I'm a decent boy just landed
From the town of Ballyfad
I want a situation, yes
And want it very bad
I have seen employment advertised
"It's just the thing" says I
"But the dirty spalpeen ended with
'No Irish Need Apply'"

"Whoa," says I, "that's an insult
But to get the place I'll try"
So I went to see the blackguard
With his "No Irish Need Apply"
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman

I started out to find the house,
I got it mighty soon
There I found the old chap seated
He was reading the Tribune
I told him what I came for
When he in a rage did fly
"No!" he says, "You are a Paddy
And no Irish need apply"

Then I gets my dander rising
And I'd like to black his eye
To tell an Irish gentleman
"No Irish Need Apply"
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman

I couldn't stand it longer
So a hold of him I took
And gave him such a welting
As he'd get at Donnybrook
He hollered, "Milia murther"
And to get away did try
And swore he'd never write again
"No Irish Need Apply"

Well he made a big apology
I told him then goodbye
Saying, "When next you want a beating
Write 'No Irish Need Apply'"
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman