

# Arrah, Go On - song lyrics

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ARRAH, GO ON.

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon,

I'm a dacent young colleen just over from Ireland,  
And all of the boys seem to run after me;  
Sure, they think 'kase I'm Irish there's green in my optic,  
But, faith, there's no green in my eye, you can see.  
I know which from whether, and this from the other;  
I know their decavin', deludherin' way-  
And so, when they come wid their cousin' and mashin',  
I only wink at them and to them I say:

Chorus.

"Arrah, go on! you're simply tazin'!

You my word, you're something awful!

Lave me alone! you're mighty plazin'; Arrah! go 'way, go on;

Go wid ye, go 'way; go wid ye, go 'way, go out "

There's wan of them carries up bricks to the mortar,  
He tells me he has a fine gintleman's shop;  
For all he's got to do is to climb up the ladder,  
And the work is all done by the man at the top.  
He says it's himself cud keep me like a lady;  
He's "wan-wan "a week, and he's overtime, too;  
He swears I can have his "wan-wan" if I'll marry,  
But I only laugh and then say, "Wir-ras-true!"-Chorus.

Another wan is a big lump of a policeman.  
He's not long from Ireland, his name is Mick Lynn;  
And he swears if he sees any others come mashin',  
Bedad And begorra! he'll run them all in.  
He's give me a watch-I can guess where he got it,  
For he's on night duty; he sees me by day.  
He swars to be true, a big oath on his truncheon,  
But I only luk at his feet and I say:- Chorus.