Pat Malloy

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At sixteen years of age I was
My mother's fair-haired boy.
She kept a little huckster's shop,
Her name it was Malloy.

"I've thirteen children, Pat," she said,
"Which heaven to me hath sent.
But children ain't like pigs, you know-
They can't pay the rent."

She gave me every shilling
There was within the till
And kissed me fifty times or more
As if she'd never fill.

"Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," said she,
"And don't forget, my boy,
Ould Ireland is your country, and
Your name is Pat Malloy."

The English girls are beautiful,
Their loves I don't decline;
The eating and the drinking, too,
Are beautiful and fine.

But in a corner of my heart
Where nobody can see,
Two eyes of Irish blue
Are always peering out at me.

Oh, Molly, darling, never fear,
I'm still your own dear boy.
Ould Ireland is my country
And my name is Pat Malloy.

From England to America
Across the seas I roam,
And every shilling that I got
I'm sure I sent it home.

My mother couldn't write a line,

There came from Father Boyce:
"Oh, Heaven bless you, Pat," said she.
I hear my mother's voice.

And now I'm going home again
As poor as I began,
To make a happy girl of Moll,
And, sure, I think I can!

My pockets they are empty,
But my heart is filled with joy,
Ould Ireland is my country, and
My name is Pat Malloy!

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