

Dear Old Donegal

It seems like only yesterday
I sailed from out of Cork.
A wanderer from ole Erin's isle,
I landed in New York.

There wasn't a soul to greet me there,
A stranger on your shore,
But Irish luck was with me here,
And riches came galore.

And now that I'm going back again
To dear old Erin's isle,
My friends will meet me on the pier
And greet me with a smile.
Their faces, sure, I've almost forgot,
I've been so long away,
But me mother will introduce them all
And this is what she'll say:

chorus:

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike, me boy,
And here is your sister, Kate.
And there's the girl you used to swing
Down by the garden gate.
Shake hands with all of the neighbors,
And kiss the colleens all;
You're as welcome as the flowers in May
To dear old Donegal.

Meet Branigan, Fannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,
Duffy, McCuffy, Malachy, Mahone,
Rafferty, Lafferty, Donnelly, Connelly,
Dooley, O'Hooey, Muldowney, Malone,
Madigan, Cadigan, Lanihan, Flanihan,
Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Hoolihan, Flynn,
Shanihan, Manihan, Fogarty, Hogarty,
Kelly, O'Kelly, McGuinness, McGuinn.