

An Irishman's Toast - song lyrics

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AN IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

Don't call me weak-minded, perchance I should sing,
Of the dearest old spot upon earth;
And don't think me foolish should memory bring
To my mind the dear laud of my birth:
With its hills and its valleys, its mountains and vales,
Of which our forefathers would boast,
Of a dear little island all covered with green-
Ah, but list' and I'll give you an Irishman's toast:

Chorus.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green.
Here's to each boy and his darling colleen.
Here's to the ones we love dearest And most,
May God speed old Ireland-that's an Irishman's toast.

My mind's eye oft pictures my old cabin home,
Where it stood by the murmuring rill,
Where my playmates and I oft together did roam,
Through the castle that stood on the hill;
But the stout hand of time has destroyed the old cot,
And the farm now lies barren and bare;
Around the old porch there is ivy entwined,
But the birds seem to warble this toast in the air:
Here's to the land of the shamrock so, &c.

The church and the school-house have long been replaced;
In the Harp Hotel dwells a new host;
The white-haired old veteran has long been at rest,
And his wife has deserted her post;
King Death, the stern reaper, has called them away,
And their children have gone o'er the seas:
There is nothing but strangers around the old spot,
Still this toast seems to waft to my ears on the breeze:
Here's to the land, of the shamrock so, &c.