The Irishman's Home, Sweet Home - song lyrics

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The Irishman's "Home, Sweet Home."
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Written by Felix McGlennon. Composed by J. W. Rowley.

Oh! for five long years I've rambled, and in foreign lands I've gambolled,
I have been to what they told me are the finest spots on earth;
But I've come back o'er the ocean with my heart full of emotion,
And an Irishman's devotion to the land that gave me birth.
They talk about their Rooshia, they brag about their Prooshia,
And their lovely Andalooshia, as a bright and sunny land;
They boast of Niagara And their famous Riveyara,
But they can't beat Connemara, with its mountains stern and grand.

REFRAIN.
Foreign men are very witty, foreign ladies very pretty;
You may like each foreign city, from St. Petersburg to Rome;
But to spend a pleasant night in, and with comfort to get tight in.
And to have an Irish fight in, give me "Home, Sweet Home."

Their songs and their fricasses, And their Patsey Foydegrasses
May be good enough for asses, but for Irish stomachs, no!
They talk about tomaties, but none of 'em fit to ate is.
Sure they're not like floury praties that in Ireland do grow;
And then they go a-drinkin' some quare things, I am thinkin',
Och! their names would set you blinkin' And they'd nearly break your jaw;
Ah. but if you would be frisky, never mind their drinks so risky.
You are safe on Irish whiskey that the Gauger never saw.

Refrain.
Foreign men are very witty, foreign ladies very pretty;
You may like each foreign city, from St. Petersburg to Rome;
But In friendship to be treated, or to get your nose inflated.
Or your jaw-bone dislocated, give me "Home, Sweet Home."

Then a bit of decent flghtin' they pretend to take delight in,
And they use their dirty daggers, their stilettos and the rest;
But, for striking disputation, or a friendly salutation.
There Is nothing like a black-thorn when you put it to the test
You can argue any matter, your opponent's head can batter,
And their noses you can scatter 'till you can't tell Mick from Pat;
Sure its only in good nature that you alter every faytare,
And a small drop of the crayture seals the friendship after that.

Refrain.
Foreign men are very witty, foreign ladies very pretty;
You may like each foreign city, from St. Petersburg to Rome;
But to get knocked in the gutter, or to go home on a shutter,
With your head as soft as butter, give me "Home, Sweet Homo."