

Name : _____

O, Father dear, I often here, you speak of Erin's Isle,
 Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
 They say it is a lovely land, where in a saint might dwell,
 So why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell?
 My son I loved my native land, with energy and pride
 'Til a blight came over on my prats, and my sheep and cattle died,
 The rents and taxes were to pay, I could not them redeem,
 And that's the cruel reason why, I left old Skibbereen.
 Oh, It's well I do remember, that bleak November day,
 The bailiff and the landlord came, to drive us all away
 They set their roof on fire, with their cursed English spleen
 And that's another reason why, I left old Skibbereen.

Skibbereen

Your mother too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground,
 She fainted in her anguishing, seeing the desolation all round.
 She never rose, but passed away, from life to imortal dreams,
 And that's another reason I left old Skibbereen.

And you were only two years old, and feeble was your frame,
 I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your father's name,
 I wrapped you in my cota mior, at the dead of night unseen
 I heaved a sigh, and said goodbye, to dear old Skibbereen
 O' father dear, the day will come, when in vengeance we will call
 And Irish men both stout and tall, will rally unto the call
 I'll be the man to lead the band, beneath the flag of green
 and loud and high, well raise the cry, revenge for Skibbereen

What are the push factors of Irish emigration?

How does the singer feel about leaving? Circle the lines that express how he feels about leaving.

Underline the lines in this song that identify the push factors of Irish emigration.

How does this song, and what you know about push factors of Irish emigration help explain intense Irish pride in America today?