

# ON THE RELEASE OF **FITZHARRIS**

(CABMAN),

“Skin the Goat,”  
THE TRUE SON OF ERIN'S ISLE

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You sons of Erin's Isle,  
Pay attention for a while ;  
Our hearts with love is burning,  
On Skin the Goat's returning,  
Thanks to heaven he was granted liberty.

CHORUS.

Let us cheer him three-times-three—  
He's once more at liberty,  
Because he loved his country like a man ;  
In spite of friend or foe,  
He has let the world know,  
That he's been a true-born Irishman.

After suffering seventeen years,  
From his home—poor family ;  
Thank God we have to say,  
That we have him here to-day,  
Along with his fellow-prisoner there set free.

CHORUS.

Glory to the men  
Brought those exiles home again,  
To the land of old Erin macree ;  
The fife and drum before us,  
And the green flag flying o'er us—  
Poor Skin the Goat is now at liberty.

CHORUS.

So now to end those lines,  
May we soon see better times,  
May peace and plenty flourish round our shore ;  
Now that he is out,  
Let us give a hearty shout—  
He is with his friends in old Ireland once more.

CHORUS.