

POOR PAT MUST EMIGRATE

(The Irish Refugee)

FARE you well, poor Erin's isle ! I now must have you for a
while,
The rents and taxes are so high I can no longer stay ;
From Dublin's quay I sailed away, and landed here but yester-
day,
My shoes and breeches, and shirts, now are all that's in my kit
I have dropped in to tell you now the sights I have seen before
I go,
Of the ups and downs in Ireland since the year of ninety-
eight ;
But if that nation had its own, her noble sons might stay at
home,
But since fortune has it otherwise, poor Pat must emigrate.

The devil a word I would say at all, although our wages are but
small,
If they left us in our cabins where our fathers drew their
breath ;
When they call upon rent-day and the devil a cent you have to
pay,
They will drive you from your house and home to beg and
starve to death.
What kind of treatment, boys, is that to give an honest Irish
Pat ?
To drive his family to the road to beg and starve for meat !
But I stood up with heart and hand and sold my little spot of
land,
That is the reason why I left and had to emigrate.

Such sights is that I've often seen, but I saw worse in Skib-
bareen
In forty-eight, (that time is no more), when famine it was
great ;
I saw fathers, boys and girls with rosy cheeks and silken curls,
All a-missing and starving, for a mouthful of food to eat.
When they died in Skibbareen, no shrouds or coffins were to be
seen.
But patiently reconciling themselves to their desperate, horrid
fate ;
They were thrown in graves by wholesale, which caused many
an Irish heart to wail,
And caused many a boy and girl to be most glad to emigrate.

Where is the nation or the land that reared such men as Paddy's
land ?
Where is the man more noble than he they call poor Irish Pat ?
We have fought for England's Queen, and beat her foes wherever
seen,

We have taken the town of Delhi—if you please, come, tell me
that !
We have pursued the Indian Chief, and Nana Sahib, that cursed
thief,
Who skivered babes and mothers, and left them in their gore :
But why should we be so oppressed in the land St. Patrick
blessed ?
The land from which we have the best—poor Paddy must emi-
grate.

There is not a son from Paddy's land but respects the memory
of Dan,
Who fought and struggled hard to part that poor and plun-
dered country :
He advocated Ireland's rights with all his strength and might,
And he was but poorly recompensed for all his toil and pains.
He told us for to be in no haste, and in him for to place our
trust,
And he would not desert us or leave us to our fate :
But death to him no favor showed, from the beggar to the throne,
Since they took our liberator, poor Pat must emigrate.

With spirits bright and purses light, my boys, we can no longer
stay,
For the shamrock is immediately bound for America ;
For there is bread and work, which I cannot get in Donegal,
I told the truth, by great Saint Ruth, believe me what I say.
Good night, my boys, with heart and hand, all you who take Ire-
land's part,
I can no longer stay at home, for fear of being too late ;
If ever again I see this land, I hope it will be with a Fenian band,
So God be with old Ireland ; poor Pat must emigrate.

THE MAS'S AND THE O'S

WHEN Ireland was founded by the Mac's and the O's,
I never could learn, for nobody knows ;
But history says they came over from Spain,
To visit old Granna, and there to remain.
Our fathers were heroes for wisdom and fame,
For multiplication, they practiced the same ;
St. Patrick came over to heal their complaints,
And very soon made them an island of saints.

The harp and the shamrock were carried before
Brave Roderick O'Connor and Roger O'Moore,
And the good and bad deeds of the Mac's and the O's,
And this is the tale that these verses disclose.
Hugh Neil of Tyrone, O'Donnell, O'Moore,
O'Brien, O'Kelly, O'Connell galore ;
All houses so royal, so loyal and old,
One drop of their blood was worth ounces of gold.

McDonnell, McDougal, O'Curran, O'Keefe,
Sly Redmond O'Hanlon, the Rapperree chief;
O'Malley, McNally, O'Sullivan rare,
O'Failey, O'Daily, O'Burns of Kildare,
O'Dougherty, chief of the Isle Innishone,
McGuinness, the prince of the valleys of Down ;
The Collerns, Hollerans, every one knows,
The Raffertys, Flahertys—they were all O's.

One-eyed King McCormack and great Phil McCoole,
McCarty of Dermot and Tooley O'Toole ;
Hugh Neil, the grand and great Brian Boru,
Sir Tagon O'Regen and Con Donohue,
O'Hara. O'Marra, O'Connor, O'Kane,
O'Carroll, O'Farrell, O'Brennen, O'Drane.
With Murtaugh McDermot, that wicked old Turk
Who had a crim. con. with the wife of O'Rourke.

McGra, McGrath, McGil, McKeon,
McCadden, MeFadden, McCarron, McGlone ;
McGarren, McFarren, McClarey, McCoy,
McHaley, McClinch, MeElrath, MeElroy.
McMillen, McClellan, McGillan, McFinn,
McCullagh, McCunn, McManus, McGyn ;
McGinley, McKinley, McCaffray, McKay,
McCarral, McFarrell, McCurchy, McRay.

O'Dillion, O'Dolan, O'Devlin, O'Doyle,
O'Mullen, O'Nolan, O'Bolan, O'Boyle ;
O'Murray, O'Rooney, O'Cooney, O'Kane,
O'Carey, O'Leary, O'Shea, and O'Shane.
O'Brien, O'Rourke, O'Reiley, O'Neil ;
O'Hagan, O'Reagan, O'Fagan, O'Sheil ;
O'Dennis, O'Dwyer, O'Blaney, O'Flynn,
O'Grady, O'Shaughnessy, Brian O'Lynn.

The daughters of Erin are Ellen O'Roone,
And Norah McCushla, and Sheelah McClune ;
With Kathleen Mavourneen and Molly Asthore,
The beautiful charmers we love and adore.
There is Donah McCushla and Widow McChree,
There is Molly McGuire and Bidy McGee ;
There is dear Norah Creina and Sheliah McGrath,
And the mother of all is—sweet Erin-go-bragh !

COME BACK TO ERIN.

COME back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
Come back, aroon, to the land of thy birth,
Come with the shamrocks and springtime, mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure when we left you to beautiful England,

Little we thought of the lone winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the starshine,
Over the mountains, the bluffs, and the braes !

Chorus.

Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of thy birth ;
Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Over the green sea, mavourneen, mavourneen,
Long shone the white sail that bore thee away,
Riding the white waves that fair summer mornin',
Just like a May flower afloat on the bay.
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us.
Like a gray curtain, the rain falling down,
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
Far, far away where my colleen had flown.

Oh, may the angels, oh, waking and sleeping,
Watch o'er my bird in the land far away ;
And it's my prayer will consign to their keeping
Care of my jewel by night and by day.
When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
Then all my heart flies to England and thee.
Craving to know if my darling remembers.
Or if her thoughts may be crossing to me.

THE LAND OF POTATOES, OH.

OH, had I in the clear five hundred a year,
'Tis myself would not fear, though not aided one farthing of it ;
Faith, if such was my lot, little Ireland's the spot
Where I'd build a snug cot with a bit of garden to it.
As for Italy's dales, their Alps and high vales,
And their tine squalling gales, their signoras to beat us, oh !
I'd never unto thee come, nor abroad ever roam,
But enjoying my sweet borne in the land of potatoes, oh.

Chorus.

Hospitality, all reality, no formality, there you'll ever see,
But be so free and easy, that we would amaze you ;
You'll think us all crazy for dull we can never be.

If our friend, Honest Jack, would but take a small hack,
So get on his back, and in joy ride over full to us,
He, throughout the whole year, should have the best cheer,
But, faith, no one's so dear as our brother, John Bull, to us.
And we'd teach him when there, both to blunder and swear,
And our brogue with him share, which both genteel and neat
is, oh ;

By St. Patrick, I think, when we'd teach him to drink,
That he'd ne'er wish to shrink from the land of potatoes, oh.

Though I'd frankly agree that I'd more happy be
If some heavenly she, in this country, would favor me ;
For no spot on the earth can more merits bring forth,
If beauty and wealth can embellish, such as she.
Good breeding, good nature, you see in each feature,
So nought you've to teach her, so nice and complete she's, oh ;
Then if fate would but send unto me such a friend,
What a life could I spend in the land of potatoes, oh.

THE DEAR EMERALD ISLE.

KIND friends, will ye help a poor, weary stranger,
Who's foot-sore and weary and hungry the while ?
I've nothing to give, but an orphan will bless you
If you'll help a poor boy from the dear em'rald isle.
But a year ago, sure, I was smiling and happy ;
Not a care on my mind, and a heart free from guile,
In a dear little cabin at the foot of the mountain.
That rears its proud head o'er the dear em'rald isle.

My father and mother, God bless their dear mem'ry,
Were contented and happy, although they were poor ;
The land it was bad, and they worked late and early
To pay up the rent, with the wolf at the door.
At length my poor father took ill of a fever,
From toiling so hard on the bleak, barren soil ;
Although my poor mother was careful and tender,
He died, and now lies 'neath the dear em'rald isle.

Then the sheriff he came with a band of armed ruffians
To turn out a child and a mother so gray ;
And deaf to all pleading they tore down our cabin—
Like a flower she drooped and faded away ;
Then hunger and sorrow soon told on my mother ;
Like a flower she dropped and failed away
And with a last blessing, while her poor child caressing,
She gave up her life and was laid 'neath the clay.

Then they laid my dear mother beside my poor father—
I planted a shamrock just over their grave ;
While I, a poor orphan, driven forth by misfortune,
To leave that dear land, and to cross the wild wave ;
But, wherever I wander, I ever shall ponder
And dream of the time when nature did smile
On my father and mother and dear loving brother
And the old cabin home in the dear em'rald isle.

Then if ever the Father shall look down in pity,
And cast off the yoke that does Ireland enslave,

I'll hie me back then to the scenes of my childhood,
And pluck a pure shamrock from my dear parents' grave.
Don't say no more, boy, for I, too, am a daughter ;
And to think of her wrongs, oh, it makes my blood rife;
And I pray that the time is not very far distant
When the green shall wave proud o'er the dear em'rald isle.

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE.

ONE evening, so late, as I rambled
On the banks of a clear purling stream,
I sat myself down on a bed of primroses,
And I so gently fell into a dream.
I dreamt I beheld a fair female,
Her equals I ne'er saw before,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

I quickly addressed this fair female,
" My jewel, come tell me your name,
For here in this country, I know, you're a
stranger,
Or I would not have asked you the same."
She resembled the Goddess of Liberty,
And of I freedom the mantle she wore,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her
country.
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

" I know you're a true son to Granue,
And my secrets to you I'll unfold ;
For here in the midst of all dangers,
Not knowing my friends from my foes,
I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell,
And from England I lately came o'er,
I've come to awake my brethren
That slumber on Erin's green shore."

Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds
Or the stars of a cold trusty night;
Her cheeks were two blooming roses.
And her teeth of the ivory so white.
She resembled the Goddess of Freedom,
And green was the mantle she wore,
Bound 'round with the shamrock and roses
That grew along Erin's green shore.

PADDY'S PASTORAL RHAPSODY.

WHEN Molly, th' other day, sir,
Was makin' of the hay. sir.
I ask'd her for to be my bride,

And Molly she began to chide :
Says she “ You are too young, dear Pat.”
Says I, “ My jew’l, I’ll mend o’ that.”
“ You are too poor,” says she, beside ;
When to convince her, then, I tried,
That wealth is an invintion

The wise should never mintion,
And flesh is grass, and Bowers will fade.
And it’s better be wed than die an owld
maid.

The purty little sparrows
Have neither plows nor harrows,
Yet they live at aise, and are contint,
Bekase, you see, they pay no rint ;
They have no care nor flusterin’
About diggin’ or industherin’ ;
Nd foolish pride their comfort hurts—
For they *eat* the flax, and wear no shirts—
For wealth is an invintion, etc.

Sure, Nature clothes the hills, dear,
Without any tailor’s bills, dear ;
And the bees they sip their sweets, my
sowl,
Though they never had a sugar-bowl ;
The dew it feeds of the rose of June,
But ’tis not with a silver spoon :
Then let us patthern take from those
The birds and bees and lovely rose—
For wealth is an invintion, etc.

MOTHER, HE’S GOING AWAY.

Now what are you crying for, Nelly ?
Don’t be blubbering there like a fool ;
With the weight o’ the grief, faith, I tell you
You’ll break down the three-legged stool.
I suppose now you’re crying for Barney,
But don’t b’lieve a word that he’d say,
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney—
Sure you know how he served poor Kate
Karney.

Daughter. But, mother !

Mother. O, bother.

Daughter. Oh, mother, he’s going away,
And I dreamt the other night

Of his ghost—*all in white* !

[*Mother speaks in an undertone.*] The dirty
blackguard !

Daughter. Oh, mother, he’s going away.

If he's going away, all the better—
Blessed hour when he's out of your sight !
There's one comfort—you can't get a letter—
For yiz neither can read nor can write.
Sure 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he courted fat Jinney M'Crax,
That the sight o' the scamp you detested—
With abuse sure your tongue never rested—

Daughter. But, mother !
Mother. Oh, bother !
Daughter. Oh, mother, he's going away.
[*Mother, speaking again with peculiar parental piety.*] May he never come back !
Daughter. And I dream of his ghost,
Walking round ray bedpost—
Oh, mother, he's going away.

AN IRISH GIRL'S OPINION.

AN Irish girl, and proud of it, a word I'd like to say
About the state of Erin's isle, my native place, to-day ;
And those with Irish blood in them will understand me best,
And feel for those poor peasants who are starving in the west—
Rack-rented, oft evicted, and turned out in the snow ;
The sky their only shelter, not knowing where to go.
'Tis scenes like these that shake our faith in England and its
throne ;
Oh ! is the good time coming when the land shall be our own ?

Chorus.

For John Bull lives In England, Taffy lives in Wales,
Sandy lives in Scotland, and weathers all the gales ;
Paddy fights for England, as everybody knows,
Then give to him old Ireland where the shamrock grows.

I've seen the big ship crowded and ready for to start,
I've seen the aged mother from her only darling part ;
I've seen the bitter tears that fell upon the big ship's deck,
From a soldier-lad whose new-made bride was clinging 'round his
neck.
In days gone by, they tell us, in story-book and rhyme,
The hangman and his rope were very busy all the time ;
But, thanks to Dan O'Connell, whose picture yon have seen,
There's not a pow'r can hang us now for wearing of the green.—

Chorus.

PAT'S LETTER.

WELL, Mary, me darlint, I'm landed at last,
And troth, though they tell me the st'amer
was fast,
It sames as if years upon years had gone by
Since Paddy looked intill yer beautiful eye !
For Amerikay, darlint—ye'll think it is
quare—
Is twenty times funder than Cork from Kil-
dare ;
And the say is that broad, and the waves are
that high,
Ye're tossed like a fut-ball 'twixt wather and
sky ;
And ye fale like a pratie just burstin' the
shkin,
That all ye can do is to howld yersilf in.
Ochone ! but, me jewel, the say may be grand,
But, when ye come over, dear, *travel on land !*

It's a wondherful counthry, this—so I am
towld—
They'll not look at guineas, so chape is the
gowld :
And the three that poor mother sewed into my
coat
I sowld for a thrifle, on l'aving the boat.
And the quarest of fashions ye iver have seen !
They pay ye with picters all painted in green,
And the crowds that are rushing here, morning
and night,
Would make the lord-lieutenant shake with
the fright.
The strates are that full that there's no one
can pass,
And the only law is, “ Do not thread on the
grass.”
Their grass is the quarest of shows—by me
vow—
For it wouldn't be munched by a Candlemas
cow.
Tell father I wint, as he bid me, to see
His friend, Tim O'Shannon, from Killycaugh-
nee.

It's rowling in riches O'Shannon is now,
With a wife and tin babies, six pigs and a
cow,
In a nate little house, standing down from the
strate,
With two beautiful rooms, and a pig-sty coin-

plate.
I thought of ye, darlint, and dramed such a
drame!
That mebbe, some day, we'd be living the
same ;
Though, troth, Tim O'Shannon's wife niver
could dare
(Poor yaller-skinned craythur) with yoh to
compare :
While, as for the pigs, shure 'twas aisy to see
The bastes were not mint for this land of tha
free.

I think of ye, darlint, from morning till night
And when I'm not thinking ye're still in
sight !
I see your blue eyes, with the sun in their
glance—
Your smile in the meadow, your fut in the
dance.
I'll love ye, and thrust ye, both living and
dead :
(Let Phil Blake look out for his carroty
head!)
I'm working, acushla, for you—only you !
And I'll make ye a lady yit, if ye'll be true ;
Though, troth, ye can't climb Fortune's lad-
dher so quick,
Whin both of your shouldhers are loaded with
brick.
But I'll do it—I declare it, by—this and by
that—
Which manes what I daren't say—from
Your own PAT.

Irish come-all-ye's ; a repository of ancient Irish songs and ballads—comprising patriotic,
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