No Irish need apply

Original song

Written and sung by

Miss Kathleen O'Neill,

The Irish Vocalist.

Cleveland:
Published by S. Brainard & Co., 203 Superior St.

Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

New York: W. A. Pond & Co.

Philadelphia: Lee & Walker.
WANTED—A smart native girl to do the general house work of a large family; one who can cook, clean plate, and get up fine linen preferred.
N. B.—No Irish need apply.

London Times Newspaper, Feb., 1862.
1. I'm a simple Irish girl, and I'm looking for a place, I've
fought the grip of Poverty, but sure that's no disgrace, For I'll be long before I

2. Now I wonder what's the reason that the fortune favored few, Should
throw on us that dirty slur and treat us as they do, Sure they all know Paddy's
Irish hospitality there's no need to deplore, And every door is

3. Sure I did not do the like, when they anchored on our shore, For
got one, tho' in deed it's hard I try, For I read in each advertisement, "No
open to the weary stranger still, Pat would give his last potato, yes, and

I'm Irish need apply, A has for my poor country, which I never will do,
living in their land, O, to their sister country, how can they breed do-
give it with a will, Nor whiskey, which he prizes so, in any case do-
4. Now what have they against us, sure the world knows Paddy's brave,
   For he's helped to fight their battles, both on land and on the wave,
   At the storming of Sebastopol, and beneath an Indian sky,
   Pat raised his head, for their General said, "All Irish might apply."—
   Do you mind Lieutenant Massy, when he raised the battle-cry?
   Then are they not ashamed to write, "No Irish need apply?"

5. Then they can't deny us genius, with "Sheridan"—"Tom Moore,"—
   The late lamented "Catherine Hayes," and "Sam Lover to the Fore,"—
   Altho' they may laugh at our "Bulls," they cannot but admit,
   That Pat is always sensible, and has a ready wit,—
   And if they ask for Beauty, what can beat their nice black Eye?
   Then is it not a shame to write, "No Irish need apply?"

6. Ooh! the French must loudly crow to find we're slighted thus,
   For they can never forget the blow that was dealt by one of us,
   If the Iron Duke of Wellington had never drawn his sword,
   Faith they might have "Napoleon Sane" with their beef, upon my word,
   They think now of their hero, dead; his name will never die,
   Where will they get another such if "No Irish need apply?"

7. Ah! but now I'm in the land of the "Glorious" and "Free,"
   And proud I am to own it, a country dear to me,
   I can see by your kind faces, that you will not deny
   A place in your hearts for Kathleen, and All Irish may apply.
   Then long may the Union flourish, and ever may it be
   A pattern to the world, and the "Home of Liberty!"