

# Hurrah For Old Ireland - song lyrics

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HURRAH FOR OLD IRELAND.

Sung by Miss St. George Hussey.

Let every one speak of the land of his birth,  
For myself I will always do so,  
And though poor and oppressed, for the Emerald Isle  
I will speak wherever I go;  
Though long held in bondage it soon will be free,  
And a place among the nations will take,  
And I, like all sons of the Emerald Isle,  
Would die for my uative land's sake.

Chorus.

Scotland loves the thistle, England loves the rose,  
Hut I love the shamrock that in my country grows;  
You shout for America because she's brave and free,  
But for poor, oppressed old Ireland, boys, come shout along with

Our dear land wants freedom, I hope she'll succeed,  
For freedom is every one's right;  
The prospect looks weary, but until they succeed.  
The sons of old Erin would fight;  
Now, you love the memory of George "Washington,  
The patriot who fought for your cause,  
If Washington lived in old Ireland,  
He'd gain for our country just laws.-Chorus.