

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## THE FAMINE SONG (Praties They Grow Small)

Oh the praties they grow small, over here (2x)  
Oh the praties they grow small  
And way up in Donegal  
We eat them skins and all, over here, over here  
We eat them skins and all, over here.

Oh I wish that we were geese, night and morn, (2x)  
Oh I wish that we were geese  
Till the hour of our release  
When we' d live and die in peace, stuffing corn, stuffing corn  
When we' d live and die in peace, stuffing corn.

Oh, they'll grind us into dust, over here (2x)  
Oh, they'll grind us into dust,  
But the Lord in whom we trust  
Will return us crumb for crust, over here, over here  
Will return us crumb for crust, over here.

Note: Refers to the great potato famine of 1847-1848. Oddly enough, this song is probably a parody of a song, "The Wonderful Song of 'Over There'", published by Atwill in 1844. Another case of the parody outlasting the original. In any case, there are a large number of American parodies of this one. RG