

A. W. AUNER, Song Publisher, Philadelphia, Pa.

PADDY IS THE BOY.

It's some years ago, I very well know,
Since I first saw daylight with my two blessed eyes!
I was born, so they say, when my dad was away,
On St. Patrick's day in the morning.
How they nursed me with joy, said; what a fine boy!
Put a stick in my fist, by the way of a toy:
Faith! there's no mistake, they admired my make,
And said some day I'd give the girls a warning.

CHORUS.—For Paddy is the boy that's fond of a glass!
Paddy is the boy that's fond of a glass!
Dear Old Dublin is the place for me,
And Donnybrook is the place to go for a spree!

At a wake or a fair, poor Paddy is there;
He will fight foe or friend, if they do him offend;
Let the piper strike up—he will rise from his cup,
With a smile on his face adorning.
With his little Colleen, he'll dance on the green;
Sure, an Irishman, there, in his glory was seen;
Play a reel or a jig, he don't care a fig;
But he'll dance till daylight in the morning.

CHORUS.

Now, boys, do you mind; you never will find
Such a dear little place as the Emerald Isle;
Long, long may it stand, and good luck to the land
That dear old St. Patrick was born in!
May the girls, young and old, may the boys brave and bold,
Unite heart and hand, to protect the dear Isle!
And morn, noon, and night, may joy and delight
Shine on them, like a fine summers morning.

CHORUS.

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