

Shoot The Hat - song lyrics

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SHOOT THE HAT.

Tune-" My Love, Nell."

Come all you true born Irishman, wherever you may be,
Let you pay attention and listen unto me ;
It's not about a king or queen, or anything like that,
But the song, my boys, that I will sing, is about my old hat

Chorus.

It's on the street, I look so neat,
They take me for a flat;
The boys all cry when I go by,
Will he ever drop on the hat?

That hat was made in Ireland, as you may plainly see,
The like of it you could not find here in America;
I'll wear it on my lug like a big bug-aye, as stiff as starch.
While I march with the band, so fine and grand, on the 17th of March.

Chorus.

It's on the street, I look so neat,
Boys, do you mind that f
The black-guards shout, when I turn out:
Why don't you hist the hat!

This hat I'll wear in praise of the land, me boys, that I adore,
For I dearly love old Erin's Isle, aye, and the shamrock shore.
Let them all say what'er they may, sure I don't mind that,
Until I die, you'll find that I, will stick to my old hat.

Chorus.

On Patrick's Day, I look so gay,
With Mike and Tim, and Pat;
As we walk by, the fellows cry:
Why don't you shoot the hat!