

Barney, The Lad From Kildare - song lyrics

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Barney, the Lad From Kildare.

How cruel it was of me parents to send me
Away o'er the dark, rolling waves of the sea.
They thought that a trip o'er the ocean would lend me
A great helping hand in this world wide and free.
I'm here, out of work and without a red penny,
I'd carry the hod if they'd give me half fare;
But, sure, they don't want we, they say there's too many,
So pity poor Barney, the lad froin Kildare.

Chorus.

Talk of this country and all of its glory,
When you're away it appears mighty fair;
Then when you try it you'll find it a story,
For such is the case "of the lad from Kildare.

It's there in old Erin I left my Allanna,
A-weeping for me just because I'd to go,
And now to get back to her, tell me how can I,
For surely it's one of those things I don't know.
It's no use to write to the old folks for money,
They never would send it, for sure they don't care;
I don't play the part in our farm of a "honey,"
So pity poor Barney, the lad from Kildare " -Chorus.

I'd work my way back in a ship if they'd let me.
But fate seems ag.dnst me, like death cold and grim;
For a man I was talking to said he would bet me
I never would get back, unless I could swim.
It's awful hard luck that a fellow must suffer,
Who tries to be honest, and act on the square;
I'll have to turn out, be a gambler or "duffer,"
So look out for Barney. the lad from Kildare -Chorus