Dear Old Donegal

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It seems like only yesterday, I sailed from out of Cork.
A stranger from old Erin's isle, I landed in New York.
There wasn't a soul to greet me there, a stranger on the shore,
But Irish luck was with me there, and riches came galore.

And now I'm going back again to dear old Erin's isle.
My friends will meet me on the pier and greet me with a smile.
Their faces, sure, I've almost forgot. I've been so long away,
But my mother will introduce them all and this to me will say:

CHO: "Shake hands with your Uncle Mike, me boy,

and here is your sister Kate,
    And there's the girl you used to swing

down on the garden gate.
    Shake hands with all of the neighbors,

and kiss the colleens all.
    You're as welcome as the flowers in May

To dear old Donegal."

They'll give the party when I go home.
    They'll come from near and far.
They'll line the road for miles and miles
    with Irish jaunting cars.
The spirits will flow and we'll be gay,
    we'll fill our hearts with joy.
The piper will play an Irish reel to greet the Yankee boy.

The dancers will reel the whole night long. Such fun as never seen.
The lads will be decked in corduroy, the colleens wearin' green.
There'll be thousands that I never saw, I've been so long away,
But my mother will introduce them all and this, to me, will say:

[Compiled from several sources including a Bing Crosby recording.]