



Poor Pat must Emigrate

Air—"Apple Praters."

Oh, farewell to poor old Erin's Isle, I now must leave you for awhile,
The rents and taxes are so high, I can no longer stay.
From Dublin Quay I sailed away, and landed here but yesterday
My shoes and brogues and my shirt are all that's in my kit.
I have just called in to let you know the sights I've seen before I go
Of the ups and downs in Ireland since the year of '98.
If that fruitful land could have its own, her sons might live and stay at home,
But since fortune has it otherwise, poor Pat must emigrate.

The devil a word I'd say at all, although our wages are but small;
If they left us in the cabin, where our father's drew their breath.
But if they call upon rent day, and you have got no half-pence for to pay,
They hurl 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—yes, poor Pat must emigrate.

Such sights as these I've often seen, but I saw worse in Skibbereen
In 1854 when the famine it was great,
I saw fathers, mothers, boys and girls, with blooming cheeks and silken curls,
All famishing and starving for a mouthful for to eat.
They died and starved in Skibbereen, no shrouds or coffins there was seen,
They patiently 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's reared such sons as Paddy's land,
Or where's the man more noble than he they call poor Pat.
Have we not bled for England's Queen, where'er her foes were to be seen,
Who took the town of Delhi, will you please to tell me that?
Have we not pursued that India Chief, and Nena Sahib, that cursed thief,
Who skivered babes and mothers, and left them to their fate,
Then why should we be so oppressed in our own dear land St. Patrick blessed,
The land from which we love the best poor Pat must emigrate.

There's no true son from Paddy's land but respects the memory of poor Dan,
Who fought and struggled hard to free us from our chains;
Who advocated Ireland's right with all his strength and all his might,
And was but poorly recompensed for all his toils and pains.
He told us for to *beid-na-husth*, and in him for to put our trust,
And he would not desert us, nor leave us to our fate,
But death to him no favor shows, from the beggar man up to the throne,
Since they took our Liberator, poor Pat must emigrate.

With spirits bright and purses light, my boys, I can no longer stay,
The Shamrock sails immediately bound for America;
They say there's bread and work 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,
But 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.

