

Don't Blame The Mother - song lyrics

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DON'T BLAME THE MOTHER

I'll sing as a sensible Irishman should,
Of the sorrows that hang o'er our isle.
Whose music is silent, whose songs are all hushed,
Whose grief has usurped every smile;
Then don't be too harsh in your judgment upon her,
Though some of her boys have done wrong;
Her heart is as loyal as ever it was,
And she'll prove that it is before long.

Chorus.

Don't blame the mother for the faults of her children,
Don't add a pang to her sorrow and pain;
Those who've betrayed her, more loyal have made her
And Ireland shall be happy Ireland again.

In sorrow and anguish she hangs down her bead.
Her cheeks bear the hot blush of shame,
Her heart is oppressed and her dignity touched,
By the stigma attached to her name.
Sure the men can't be Irish, not one drop of blood
Of the Irishman in their veins flow,
Who daily are filling the island of green
With misery, murder and woe.-Chorus.

Her spirit of old will assert itself now,
Her trouble and strife cannot last,
And out from the midst of our emerald home,
The black sheep at once shall be cast.
Your country and mine have been sisters at heart,
Since our islands sprang out of the sea;
This darkness of night will give place to the day,
And sisters again they shall be.-Chorus.

Tho' often we hear some vile slanderer call
The Irish a disloyal race,
I proudly deny it to them one and all.
And hurl back the lie in their face.
In Egypt they proved themselves gallant and true.
By the fine noble charge that they made;
So let us give honor where honor is due,
To the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.-Chorus.