

The Fine Old Irish Gentleman - song lyrics

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The Fine Old Irish Gentleman.

I'll sing you a dacent song that was made by a Paddy's pate.
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, who had a fine estate;
Whose mansion it was made of mud, with thatch and all complate,
With a hole at top through which the smoke so graceful did retrate--
Hurrah for the ould Irish gentleman, the boy of the oulden time.

His walls, so could, were cover'd wid the devil a thing for show.
Except an old shillelah, which had knock'd down many a foe,
And there ould Barney sat at ease, and without shoes or hose,
And quaffed his noggin of poteen to warm his big red nose,
Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

To Donnybrook his custom was to go to every fair,
And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was young when there,
And while the rich they feasted him, he still, among the poor.
Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make the spalpeens roar,
Like a raal ould Irish gintelman, a boy of the oulden time.

But och, mevrone : once at a row ould Barney got a knock.
And one that kilt him, 'cause he couldn't get o'er the shock,
They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
"Och ! Barney, darlint, Jewel dear, why did you die? och, hone:"
Then they waked this Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

Though all things in their course must change, and seasons pass away,
Yet Irish hearts of oulden time were Just as at this day.
Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man,
To serve a friend and bate a foe, it always was the plan
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.