Good-bye, Mike, Good-bye, Pat - song lyrics

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Good-Bye, Mike, Good-Bye, Pat.
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The ship will sail in half an hour,
To cross the broad Atlantic;
My friends were standing on the pier,
With grief and sorrow frantic;
My trunks were stowed down below,
In the great ship ' Dart O'Leary;"
The anchor's weighed, And the gangway is up,
I'm leaving Tipperary.

Chorus.
Good-bye, Mike, good-bye, Pat,
Good-bye. Kate and Mary;
For the anchor is weighed, the gangway is up,
I'm leaving Tipperary.
See, there's the steamer blazing up.
I can no longer stay,
For I am bound for New York City, boys,
Three thousand miles away.

My portmanteau I have got packed,
With potatoes, greens, and bacon;
If you don't think I'll look after that,
In troth you are mistaken.
If the ship pitch and toss,
For a half a dozen farthings,
I'll take my trunk upon my back.
And walk to Castle Garden.-Chorus.

Give my respects to Mr. Mack,
And likewise to MrsFagan,
And I'll come back to the christening,
When she marries Patsy Fagan.
I'm deep in love with Molly Burke,
As a jackass is in clover;.
When I am settled-if she will come,
I'll pay her passage over.-Chorus.