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The Wild Irish Boy

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When I first came to this country I had brogues on my feet,
I'd on corduroy britches although they looked neat,
The girls would laugh at me, which gave me great joy,
They called me their hero, their wild Irish boy.

My age now, they tell me is just twenty-three
For my bad conduct transported I might be
Horse-racing, fox-chasing and gaming also
For that very reason, over the ses I must go.

Now I am deprived of all comforts of life
I've left her behind me who would've been my wife.
With my foot on the ocean, my heart on dry land
With tears in my eyes I'll tke a rig in my hand.

It ws down on the Perth where those matches were made
That caused many a brave hero in transport to bleed;
And in some distand island to be sold as a slave,
For in my own country I did misbehave.

As for my own dear mother, the greater I pray
Don't cast it up to her that I'm going away
She's in great grief already, pray no more to it add
How many kind parents bad children have had!

There's one thing I'll remember, I can never forget
It is Washington's friend, that dear Lafayette,
He dearly loved freedom but he climed it no fame
Though he dearly loved freedom in an Irishman's name.

From Folk Songs of the Catskills, Cazden et al
A conflated version; George Edwards and Mrs. Frank Decker
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