

Ireland At The Fair - song lyrics

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

IRELAND AT THE FAIR

Copyright, 1893, by The International Music Co.

Words by Walter Fletcher. Music by Otto M. Heinzman.

At last all things are ready for the great Chicago Fair,
The whole world is invited to come and have a share;
Old Ireland will be right in it in eighteen ninety-three,
And if you are attending there, why this is what you'll see:

Chorus.

A primrose from Killarney, a shamrock from Kildare,
A gallon jug of potteen distilled in County Clare,
Shillelahs just from Donnybrook, with a bit of bog from Cork,
A load of turf from Kerry, and a mick with a funny walk.

Refrain.

[Annie Laurie.]

Oh, land of milk and praties, I'm thinking still of thee,
May the Lord send you your freedom, home rule, sweet Gramachee.

The Dutch will send their lager beer, the French their finest wine;
The Turks will send a turkey, and the Swiss the River Rhine;
Old Johnny Bull his Bass's ale, and scotty's old smoked whiskey,
But when you find an Irishman, why this is what you'll see:

Chorus.

Mr. Dan O'Connel's portrait entwined with flowers bright,
St. Patrick with a black thorn a-putting snakes to flight,
The meeting of the waters, with a bit of Blarney stone,
The ancient harp of Tara's Hall, that's played by Kate Malone.

Refrain.

[The Minstrel Boy.]

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone, in the ranks of death you'll find him;
is father's sword he has girded on, and his wild harp slung behind him.

There'll be Oolong tea from China, and old Hyson from Japan,
And sausages from Holland, with the cheese from Rotterdam;
A Russian bear from Russia, and a monk from Africa,
But When you're in the Irish booth, why this is what you'll see:

Chorus.

A dollar's worth of welcome, a chair and a bit to eat,
The open hand of friendship of Paddy will stand treat;
A posey for your button-hole, a seat in the jaunting car,
Along with Irish colleens, at the great Chicago Fair.

Refrain.

[Auld Lang Syne.]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne.