

# PAT. MALLOY'S RETURN TO IRELAND.

AIR—"The Captain with the Whiskers."

When landed safe in Dublin town, I met a castle-back,  
The boots upon my feet he eyed, and the clothes upon my back ;  
He says : You're from America, you look so neat and trim,  
Just let me see your letters, sir—I handed one to him ;  
He says : It's from O'Mahony. And, says I, you funny elf,  
It's a letter for my own sweet Moll, I'm taking home myself ;  
He says : You are a Fenian. Says I : You're right, old boy,  
For Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat. Malloy.

He had me then examined, and he says : My nice young man,  
What brought you home to Ireland ? Was it the Fenian plan ?  
The ship, it brought me home, says I, and Fenians all agree,  
That from sweet Athlone to Blarney-Stone, Ould Ireland shall be free ;  
But was it not for Molly's eyes that's sticking in my heart,  
An' me mother an' the childer, too, oh, sure they had their part !  
I'll take them to America, and then look out, my boy,  
For Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat. Malloy.

But when I met my Molly, dear, she kissed me o'er and o'er,  
She could not laugh for crying, as I gave her goold galore ;  
It's your own, my dearest Molly, for I knew you would prove true,  
Every pound I sent my mother, I put by two for you ;  
And now you have the shiners, Moll, and will you take myself ?  
She blushed and whispered : Yes, dear Pat, I'm yours, but not for pelf ;  
We got my mother's blessing, and it filled my heart with joy,  
For Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat. Malloy.

Early the next morning, sure, we went to Father Boyce :  
That *rib*, says he, wid a wink at me, it is a purty choice ;  
And mighty strong it is, says I, my heart, sure, knows it best,  
Three years or more, with thumps galore, she made it thrash my breast ;  
These eyes are mighty killing, sir, but now they are my own,  
For four long years, when far from home, they made me cry : och, hone !  
And now I ask your blessing, sir, for to complete my joy,  
For Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat. Malloy.

Now my mother's in her rocking chair, her childer pay the rint,  
In New York, relieved from work, each happy hour is spent,  
And free from every toil and care, her heart is light and free,  
She sings a good old Irish song, with young Pat. on her knee ;  
And Molly, lovely Molly, sure, he is her heart's delight,  
She sings, and talks, and plays with him both morning, noon and night,  
And says : he's his daddy's picture, and she calls him her darling boy,  
For he was born in Ould Ireland, and his name it is Malloy.