

IRISH JIMMIE HARTIGAN.

I came from Ireland o'er the say,
And landed in America,
My home is now in Canada
I'm Irish Jimmie Hartigan.
I thin was but an Irish boy
So full of life and vim and joy,
'Twas little thin that did annoy
The heart of Jimmie Hartigan.

Chorus—

I'll tell ye tales no ither can,
There's none can bate me, divil a wan
For I'm a red-haired Irishman
I'm Irish Jimmie Hartigan.

And when at Oil Springs they struck oil,
I was among the first to toil,
Through all the ructions and turmoil
Wint Irish Jimmie Hartigan.
I travelled through the swamps of Dawn
And spring-pole kickers I worked on ;
There's many changes come and gone
In days of Jimmie Hartigan.

I came thin to Petrolia town
Whin the first oil wells were put down ;
All old time oilmen of renown
Are known to Jimmie Hartigan.
I travelled o'er the swails and bogs
Across the creek upon the logs,
Welcomed by children and by dogs,
They all knew Jimmie Hartigan.

For years I done me daily part
In running wells for Englehart,
And for me years there's few as smart
As Irish Jimmie Hartigan.
On what they call the Mitchell farm
I have a shanty snug and warm,
Though little in it would you charm,
It serves for Jimmie Hartigan.

Of course I now am growing old,
I've little silver, less of gold,
But still the heart is warm and bold
Of Irish Jimmie Hartigan.
Thin come and I will trate you well
And many an old time story tell,
But for the present time farewell,
From Irish Jimmie Hartigan.