

An Irishman's Way - song lyrics

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AN IRISHMAN'S WAY.

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Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Every man and woman has a certain way of doing
Anything and everything to which his thoughts incline;
Each woman has a different way of baking, boiling, stewing,
And we all a different way of taking wine.
We'll find a different fashion, too, in almost every nation.
And every different thing they do is in a different light;
So, with your kind attention, I will give an illustration
Of the methods of an Irishman who means to have a night.

Refrain.

He takes up a bowl with a drop of the crathur in,
Strong wid the essence of Irishman's nature in.
Pours in hot water, but not very much of it;
Sugar to sweeten, perhaps just a touch of it;
Lemon to flavor, bedad! he'll have none of it.
Raises the bowl, and the whole lot is gone of it.
Mixes another, and then half a score of 'em;
Swears at the finish he's ready for more of 'em;
Twirls his shillalegh, and says he can fight a bit;
Bangs a policeman for calling him tight a bit;
he gets locked up just to finish the day,
Arruh! that's getting tight in an Irishman's way.

Such is Paddy's mode of drinking; when It comes to courting,
Sure, his blarney wins the heart of every village queen;
From the Frenchman's fevered passion to the Yankees' sporting,
Paddy's is the love to win both lady and colleen.
Sandy thinks of braw baw bees and woo's his highlan' Mary,
John Bull in some lordly mansion Courts a gentle dove,
While Taffy's sweet on some Miss Jones, whose father keeps a dairy.
But Pat can beat the whole lot hollow when he's making love.

Refrain.

he winks at a colleen, takes hold of the fist of her.
Kisses her ere she has time to cry "Christopher! "
If she gets crusty and makes his ear ache a bit,
Hushes her, plazes her, won't let her speak of it;
Rolls up his eyes and then heaves a big sigh for her,
Tells her a score of times "that he would die for her;"
Leaves to the poets all lack-a-day, well-a-day.
Scribbling of sonnets and heart-broken melody;
Walks with her, talks with her, sits by the side of her.
Laughs with her, chaffs with her, swears he's the boy for her;
Presses, caresses her saucy and gay,
Arruh! that's making love in an Irishman's way.

Each country has a different method when she goes to battle;
Some are father cautious ones and others rather rash;
Scotland's sons are famous where the cannons fiercely rattle;
Johnny Bull is storming strong entrenchments with a dash.
Known the wide world over is the Irish Faugh-a-ballagh;
And if we search this history on every page of strife,
On the plains of Egypt or some distant Indian millah.
We find how Paddy bears himself whenever warfare's rife.

Refrain.

First he makes sure he's a good cause to fight about.
Then all his foes he will send to the right-about;
Breathing a prayer for his colleen in Ireland,
Rushes to fight 'gainst the foes of his sireland;
There you will find him when cannons are thundering,
Cutting and slashing, 'till all the world wondering;
Meeting the foeman and gallantly fighting them;

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Wrongs of his side, with his saber soon righting them,
O'erwhelmed by numbers, but fighting while life shall last,
And never says die until all his hope is past;
Falls like a man in the thick of the fray,
Yes. that's how to fight in an Irishman's way.