

Pat Malloy - song lyrics

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PAT MALLOY

At sixteen years of age I was
My mother's fair-haired boy;
She kept a little huckster shop,
Her name it was Malloy;
"I've fourteen children, Pat," says she,
"Which heaven to me has sent,
But children ain't like pigs, you know-
They can't pay the rent!"
She gave me every shilling
There was in the till,-
And kissed me fifty times or more,
As if she'd never get her fill;
"Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," said she,
"And don't forget, my boy,
That ould Ireland is your country,
And your name is Pat Malloy!

Oh, England is a purty place,
Of gold there is no lack-
I trudged from York to London,
Wiu me scythe upon me back;
The English girls are beautiful,
Their loves I don't decline,
The eating and the drinking, too,
Are beautiful and fine;
But in a corner of me heart,
Which nobody can see,
Two eyes of Irish blue
Are "always peeping out at me!
Oh, Molly, darlin', never fear,
I'm still your own dear boy-
Ould Ireland is me country.
And me name is Pat Malloy.

From Ireland to America,
Across the seas I roam.
And every shilling that I got,
Ah, sure I sent it home;
Me mother couldn't write, but, oh.
There came from Father Boyce:
"Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she-
I hear me mother s voice!
But now I'm going home again,
As poor as I began,
To make a happy girl of Moll,
And sure I think I can;
Me pockets they are empty,
But me heart is filled with joy.
For ould Ireland is me country,
And me name is Pat Malloy.