

My Dear Old Irish Home - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MY DEAR OLD IRISH HOME.

Copyright, 1888, by F. Harding.

As sung by Mr. John Walsh.

If ever you saw my dear old Irish home,
You'd say 'twas a pity from there I should roam;
There's a dear faithful mother, my sweetest joy,
As she fondles the children so happy and coy.
My father, so merry, our young hearts to cheer.
With a bit of a song would always draw near;
And we laughed 'till we cried, we had no grief to hide,
For happiness reigned by our old fireside.

Chorus.

'Tis my home, my home, my dear old Irish home.

Deafar to me than palaces so grand;

'Tis my home, my home, my dear old Irish home.

Over in old Ireland 'tis my own native land.

When the bugle's loud blast called brave men to war.
When freedom's great banner was threatened with gore;
'Twas then you found Paddy with knapsack and gun.
Bravely he fought in the battle of Bull Run.
Honor is due him in this land of the brave,
O'er his head let the stripes and stars ever wave;
For the brave Sixty-Ninth fought with ne'er a groan.
Their names are in gold in my dear Irish home.-Chorus.

There is no costly carpets upon the floor,
But dear to my heart it will be evermore;
There's no pictures of kings or of queens on our wall,
But the faces of great men who answered death's call.
Washington and O'Connell hang side by side
With Lincoln and Emmnett. who like true martyrs died;
You'll meet brave-hearted Irishmen where'er you may roam,
They come from old Ireland, my dear native home.-Chorus.