

The True Irish Gents - song lyrics

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THE TRUE IRISH GENTS

It's a shame on the stage how they mimic our race,
In a style that's a mystery to me;
How the people in front will stand such insult,
Receiving such blockheads with glee.
If they went to old Ireland they'd find their mistake,
For our boys and our girls are well dressed.
In manners as well to you I will tell,
For they stand in the land with the best.

Chorus.

For in singing and dancing, and all kinds of sport,
And if ever to Ireland you went,
From their heads to their toes, they all wear decent clothes
I speak of a true Irish gent.

Sure they make up their faces, and look just like fools
And they walk like a dog with three legs;
If they went to old Ireland, to show them such sport,
They'd be pelted with stones and bad eggs;
For its there you'll find ladies and gentlemen, too,
Educated, kind-hearted and true,
And I hope for to sec that little Isle free,
And the green with the red. white and blue.-Chorus.