

Irish Through And Through - song lyrics

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Irish Through and Through.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

An Irishman once trudged along the highway to the town,
And as he walked he piped a song, to keep his troubles down;
He had no land to call his own, no roof above his head,
And not a copper in his purse to buy him daily bread;
But deep down ill his heart was hope, just like a beacon-light;
That dims misfortune from our thoughts, And makes the world seem bright;
It guided him on to the town, to work, to strive, to toil;
To fight life's battles o'er again, a true son of the soil.

Chorus.

Irish, Irish, Irish through and through; it's proud I am to take the hand
Of every true son from the land where shamrocks grow so green and grand,
I'm Irish through and through.

You'll never find a friend more true than in this Em'rald Isle,
Or any one who'll try to do some kindness all the while;
The very skies seem brighter here, and song-birds sweeter sing;
No matter at what time of year, you'd think 'twas always spring;
And then the blarney of the boys, the sighing of each girl;
And oh! the rapture and the joys this courting doth unfurl;
So when at last they settle down and own their own snug farm,
Their rustic love is all complete And filled with simple charm.-Chorus.