

Chickabiddy - song lyrics

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CHICKABIDDY .

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Arranged by J. C. J. Sung by Mrs. R. A. Brennan.

When leaving dear old Ireland, my poor Pat said unto me,
May heaven guard you, Nora, dear, across the deep blue sea.
But you'll not forget your own true lad, nor dear old Erin's shore,
But hasten back to bless us with thine own sweet smile once more.

Spoken. -Saying:

Chorus.

To go is wrong-don't stop long, but come back to your own Chickabiddy,
For my heart beats so When away you go from Pat and poor old Ireland!

He kissed me with his ruby lips and gave me such a smack,
And said, in troth, before you go, talks! I wish you would come back.
The grass will not grow half so green, the sky seem half so bright,
When Norah leaves old Ireland, for she's my heart's delight.

Spoken.-Saying:-Chorus.

I could not help the scalding tear that trickled down my cheek,
Nor keep the big lump from my throat, that would not let me speak.
I threw my arms about his neck and, to relieve his pain,
Declared that I'd return to him and Ireland once again.

Spoken.-Saying:-Chorus.

There's Is No Home Like My Own.

In the wild chamois track,
At the breaking of morn,
With a hunter's pride, o'er the mountain side,
We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,
Tra la la la la la la la la;
Oh, that voice to me is a voice of glee,
Wherever my footsteps roam;
And I long to bound, when I hear that sound,
Again to my mountain home.

In the wild chamois track,
At the break of morn,
With a hunter's pride, o'er the mountain side,
We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,
Tra la la la la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la la la.

I have crossed the proud Alps,
I have sailed down the Rhone,
And there is no spot like the simple cot,
And the hill and the valley I call my own,
Tra la la la la la la la la;
There the skies are bright,
And our hearts are light, our bosoms without fear;
For our toil is play and our sport the fray
With the mountain roe or the forest deer,
Tra la la la la la la la la.