

THE IRISH COLLEEN

Performed by: Jack Mooney

I went to a party consisting of four,
And as it was private we soon closed the door.
There was one girl from England, another from Wales,
And one that resided in Scotland fair dale.

We sat down in friendship, we drank of the wine,
Each told of their countries, I told them of mine.
The rose, leek, and thistle, unconquered, unseen,
But says I, 'Here's a toast from an Irish colleen:'

The Welsh girl stood up gave a toast to the leek,
Saying, 'I drink to my emblems each day of the week.'
The Scotch lassie stood with a pride in her eye,
'Saying here's to the thistle no Scotch man deny.'

The English girl then gave a toast to the rose,
Saying, 'Here's to old England, she can thrash all her foes.'
But says I, 'I won't willingly cause any pain,
All I'd ask you to join in my toast once again.'

Then here's to old Ireland, her sons and her daughters,
Here's to old Ireland, the shamrock I mean.
May the sun always shine on the round towers of Erin,
It's a toast from the heart of an Irish colleen.

I own I'm a traitor, I'm fond of the rose,
It's the fairest of flowers in the garden that grows.
For a man who's ashamed of the place whence he came,
He is no man at all and not worthy of name.

Then here's to old Ireland, her sons and her daughters,
Here's to old Ireland, the shamrock I mean.
May the sun always shine on the round towers of Erin,
It's a toast from the heart of an Irish colleen.