

The Poor Irish Minstrel - song lyrics

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The Poor Irish. Minstrel

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I'm a poor Irish minstrel, I'm not blest with wealth,
But I've a fond heart, clear conscience and health,
I care not for storms, misfortune I brave,
The hand of the welcome is all that I crave.
A kiss from the loving, a word from the true,
A look, or a smile, my darling, from you,
Would cheer the poor minstrel where'er he might roam
With the image of all to his wandering home.

Chorus.

I'm a poor Irish minstrel, and happily would play
Music, sweet music by night or by day;
I would sing thee sweet songs of my home far away,
Oh! angel of love, come list to my lay.

I'm proud of my country, that dear isle so green,
The fairest of lassies and lads may be seen,
Where such men as Emmett, O'Counell and Moore
Have lived, sang and cherished that bright sunny shore;
The shamrock of Ireland, and the lilly of France.
We love with a fondness that nothing but chance
Will pluck from our bosoms, kept warm and true,
With a spirit as gard'ner and heart's dripping dew.-Chorus.