

# Give An Honest Irish Lad A Chance - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance.

My name is McNamara, and I came from County Clare,  
In that darling little isle across the sea,  
Where the mountains and the hills, the lakes and rippling rills,  
Are singing sweetest music all the day.  
Our little farm was small, it would not support us all,  
So one of us was forced away from home;  
I bid them all good-bye, with a tear-drop in my eye,  
And I sailed for Castle Garden all alone.

Chorus.

I am an Irish lad, of work I'm not afraid,  
If it's pleasure to you I will sing or dance;  
I'll do anything you say, if you'll only name the day  
When they give an honest Irish lad a chance.

When I landed in New York, I tried hard to get work,  
And I traveled through the streets from day to day;  
I went from place to place, with starvation in my face,  
But every place they want no help they say.  
And still I wandered on, a hoping to find one  
That would give a lad a chance to earn his bread,  
But then it's the same, for I know I'm not to blame,  
And oftentimes I wished that I was dead.-Chorus.

But I know I've one kind friend, who a helping hand will lend  
To a poor boy, and to help him on at home;  
I will bring my mother here, and my little sister dear,  
And never more again from them to roam.  
I will try to do what's right, I will work both day and night,  
Yes. I'll do the very best I can,  
And God will bless the heart that will take the poor boy's part,  
And make an honest Irish lad a man.-Chorus.