



## My Native Land so Green

I'm a true-born Irishman, I come from Paddy's land,  
Where the stranger finds a welcome with the grasp of  
friendships hand,

Where the wit it flows spontaneously and pleasure does  
abound,

And good-nature mixed together in abundance can be  
found;

Where the boys are so jolly at a pattern, race, or fair,  
For courting purty girls, none with them can compare,  
They're the bravest set of boys that ever yet were seen,  
The boys of dear Old Ireland, my native land so Green.

You will surely find that Paddy his aid will always lend,  
And be ready to assist you, if e'er you want a friend,  
If his cabin you should enter you know as well as me,  
He will treat you with the very best, quite welcome you will  
be.

He'll share his pipe and whiskey your spirits he will cheer,  
Oh, Ould Ireland you're my darling the spot I love so dear,  
For true hospitality no matter where I've been,  
There is no place like Ould Ireland my native land so Green

If e'er you're bent on pleasure abroad you need not roam,  
There's no such sights in foreign lands like those we have at  
home,

Killarney's lakes are beautiful as everyone must own,  
And if you're fond of nonsense just kiss the Blarney stone,  
We have scenery in Wicklow there's the Giants Causeway  
too,

The Bay and sights round Dublin all splendid to view.

