

# I am an Irish boy

FROM

## DUBLIN

### TOWN I CAME.

Pearson, Printer, 6, Chadderton-st., off  
Oldham Road Manchester

Ah, sure my darlings, ye d be to know,  
The country where I came from;  
And who and what I reall am,  
And ye'd like to know my name.  
I'll telly you in a trice, boys,  
Tho' you can see it in my smile;  
I am what they call, faith,  
A son of Erins Isle.

#### CHORUS

I am an Irish boy,  
From Dublin town I came,  
I d ive an Irish jaunting car,  
Pat Murfy is my name.

I've got a f ne mud cabin,  
A calf, a pig, a cow,  
And a fine great shillelah,  
To protect me in a row.  
And what is more my darlings,  
I've a good old jaunting car;  
And for the boys that visit me,  
Theres whiskey in the jar.

Ould Ireland is the place,  
For frolic, fun, and mirth,  
It's epual you can't find.  
If you seardeb all through the earth:  
And who like Irish lads,  
Can twist an l twirl the twig,  
Besides, show me, who like them,  
Can dance an Irish jig.

I'm the rale car driver,  
That drove our little Queen;  
A better lady, si re, my boys,  
In Ireland ne'er was seen.  
She gave me a little gold,  
And loudly I did cry,  
While tipping off my whiskey,  
"God Bless Her Majesty."

Now ever since I drove her,  
I cant bear to be alone;  
I think it's time I had,  
A young Queen of my own:  
Now there's her daughter Alice,  
A fine girl in the land,  
I think she'd haxe me if I'd go,  
And offer her my hand.

Now should you visit Ireland,  
Sure dont forget to call;  
On Paddy Murphy, and when there,  
He'll be glad to treat you all;  
And drink a toast in whiskey,  
In the true good Irish style;  
Here's success to Queen Victoria,  
And the sons of Erin's Isle.