

That's What My Old Mother Said - song lyrics

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That's What My Old Mother Said.
Copyright, 1893, by Frank Harding.
Written and Composed by Howard Graham.
Arranged by Chas. Graham.

'Twas early in the summer time, an Irish girl alone
Was waiting for a ship at Queenstown Bay;
A time-worn chest she had, containing all she called her own,
And it ticket that would bear her far away.
No friends were left to keep her in her own beloved land,
And the old home that she loved was hers no more;
So a brother in America had sent a helping band,
And promised he would meet her on the shore.
She said to those around her, tho' I leave my native isle,
My mother's face will ne'er from mem'ry pass;
Her last fond look, her warning words I'll cherish all the while:
"Remember, you're an honest Irish lass."

Refrain.
That's what my old mother said,
And sure she was born in Killkenny.
"There's lots of temptation in Uncle Sam's nation,
But pay no attention to any;
Remember, you came from a dear little spot,
And never by folly be led."
So whether I meet with good fortune or not,
I'll mind what my old mother said.

The voyage soon was over and she thought her trials were o'er,
But she never saw her brother dear again;
He was not there to meet her when she landed on the shore,
And she scanned the faces 'round her all in vain.
The way was dark before her, she was growing faint at heart,
There was not a friend to help her in distress;
At last a man approached her side, and taking her apart.
He said: "My dear, you've missed your friends, I guess?
Just come with me, I'll see you through," he whispered with a smile,
"So say you are my wife, and you will pass."
She said "Kind sir, no, thank you, I'll go back to Erin's Isle,
I'll just remain an honest Irish lass." -Refrain.