

# Nothing's Too Good For The Irish - song lyrics

**American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)**

Nothing's Too Good for the Irish.  
Copyright, 1894, by Frank Tousey.  
Written and Composed by J. Joseph Goodwin  
and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

I'll tell yez a story that was told to me,  
A good old story, Gramma Machree,  
When me mother was dying, "Oh, lad," says she,  
"Nothing's too good for the Irish."  
When we come here, me and brother Dan,  
Says he, "We'll do the best we can."  
They made him a copper, and me, an alderman-  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.

Chorus.  
Dutchmen were made for to carry coal and shovel snow,  
Italians for organs, And Englishmen to mash;  
Chinese for washing, the Japs for a juggling show,  
Nagurs to whitewash, the Jews were made for cash;  
Cubans for cigarettes, the Portugese to sail the sea,  
Scotchmen for bak'ries, the French were made for style,  
Russians for mining, Americans for liberty,  
But the men made for bosses were the sons of Erin's Isle.  
Then, hip, hip, hurrah! Erin-go-bragh!  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.

Now, me brother Mike, when he came here last fall,  
He was the laddie they say knew it all,  
He soon became the leader of Tammany Hall-  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.  
But Mike feared work, so he wouldn't budge;  
Says he to me, as he gave me a nudge,  
"Just wait 'till election, you will see me judge;"  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.- Chorus.

Sure none of me tribe, boys, has ever worked hard,  
Me father-in-law's on the boulevard,  
Cousin Tim, he's a foreman in the Old Pipe Yard-  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.  
Old Uncle Pat he's nobody's fool,  
He guards ice in summer to see it's kept cool,  
Me sister, Mary Ellen, sure she teaches school;  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.- Chorus.

I've just been made the father of a twelve-pound lad,  
He's whiskers already, now that's not bad,  
He's sure to be president some day, bedad-  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.  
He'll then sail off wid his blackthorn stick,  
And marry the Queen, make the British sick,  
And free Erin's Isle like a good old Mick;  
Nothing's too good for the Irish.- Chorus.