Scenes From The Emerald Isle - song lyrics

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Scenes from the Emerald Isle.
Copyright, 1895, by F. J. Tierney.
Written by Albert Hall. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In praise of old Ireland and what she has been,
We have had songs by many a score,
Of deeds that were done in that island so green,
By our forefathers in days of yore;
But 'tis not the Ireland at present we know,
With her glories all gone to decay;
And so here to-night 'twill be my aim to show
You some scenes from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

On the famed port of Dublin we view our first scene,
When watching the vessels depart;
Pat's leaving his mother, his wire, or colleen;
He's leaving the home of his heart;
Starvation has forced him, though fond hearts may yearn
And pale lips implore him to stay;
With a sad heart he leaves them, primps ne'er to return-
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

An old woman sits by a mud-cabin door,
She's watching for her only boy;
She kisses his portrait, she cries out, "Asthore!
Come back to your mother, my joy."
But the lad pines in exile, through one simple word
Gross injustice has caused him to say,
And the prayer of the mother will never he heard -
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

The hour is near twilight, the crow-bar brigade
Are out on their foul errand bent:
They go to evict poor old Barney McGuade
Because he has not got the rent.
See, he kneels at their feet And for mercy does cry:
"Give me time! give me time! I will pay."
But he's turned from his cabin to starve and die-
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.

In a once happy home on an Irish hill-side,
There's sorrow instead of glad mirth;
The light of that home like a felon has died,
All for loving the land of his birth:
His widow and children sit wrapped in despair,
For their friends have all vanished away,
And his crime-if it was one-his children must bear-
That's a scene from the Emerald Isle of to-day.