

# Irish Love-letters - song lyrics

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IRISH LOVE-LETTERS.

Och, faith, I'm as tight an Irish lad,  
And so is my sister the same,  
Here is a letter just sent her by Pat,  
And Hoolahan makes out his name.  
Faith, the letter I've slyly got hold of,  
It's an elegant article, too;  
It's a secret that's not to be told of,  
And so I shall read it to you.

Chorus.  
What a mighty fine thing is good laming,  
It makes all one's troubles so light;  
That man had a deal of disarning,  
Who first larned to read and to write.

For a soldier Pat Hoolahan went,  
He's been gone just six years and a day;  
From Ingy this letter he sent,  
And sure that's a nation long way.  
Each word will his fondness reveal,  
How lucky to think it ain't missed;  
Only look what a beautiful seal,  
That he stamped wid a kick of his fist.-Chorus.

Spoken-Now mind, here's the letter, and I'll begin wid the direction. To Mrs. Judy Callahan, at her mother's own house next to the "Calf and Cucumber, " over the way, Inniskillen. My dear cratur-This comes to let you know that I am exceedingly bad wid the rheumatism in my stomach, and hope you are the same. Oh, it's a very fine thing to have good health when you are ill. Your aunt is in good spirits, though she died last night, and hopes it will not be long before she has the pleasure of seeing you. We are all well in the garrison. But Tim Foolzle has de-

serted all alone by himself wid two or three others, and is not yet taken. They are all to be tried last night, but their sentence will not be known till the day before yesterday. The doctor tells me (bad luck to 'em, the doctor's among 'em), the doctor tells me I shall never be cured till I'm well, which blessing I hope will be some time first, as the sooner the better for all three. But I must leave off or I shall never stop till I've finished. My own darling, may your happiness be as lasting as a snowball on a red-hot warming-pan. Give my compliments to Mike Murphy, wid a mighty big thump of the head, and accept the same for yourself. From yours, affectionately till death, Pat Hoolahan. -Chorus.

Here's my sister's reply to the letter  
She got the old parson to write;  
Faith, I don't think you could find a better,  
It took him a whole day and night.  
There isn't so much as a blot in,  
Which just shows how careful they were,  
A great deal of news she has got in  
Small compass, more credit to her.-Chorus.

Spoken-You see my sister, Judy, is mighty careful, and for fear the direction might get rubbed out, she sealed the letter and then wrote it inside. Now then she begins with the day of the month:-May 42nd, 1My dear Patrick-If this letter does not, come to hand, you may conclude that I am not here nor any one else, but gone to Clonikilty. Tell Barney I am to say his whole family is dead entirely, barring the cat, and the cow is as good a mouser as ever. I love you as usual. I would write you more, but as there is no means of sending you this letter, I'll just let it go as it is, and believe me to be yours, your own, Judy Callahan.  
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(Turn over.) P. S. (That means late at night.) If this does not reach you, let me know by return of post, and don't wait till you hear from me again; but write to me immediately and let me know how you are getting on. N. B. (That means early in the morning.) I've altered my mind, and won't sent you this letter after all, so you can answer it or not, just as you please. And when you come to the end of it, don't road any more, but just answer by the first return of the post office. Yours, Judy, once more