

The Wild Irish Boy - song lyrics

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THE WILD IRISH BOY.

Farewell to the dear land I leave far behind,
Farewell to my father, although he be blind;
Shall I ever forget him, while my heart beats with joy?
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy-
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy.

When I came to this country, I had brogues on my feet,
And corduroy breeches, although I looked neat,
Yet the boys they all laughed at me, which to me was a joy,
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy-
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy.

There is one they'll remember and never forget,
'Tis Washington's dear friend, the bold Lafayette,
Who gave fortune and all, not wishing for fame,
For he dearly loved freedom, and Washington's name-
For he dearly loved freedom, and Washington's name

I'll send for my parents, and they will come here,
To a land filled with plenty, and a land they love dear;
For I know they will bleat me, while there hearts beat with joy,
For they called me their own son, their wild Irish boy-
For they called me their own son, their wild Irish boy.

There's the land of my kindred I'll never forget,
For the time it may come when it will be happy yet;
Would to God it were now, for 'twould give me great joy,
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy-
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy.