

## The Emigrant's Whinge Lament

*(Set to the tune of nothing recognisable)*

They speak foreign lingos out foreign

They don't be speaking proper English like we do be doing out foreign

They eat foreign food out foreign

There's no Irish breakfast out foreign

No sausages, rashers, black pudding, fried bread out foreign

No Irish Stew, spuds, soda bread, colcannon out foreign

No 99s out foreign

They can't make a decent cup of Irish cha out foreign

Tis all India & China tea out foreign

They are all heathens out foreign

They sell their grannies and ate their childer raw out foreign

I have to wash me own clothes out foreign

Posting me washing back to me Mammy is illegal out foreign

No fine soft days out foreign

No diddly-eye paddy-whack out foreign

No gombeen politicians out foreign

No beating the hell out of foreigners from the next Parish at the local GAA match out foreign

I hear I'll become a sex (whatever that is; holy father is giving me private lessons) slave out foreign

Me Mammy says "Don't be snivelling, sure you can come home from Dublin on the weekends"

And me Mammy ought to know since she is a foreigner from the next townland out foreign