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*“On a manuscript in the possession of Peter and Isabel Woods of Lisburn, County Down, which states ‘A very old song collected by Matt Meharg, Ballyboley, Ballyclare’ and ‘Author Tom Clements, Ballyboley’.”*

**Erin’s Lovely Home**

Ye tenantry of Ulster join and sympathise with me

We all must fight for tenant right, or lose our property

Land-Lordism it must be checked or for the time to come

We shall be slaves, robbed of our rights,

On Erin’s Lovely Home

Say I am bequeathed a farm of land, as nature laid it down

And the price I pay per acre, is the one half of a pound

It is composed of marshy ground, with many a rock and stone It would not support a family

On Erin’s Lovely Home

Say I’m bequeathed £100 from some relation near

And I do get one hundred more with her I love most dear

I spend it on improvement and hope the time will come

When we shall live in peace and rest

On Erin’s Lovely Home

Our fences quicked run parallel most beautiful do show

Our fields with artificial grass, most beautiful do grow

Our houses are compactly built, we hope the time will come

When we shall live in peace and rest

On Erin’s Lovely Home

But hark, the landlord here he comes to view our house and land

He says ten pound of extra rent of you I do demand

Are you prepared to pay it? If not then you must roam

And leave to me the house and farm

On Erin’s Lovely Home

Alas we cannot leave our farm where love and toil began

Alas we cannot leave it, our money is all done

We have to pay now ten per cent, and that too for our own

Such is the state of things just now

On Erin’s Lovely Home

Our children we can’t advance nor educate them right

They have to work laboriously from morning dawn till night

We can’t afford strange men to board, nor wages give to none

The landlord’s rent must not be short

On Erin’s Lovely Home

When we appeal to parliament to ask for a redress

They laugh at our calamity, and mock at our distress

For ruled by aristocracy, or case is never known

Oh would it were democracy

On Erin’s lovely home

There is a land of liberty, far, far across the sea

You ask me why I don’t go there, and thus I answer thee

Because I am a patriot, and do not wish to roam

All I do ask is tenant right On Erin’s Lovely Home

Success attend our gracious King, long may he wear the crown

I don’t dislike the landlords or wish to put them down

But the natural value of the soil is all that they can own

It’s all that justice does demand

On Erin’s Lovely Home.

Versions online with different lyrics include:
Cathie Ryan - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nff-1wOEn0A>

Sean Keane - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p8ZFwMY8TZ4>

Their version goes:

My father, he being a farmer reared to industry
He had four sons, two men who'd grown, and lovely daughters three
Our land's too small to serve us all so some of us must roam
Our friends may mourn for we'll never return to Erin's lovely home

My father, he sold the second cow and he borrowed twenty pounds
It was in the pleasant month of May we sailed from Belfast town
With thousands more we left our shore in safety to roam
Our friends may mourn for we'll never return to Erin's lovely home

We hadn't been long sailing when fever seized our crew
Falling like the autumn leaves and overboard were threw
The ocean waves, they rolled o'er our graves, our bed the ocean foam
Our friends may mourn for we'll never return to Erin's lovely home