

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Goodbye Mick

Goodbye Mick

The Ship it sails in half an hour to cross the broad Atlantic  
Me friends are standing on the quay with grief and sorrow frantic  
I'm just about to sail away in the good ship Dan O'Leary  
It's anchors aweigh and the gangways up, I'm leaving Tipperary

CHO: And it's goodbye Mick and goodbye Pat and goodbye Kate and Mary  
The anchor's aweigh, the gangways up, I'm leaving Tipperary  
And now the steam is blowing off, I have no more to say  
I'm bound for New York City boys, three thousand miles away

In my portmanteau have I some cabbage, beans and bacon  
And if you think I can't eat that well there's where yer mistaken  
Oh the ship will play with pitch and toss for half a dozen fathoms  
I'll roll me bundle on me back and walk to Castle gardens

Now won't I come that Yankee chat, I guess I'm celebrating  
Come liquor up ole sonny Boy, while an old friend I am treating  
I'm deep in love with Molly Burke like an ass's fond of clover  
I'll send for her when I get there - that's if she will come over

Then fare ye well old Erin dear, to part me heart does ache well  
From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear - I'll never see your equal  
Although to foreign ports we're bound where cannibals may eat us  
We'll never forget the Holy Ground - the porter and potatoes

When good Saint Patrick banished snakes he shook 'em from his garments  
He never thought we'd go abroad to live upon such varmits  
Now quit this land where whiskey brews to wear the Yankee button -  
Take vinegar for mountain dew and toads for mountain mutton

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