

MacNamair From County Clair

As sung by
Robert Walker

Originally in F
08-14-1941 Crandon, WI

Verse 1.

My name is Mac-Na - mair, ___ and I came from Coun-ty Clair, ___ from that dar-ling lit - tle

6

isle a-cross the sea. _____ Where the moun-tains and the hills, ___ and the

11

lakes and rip - pling rills ___ are ___ sing-ing sweet - est mus-ic all the day. _____ Our

17

lit - tle farm was small, ___ it would not sup-port us all, ___ so one of us ___ was

22

forced a-way from home. _____ I ___ bade them all good - bye ___ with a tear drop in my

28

eye, ___ and I sailed for cas - tle gar-dens all a - lone. _____ For I'm an

33

ho - nest I - rish lad _____ and of work I'm not a - fraid. _____ If it's

Chorus

37

plea-sure to you I will sing or dance. _____ I'll do any — thing you say, _____ if you'll

43

on - ly name the day _____ when they'll give an ho-nest I - rish lad a chance. _____

Verse 1.

My name is MacNamair,
 And I came from County Clair,
 From that darling little isle across the sea.
 Where the mountains and the hills,
 And the lakes and rippling rills
 Are singing sweetest music all the day.
 Our little farm was small,
 It would not support us all,
 So one of us was forced away from home.
 I bade them all goodbye
 With a teardrop in my eye,
 And I sailed for castle garden all alone.

Verse 2.

I landed in New York
 And I tried hard to get work,
 And I wandered through the streets from day to day.
 I went from place to place
 With starvation on my face,
 And every place they want no help, they say.
 But still I wandered on,
 Still hoping to find one
 That would give a lad a chance to earn his bread.
 But although it's just the same
 And I know I'm not to blame,
 But it's often times I wish that I were dead.

Chorus

Chorus

For I'm an honest Irish lad,
 And of work I'm not afraid.
 If it's pleasures to you, I will sing or dance.
 I'll do anything you say,
 If you'll only name the day
 When they'll give an honest Irish lad a chance.

Verse 3.

But still I've one kind friend,
 Whom a helping hand would lend
 To a poor boy and help him on at home.
 I will bring my mother here
 And my little sister dear,
 And never more again from them I'll roam.
 Yes I'll do what e'er is right,
 Yes I'll work both day and night,
 Yes I'll do the very best I can.
 And may God do help the heart
 That will take a poor boy's part,
 And make an honest Irish lad a man.

Critical Commentary

Transcriptions by MB and Peters, p. 53.

HST notes:

In the Professional Papers series:

[the following is crossed out]: *Tip Starks - North of Crandon - Oregon (Cutting of the Pine.)*

Sung by Robert Walker, age 58, Crandon, 1941.

Sources:

Peters, Harry B., ed. *Folk Songs out of Wisconsin: An Illustrated Compendium of Words and Music.*
Madison, WI: The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1977.

K.G.