

Moses In Ireland - song lyrics

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MOSES IN IRELAND.

Sung by Frank Bush.

I'm a Hebrew that traveled around in my time,
And many great lands have I seen;
In China, and England, and France I've been,
And I stopped at that island so green.
Jerusalem, too, I have traveled it through,
And I love it, my own native sireland;
But although I'm a Jew, I can speak it out true,
There is no place I love like old Ireland.

Chorus.

I'm Moses in Ireland, Moses in Ireland,
Its old wooden huts, with the bogs and the mireland,
The pigs and the sows, and the maids milking cows,
Seem so curious to Moses in Ireland.

Some ask how a Jew can an Irishman love,
But still it's a very plain case;
I'll tell you quite plainly, it's simply because
They're both of a down-trodden race.
For although they are poor, 'tis no reason. I'm sure,
Their devotion should cease for their sireland
That a man for his country should live, fight, and die,
Is the teaching of Moses in Ireland.-Chorus .

A Jew is a creature whose heart can be touched,
There's feelings of pity within;
And because in his struggles through life he docs thrive,
Some jealous men think it a sin.
Of wealth I've my share, and a little to spare,
With its help the poor peasant shall smile:
And I'll lighten their cares, then I know that their prayers
Will be offered for Moses in Ireland.-Chorus.