

The True Born Irishman - song lyrics

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THE TRUE BORN IRISHMAN.

I am Irish, and I do not think that you will be surprised
To hear I have a grievance; it's a fact you've all surmised;
But my trouble's not to grumble or a howl of discontent;
'Tis but a protest against those who us misrepresent.
My countrymen are painted in a color not their own,
And as greedy, sneaking rebels to you often are shone;
There'll be black sheep in every flock forever it is true,
But the real Irishman is white, And that I'll prove to you.

Chorus.

He does not rail at royalty; he does not curse the throne;
He does not crave for every plot of land to be his own;
He stands aloof from treason; he does what good he can;
This brightest gem in nature's crown, a true born Irishman.

In my country there are agitators who will spread alarm,
And by incentive speeches, causes great amount of harm;
For weaker minds who list to them quite easily are led
To think England their enemy; but he's as their friend instead.
The men who cause the mischief know within themselves they're wrong.
They only injure Ireland by rebellion, speech And song;
But till clear-headed Irishmen are loyal to the one,
And by his fond allegiance, Put his loyalty has shone.- Chorus.

When our noble Prince and Princess paid a visit to our land,
Who can say but their reception was a demonstration grand;
The high, the low, the rich, the poor, said welcome in one voice,
And hailed their future ruler as the ruler of their choice.
So let me disabuse your minds if you think Pat a fool.
Who hates his sister country And revolts against her rule;
The few who're wrong and not the many who contented rest,
And Pat the loyal Irishman believes himself but blest.- Chorus.