

Don't Run Down The Irish - song lyrics

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DON'T RUN DOWN THE IRISH.
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On the bosom of the ocean,
Like a jewel in the sea.
Is a poor and fertile island
That is struggling to be free;
And although I am an exile.
And upon a foreign si rand,
My love remains for Erin's isle,
That unprotected land.
In poverty or luxury,
No matter where I be.
My heart beats true for Erin's isle,
The emerald of the sea.

Chorus.
Then don't run down the Irish,
They're good and they are true;
If some of them do wrong at times.
Why, so do some of you.
But call for them in battle
And you'll find them useful, too.
So don't run down the people
From old Ireland.

Upon her roll of honor
Stand many a noble name.
Of the men who've shed their life's blood
Their birthplace to reclaim;
For her their hearts did fondly beat,
With wealth of love untold,
They truly loved old Erin,
And could not be bought or sold.
I love the green and wear it,
It's treasured in my heart,
And on the field at Waterloo
It played a noble part. - Chorus.

And when that little island,
The emerald in the sea,
Shall proudly hoist her banner
"Which gives her liberty,
Let in her memory linger
Sweet thoughts of this free land,
Who to her exiled heroes
Oft extended friendship's hand;
Though now held in oppression
By British tyranny,
The day is not far distant
When our island will be free.-Chorus.