

Immigrant's Sons

Paddy and the Rats

We drink, we fight, we do our best when we get tight
We drink, we fight, if you drove us wild

Why don't you slip away and your lives will be spared
If you stand in way of immigrant's sons we'll put you into hell

Daddy died of hunger when the famine's broken out
Mother took me and me brother, we left our lovely town
A long and weary journey across the stormy sea
We landed at the Boston bay and moved in
Mom became a washerwoman for a rich man's house
Brother and me carried coal in the local mine
Irish people stick together, we met them for a pint
We played a jig and danced together all night

We're proud 'cause our Irish gang is the toughest out of all
Watch your step in our district 'cause we stick you to the wall
No problem for us to beat you, we go to see the priest
In God's name he can absolve us from our sins
March 17. and we all meet at MacNamara's place
Celebrating Éire and St. Patrick's Day
The fiddle plays some good old songs that came over the sea
We keep the way our traditions must be