Poor Pat must Emigrate

Air — "Apple Blossoms."

Oh, farewell to poor old Erin's Isle, I now must leave you for awhile,
The rent and taxes are so high, I can no longer stay.

From Dublin Quay I sailed away, and landed here but yesterday.

My shoes and boots and my shirt are all that's in my kit.

I have just sailed to let you know the alms I've before seen go
Of the ups and downs in Ireland since the year of '88.

If that truthful hand could have its own, her sons might live and stay at home,

But since fortune is otherwise, poor Pat, must emigrate.

The devil's a word I'd say at all, although our wages are but small,
If they left us in the cabin, where our father's dew their breath.

But if they call upon rent day, and you have got no half-pence for to pay,

They hand you out of house and home to beg and starve to death.

What kind of treatment, boys, is that, to give poor honest Irish Pat.

To drive his family to a ditch to beg and starve for meat,

But I got up with heart and hand and sold my little spot of land,

That is the reason boys I left you, poor Pat must emigrate.

Such sights as these I've often seen, but I saw worse in Skibbereen.

In 1845 when the famine it was great,

I saw females, children, boys and girls, with blooming cheeks and sunburnt ears.

All famishing and starving for a mouthful for to eat.

They died and starved in Skibbereen no shrouds or coffins there was seen,

They pitenly reconciled themselves to what they thought their fate.

They were thrown in graves just by wholesale, which caused many an Irish heart to wail,

And made many an Irish boy and girl be glad to emigrate.

Where is the nation or the land that showed such sons as Daddy's land,

Or where's the man more noble than he that call poor Pat,

Haves we not bled for England's glory, when'er her foes were to be seen.

Who the town of Dalh, will you please to tell me that I?

Have we not pursued that India Ulah, and Nona Sahibs, this cursed thief,

Who avowed villains and mothers, and left them to their fate.

Then why among we be so oppressed in our own dear land St. Patrick's bless'd,

The land from which we hope to best poor Pat must emigrate.

There's no true son from Daddy's land but respects the memory of poor Dan,

Who fought and struggled long to live us from our chains;

Who advocated Ireland's rights with all his strength and all his might,

And was but poorly compensated for all his toils and pains.

He told us to be kind-hearted and in him for to put our trust

And he would desert, nor leave us to our fate,

But death to him no favor shown, from the bugger man up to the gods.

Since they took our Liberators, poor Pat must emigrate.

With spirit bright and purest light, my boys, I can no longer stay,

The Shamrock sails immediately bound for America;

They say the bread and wine for all, which we cannot get in Donegal,

I have told the truth, by the great St. Ruth, believe me what I say.

Good night, my boys, with hand and heart, all you that take old Ireland's part,

I can no longer stay for fear I'll be too late,

For if ever again I reach this land I hope I'll be a different man.

So God be with old Ireland, for poor Pat must emigrate.