for the wants of life
are dear,
But I'm told wherever I ask for work, " No Irish wanted here."

You may think it a misfortune to be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is a blessing to be called an Irishman ;
I may live to see the day, it will come, oh, never fear.
When ignorance gives way to sense and you'll welcome Irish
here.

When your country was in danger a few short years ago,
You were not so particular then who would go and fight the foe ;
When men were wanted in the ranks, to preserve her rights so
 dear,
Among the bravest of the brave was our Irish volunteers.

Oh, let your hearts be generous, help Paddy from the wall,
For there's but one God above us who knows and loves us all ;
I may live to see the day, it will come, oh, never fear,
When ignorance gives way to sense and you'll welcome Irish
 here.

Flying cloud, and one hundred and fifty other old time songs and ballads of outdoor men,
sailors, lumber jacks, soldiers, men of the great lakes, railroad men, miners, etc ([n.d.]

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