

PADDY CAREY

SEC. 15.

'Twas at the town of nate Cloghen,
That Sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey,
A claner boy was never seen,
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy,
His brawny shoulders four feet square,
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes
His legs would make a chairman stare,
And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies ;
Old, young, grave and sad,
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
Brisk, and airy.

CHORUS.

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
From Mullinavat to Magarafelt,
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt,
The fowls would cry, and look so shy,
Och ! cushlamachree, did you ever see,
The jolly boy, the darling joy,
Ladies' toy, nimble footed, black ey'd,
Rosy cheek'd, curly headed Paddy Carey,
O sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy,
Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey.

His heart was made of Irish oak,
Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
His tongue was tipt with a bit o' th' brogue,
But the devil a bit at all o' the blarney.
Now sergeant Snap so sly and keen,
While Pat was coaxing duck legg'd Mary,
A shilling slipt so neat and clean,
By the powers he listed Paddy Carey !
Tight and sound, strong and light,
Cheeks so round, eyes so bright,
Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
Tight, right, and airy ;
All the sweet faces, &c.

The fowls wept aloud, the crowd was great,
When waddling forth came widow Leary ;
Tho' she was crippled in her gait,
Her brawney arms clasp'd Paddy Carey ;
Och ! Pat, she cried, go buy the ring,
Here's cash galore, my darling honey,
Says Pat, my fowl, I'll do that thing,
And clapt his thumb upon her—MONEY !
Gimlet eye, sausage nose,
Pat so sly ogle throws,
Leering, tit'ring, jeering, frittering,
Sweet widow Leary ;
All the sweet faces, &c.