The Irish Laborer

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I am an Irish labourer, both hearty stout and strong.
For idleness I never love, to my race it don't belong.
I've still the strength and will to toil for thå want of a life so dear,
But told where 'er I ask for work "There's no Irish wanted here."

cho: Then you may think it a misfortune to be christened Pat or Dan,
To me it is an honour to be called an Irishman,
And you may live to see the day, it will come, oh, never fear,
When ignorance gives way to sense, " You are welcome Irish here."

2. When your country was in danger but a few short years ago
You were not so particular about who should fight the foe.
When the men were needed for the ranks to reserve our rights so dear
Among the bravest of the brave it was, " Irish wanted here ! " Cho.

3. For generous hearts and charity you could search this wide world round,
For Paddy's hospitality 'twas likes was never found,
I e'd give the clothes from off his back, his blood for friends so dear,
But for justice and for envy's vile there's no Irish wanted here. Cho

4. Then turn your hearts to kindness, take poor Paddy from the wall,
For God in heaven made this world and lots of room for all,
So stretch your arms across the sea to that little isle so dear
And give the Irish girls and boys glad welcome over here. Cho.

A version of No Irish Need Apply
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